

*Pastors increase 425.
African M. E. Church, 428.*

April 1932

Democracy and Mass Massacre

The Foreign Bond Bubble

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

The Boy Who Couldn't Be President

Loyal Order of Moose; Jim Davis.
Frank Clay Cross

The Life and Death of Vachel Lindsay

Hazelton Spencer

American Immigrants in Russia

Ruth Kennell & Milly Bennett

Heel, Toe and A 1, 2, 3, 4

George Milburn

Black America Begins to Doubt

George S. Schuyler

Four Radicals

John Nicholas Beffel

Rubber Heels

Jack Conroy

Life in a Yankee Utopia

Jorge J. Blanco

My Brothers Who Are Honest Men

Albert Halper

Umpire

Hugh Bradley

The Effects of Tobacco Smoking

Wingate M. Johnson

Reviews of the New Books and Music

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

50c for one copy—By the year \$5.00



for publishers . . .

composition

hand

monotype

linotype

•

**one phase of a
complete service**

•

•

The Haddon Craftsmen

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK, 393 SEVENTH AVE., PHONE: PE 6-9792

PLANT, 19TH & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N. J., PHONE: CAMDEN 6800

From Macmillan's Spring List

● GLENN FRANK . . . THUNDER AND DAWN ●



America's Appointment With Destiny

Adventurous thinking about the problems confronting Western Civilization. Here is a vivid panorama of the end of the Industrial Revolution with its vast progress in machines and its bankruptcy in ideas, a society whose mechanical inventions are up-to-date while its out-worn principles remain those of the Eighteenth Century. The book may be regarded as the manifesto of a new liberal movement, not doctrinaire, not hysterical, but representing a liberalism that events are forcing on intelligent erstwhile conservatives. President Frank, internationally famous head of the University of Wisconsin, writes in a sane, clear, brilliant style that makes this one of the most readable, as it is one of the most important, books of the year. **\$4.00**

● NORMAN THOMAS . . . AS I SEE IT ●

Mr. Thomas' social ideal, "social salvation without catastrophe and with a minimum of confusion and disorder," set forth in this lucid continuation of "America's Way Out." "As I See It" is a thoughtful discussion of various aspects of social and industrial life in the United States, with Mr. Thomas' well-balanced, practical solution for our major problems. It is a book for every intelligent American to read and ponder. **\$2.50**

● IDA TARBELL . . . OWEN D. YOUNG ●

There is no doubt that he has arrived. How did he get here? Where did he come from? What are his credentials? Here is a timely biography of a great American by one of America's most famous biographers. Miss Tarbell calls her subject "a new type of industrial leader." Her power of vivid characterization, her ability to give the reader a complete picture, are here at their best. **\$5.00**

EDEN PHILLPOTTS *Stormbury*

A novel of Devonshire by the acknowledged master of the English rural scene. The flavor, the humor, the knowledge of human nature for which Mr. Phillpotts is famed, are here in abundance. **\$2.00**

ANDRE MALVIL *The Seven Stars*

A powerful novel of a frightened worldling, his escape from fear and his discovery of his soul through a series of calamities. The author is a young Frenchman new to America. **\$2.00**

PADRAIC COLUM *Poems*

The collected edition of Mr. Colum's poems will be hailed by his large American audience. **\$2.50**

Sir JAMES JEANS *The Mysterious Universe*

A revised edition at reduced price. The new astronomy, the new physics, explained by one of the great scientists of the Twentieth Century. The book has already become one of the unquestioned classics in its field. Sir James has rewritten his concluding chapter where he sums up his belief. **Now \$1.00**

ALICE BROWN *The Kingdom in the Sky*

Delightfully fantastic, rich with the quiet humor of this much-loved writer who has produced no full-length novel for several years. **\$2.50**

ANNE AUSTIN *One Drop of Blood*

Murder in a madhouse provides Miss Austin with the theme of her newest thriller. Theme, characters and setting are all chosen to achieve a maximum of delicious horror. **\$2.00**

R. P. T. COFFIN *The Yoke of Thunder*

A worthy companion to Mr. Coffin's earlier volumes, "Golden Falcon" and "Portrait of an American." **\$1.50**

H. T. SCARBOROUGH *England Muddles Through*

Eleven years in London as correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune have provided Mr. Scarborough with a deal of vivid copy. A witty and informal record of things seen by a friendly but unbiased outsider, it is full of unforgettable pictures of Britain and its people. **\$2.50**

FRIEDRICH SIEBURG *Who Are These French?*

Among other reasons for writing the book, the author mentions these: "Because I will not venture to decide which is better—a perfect system of social services or an inexhaustible supply of white bread and red wine . . . Because in France all statistics are wrong but all standards are right . . . Because the French have orderly minds but disorderly railroad stations, whereas everything with us goes like clockwork . . ." The French title is "Dieu, est-il Français?" **\$2.50**

OWEN LATTIMORE *Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict*

At last—a history of Manchuria, focal point of world interest. The writer is a daring explorer and most able writer whose earlier books, "The Desert Road to Turkestan" and "High Tartary" have placed him in the first rank of authorities on the Far East. **\$4.00**

Prices subject to change. For sale at all Bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



FRANCIS I

Prince of the Renaissance

By *Jehanne d'Orliac*

Author of
"The Moon Mistress," etc.

Ardent lover and valiant warrior; patron of the arts and light-hearted spendthrift; friend to Cellini; foe to Henry VIII and Charles V: Francis I is

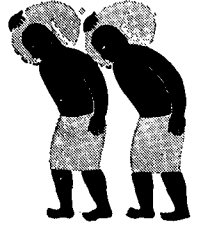
the perfect type of the Renaissance prince, embodying his virtues and vices. 21 illustrations . . . \$3.50

BANANA GOLD

By *Carleton Beals*

Author of
"Mexican Maze," etc.

"Banana Gold" is the tremendous story of the big and little fishes, the bandit Sandino, the politics and corruption, the coffee "fincas," bananas and heat of Central America. Colored frontispiece and



decorations by *Carlos Merida* \$3.00

Swallowdale

By *Arthur Ransome*

Author of "Swallows and Amazons," etc.

Once again *Swallow* sets sail. The four daring explorers find a hidden cave, climb a mountain and race the *Amazon*. A Junior Literary Guild selection for February. Illustrated by *Helene Carter* \$2.00

Black on White

By *M. Ilin*

Author of
"New Russia's Primer"

The story of the alphabet, so simple that it can be understood by a child, so vivid it will fascinate any adult. With the Russian illustrations \$1.50

What Time Is It?

By *M. Ilin*

The story of clocks through the ages — sundials, water clocks, fakir's sticks, Gallileo and his pendulum, down to modern clocks are described. With the Russian illustrations \$1.50

Meet The Japanese

By *Henry Albert Phillips*

What are the Japanese really like? Baffling in war, industries, age-old ceremonies and modern progress. A race old as Fujiyama, modern as the department stores. 41 illustrations . . . \$3.00

The Captain's Table

A Transatlantic Log

By *Sisley Huddleston*

Author of "Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios," etc.

A motley crowd on the great liner: movie actress, bishop, gambler, magnate, scientist, who tell their absorbing and intimate dramas to the author, Peter Vernon. Decorative linings . . . \$2.50

Common-Sense and The Child

By *Eibel Mannin*

A controversial attack on orthodox education and discipline, and a plea for the freedom of the child. Recommended by Bertrand Russell and John B. Watson \$2.00

Mount Vernon Its Owner and Its Story

By *Harrison H. Dodge*

Introduction by *Owen Wister*

The love story of a home — the Curator of Mount Vernon tells of its gradual restoration, how the original furnishings are being recovered, and its famous visitors. 31 illustrations \$2.50

LIPPINCOTT
• PHILADELPHIA •

The Barber's Clock

By *E. V. Lucas*

Once again we meet *Jenny Candover* and *Richard of "Windfall's Eve"*. Together they recall the past and talk of gardens and beards, schoolboys, war, reincarnation and a hundred other things. Frontispiece. \$1.75

French History

By *Emile Saillens, M. A., Paris*

A concise history of France by a Frenchman, which traces the economic, political and artistic development of the country and gives a clearer understanding of present-day European problems. 15 maps. \$1.00

Detective

By *Louis Joseph Vance*

Author of
"The Lone Wolf's Son," etc.

Would the "fantails," "stool pigeons" and "petermen" outwit *Donlin* in his plan to free the husband of the girl he loved? The trap was sprung — and the intensity of excitement holds you spellbound . . . \$2.00

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXV

April 1932

NUMBER 100

TABLE OF CONTENTS

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD	385
DEMOCRACY AND MASS MASSACRE Hoffman Nickerson	391
LIFE IN A YANKEE UTOPIA Jorge J. Blanco	400
THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE PRESIDENT Frank Clay Cross	409
AMERICANA	418
BLACK AMERICA BEGINS TO DOUBT George S. Schuyler	423
RUBBER HEELS Jack Conroy	431
FOUR RADICALS John Nicholas Beffel	441
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:	
The Russian Language in the United States H. B. Wells	448
The Effects of Tobacco Smoking Wingate M. Johnson	451
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BARD Hazelton Spencer	455
AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS IN RUSSIA Ruth Kennell & Milly Bennett	463
HEEL, TOE, AND A 1, 2, 3, 4 George Milburn	473
THE FOREIGN BOND BUBBLE Max Winkler	480
UMPIRE Hugh Bradley	486
MY BROTHERS WHO ARE HONEST MEN Albert Halper	491
THE MUSIC ROOM:	
Bach at Bethlehem Alfred V. Frankenstein	499
THE LIBRARY H. L. Mencken	505
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS	511
INDEX TO VOLUME XXV	512
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS	iv
EDITORIAL NOTES	xviii

Unsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned and the Editor will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editor, and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00 in U. S. and Possessions. Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America, \$5.50; other foreign subscription, \$6.00; all rag edition, \$10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publi-

cation office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1932, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

GROVER CLEVELAND. *A Man Four-Square.*

By Denis Tilden Lynch.

Horace Liveright

\$3.50

9¼ x 6; 581 pp.

New York

Cleveland wrote a kind of English that has never been surpassed in this world for ponderosity; probably largely because of it, he is commonly thought of in retrospect as a stodgy and humorless man. Mr. Lynch shows that he was really nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he had an unusually alert and resilient mind, and in his youth, at least, was even gay. Few Americans of his stature have ever got down more malt liquor in their time, or showed a more easy indifference to scandal. But what principally animated the man was his adamant sense of duty. He would not lie and he could not be bought. Thus the professional politicians distrusted him, and his career was made in the face of their opposition. His reputation has grown steadily since his death. It is now plain that he deserves to be ranked among the few really great Presidents. Mr. Lynch's life of him is appreciative, but not very profound. The facts are recited, but their deeper implications are often overlooked. Now and then the author falls into palpable error and even absurdity, as when he speaks of the *Vorspiel* to "Lohengrin" as a "dance number." The book is illustrated, there is ample documentation, and at the end there is a good index.

UPHEAVAL.

By Olga Woronoff.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$3

8½ x 5¼; 226 pp.

New York

Mme. Woronoff was a lady-in-waiting to the late Czarina and the Dowager Empress, and a close friend of the Grand Duchess Marie. Her husband was a naval officer attached to the Czar's private yacht and was the favorite playmate of the Czar-eitch. During the World War he held the rank of lieutenant-commander, and after the revolution he joined various White armies, and barely escaped with his life. He and his family later fled to the United States "with a few photographs, and these are the only tangible reminders of the old days that I possess." Mme. Woronoff's account of her life differs very little from similar tales written by other refugees. It is full of fluff about the swell parties, dances, and trips down the river that she used to have with this or that noble family, and of preposterous tributes to the charm and great intellect of the Czar and the Czarina. Occasionally she attempts

sterner stuff. The result is this: "Everyone knows how desire to serve their country united all Russians. . . . Reading could be called a passion of almost all literate Russians." There is an introduction by Booth Tarkington. It takes up five pages and says nothing. There are several illustrations, but an index is missing.

LUSTY SCRIPPS. *The Life of E. W. Scripps* (1854-1926).

By Gilson Gardner.

The Vanguard Press

\$3.50

9 x 5½; 274 pp.

New York

Scripps died in 1926 leaving 25 daily newspapers and a reputation for great eccentricity. Very few of his employes ever saw him, and even his partners saw him only seldom. His later years were spent chiefly on his yacht, and he died off the coast of Liberia and was buried at sea. He was a champion of the underdog, though he had a vast contempt for underdogs, and his newspapers were unconventional and even somewhat radical, though they helped to whoop up the war in 1917 and he left them ready to support Hoover in 1928. He was a lazy fellow, drank heavily for years, quarrelled with his brothers, children and associates, and violated all the copy-book maxims; nevertheless, he built up a great fortune, and left a going concern. He had no political ambitions, exercised only a light control over his editors, and avoided the society of men of wealth. His papers made money, but brought him little fame and not much power. Mr. Gardner, who worked for him for years, here tells his story with almost brutal frankness. It is not the story of a great man, but it is surely that of a most odd and interesting one.

THE LIFE OF IBSEN.

By Halvdan Koht.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation

\$7.50

8½ x 5½; 2 vols.; 304 + 341 pp.

New York

Professor Koht was very well fitted to undertake this work. He was in intimate contact with Ibsen in the dramatist's last years, and, along with Julius Elias, edited his letters in 1904. The present volumes were prepared for the Ibsen centennial in 1928. The first volume came out in Norway in that year, and the second in 1929. The text has been revised for the translation, which is by Ruth Lima McMahon and Hanna Astrup Larsen. Dr. Koht has done his work with very great skill and discretion. Without omitting any personal detail of any importance—for

Continued on page vi

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HOME STUDY COURSES



AN IMPORTANT CHOICE

Time is one of the few things of which everyone has an equal amount. We differ in how we use it. Obligations, often beyond our control, in our business or our work fill most of it but we do choose how to use our leisure. And that choice is important. ♣ Over 1½ million people in this country are using part of their leisure studying at home. After they complete one course, many of them will undertake another, for they know that learning never stops. There should never be a question as to whether to study but only what to study. Although objectives may vary widely—culture, service, or efficiency—study makes their attainment easier.



It is probable that some of the Columbia University Home Study courses would be interesting and helpful to nearly everyone, for there are over 300 subjects covering a wide range. These courses well reward the time they require. They have been prepared especially for study at home. In all of them sufficient elasticity has been allowed for adaptation to individual needs. This system of instruction assures the student the opportunity to master every part of a course under the personal guidance of competent teachers. ♣ A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter, outlining your wishes, we may be able to offer helpful suggestions. A bulletin showing a complete list of home study courses will be sent upon request. In addition to the general University courses this bulletin includes courses that cover complete high school and college preparatory training.

HOME STUDY COURSES

ACCOUNTING
AGRICULTURE
AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
APPLIED GRAMMAR
BANKING
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
BUSINESS ENGLISH
BUSINESS LAW
BUSINESS ORGANIZATION
BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY
CHEMISTRY
CHILD PSYCHOLOGY
CLASSICS
CONTEMPORARY NOVEL
CORPORATION FINANCE
DRAFTING
ECONOMICS
ENGLISH COMPOSITION
ENGLISH LITERATURE
ESSAY WRITING
FIRE INSURANCE
FOREMANSHIP
FRENCH
GEOMETRY
GERMAN
GRAMMAR
GREEK
HIGH SCHOOL COURSES
HISTORY
INTERIOR DECORATION
INVESTMENTS
ITALIAN
JUVENILE STORY WRITING
LATIN
LIBRARY SERVICE
LITERATURE
MACHINE DESIGN
MAGAZINE ARTICLE WRITING
MARKETING
MATHEMATICS
MUSIC—HARMONY
PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION
PHILOSOPHY
PHYSICS
PLAYWRITING
POETRY
PSYCHOLOGY
PUBLIC HEALTH
PUBLIC SPEAKING
REAL ESTATE
RELIGION
SECRETARIAL STUDIES
SELLING
SHORT STORY WRITING
SOCIOLOGY
SPANISH
STENOGRAPHY
TYPEWRITING
WORLD LITERATURE, ETC.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, *Home Study Department*, 15 Amsterdam Ave., New York, N. Y. Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subjects:
Am. Mer. 4-32

Name..... Occupation.....
Street and Number.....
City and County..... State.....

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

example, he makes it known for the first time that Ibsen, at eighteen, was the father of an illegitimate child by a servant girl—he yet manages to avoid a too eager minuteness. He attempts little formal criticism, but is content to describe the circumstances under which the various Ibsen plays were written, and to let them speak for themselves. The two volumes are pleasantly written and make good reading. There are twenty illustrations, and at the end there is an index.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

By Matthew Josephson.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$5 9 3/8 x 6 1/4; 546 pp. *New York*

In recent years there has been a lush flowering of Rousseauiana in France, and much material that was unavailable to the early biographers of Jean-Jacques is now in print. Mr. Josephson has studied it diligently, and in consequence he has produced what must be accepted as the best account of the celebrated Genevan, and by long odds, in English. The book, in truth, is so packed with facts that certain parts of it make somewhat difficult reading. Nothing of the slightest importance is omitted. As critic Mr. Josephson is somewhat less successful than as biographer. He makes a gallant effort to clear up the mystery of Rousseau's character, but in the end it is plain that he is baffled. The man, indeed, was so fantastic a figure, and is so hard to separate from the almost incredible society of his time, that it will probably remain forever impossible to penetrate him. But what can be done is done by Mr. Josephson. His book is not documented, but there is a useful bibliography, followed by an index. There are also twelve full-page illustrations.

JOHN HANSON.

By Seymour Wemyss Smith.

Brewer, Warren & Putnam

\$2 8 x 5 1/8; 140 pp. *New York*

Mr. Smith argues that Hanson, who was elected "President of the United States in Congress Assembled" under the Articles of Confederation on November 5, 1781, was really the first President of the United States, and that Washington, in consequence, was only the second. He maintains that thesis with some plausibility, and shows that Washington, before his own election, always wrote to Hanson with deference, but the fact remains Washington himself was commonly regarded as the first President by his contemporaries. Mr. Smith protests justly against the historians' neglect of Hanson, who, whatever the

truth about the Presidency, was one of the most earnest and diligent of the Revolutionary patriots. Unfortunately, the present volume adds little to what was already known about him. Large areas of his career are left in complete darkness. The book has a number of illustrations, but no index. The author died while it was passing through the press.

FRANK HARRIS. *A Study in Black & White.*

By A. I. Tobin & Elmer Gertz.

Madeleine Mendelsohn

\$3 8 3/8 x 5 3/8; 393 pp. *Chicago*

The authors close on a note of paradox: "He transgressed all the inflexible rules of the righteous; judged by all standards, he sinned. He wronged friends, betrayed every one, and violated every decency. And yet he was one of the noblest men of his day." But if this be paradox, it is also very near truth. Harris at his best, championing the helpless and fighting oppression, was magnificent; at his worst, he was far too close to rascality for the comfort of his admirers. Messrs. Tobin and Gertz have done a very good life of him. With great skill they disentangle the facts from the cobwebs of fancy that he spun. They tell his story simply, clearly and honestly. It makes somewhat depressing reading, for the man's talents always outran his actual achievement. Even so, he left some sound books, and they will be remembered. There is a bibliography at the end, followed by an index. Most of the illustrations are unfamiliar.

TOM PAINE—LIBERTY BELL.

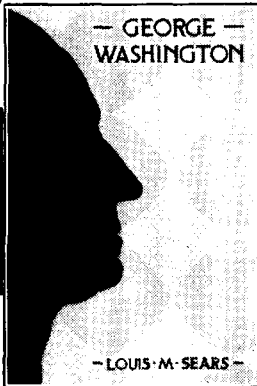
By George Creel. The Sears Publishing Company

\$2 7 3/4 x 5 1/4; 173 pp. *New York*

Paine's services to the American Revolution and to the freethought philosophy were magnificent and tremendous, yet today, 123 years after his death, he remains, as he was during the greater part of his life, unsung and unhonored. The populace has always taken to him readily, but the so-called leaders of thought have generally found something offensive in him. The reason probably lies in the fact that he was one of the most honest and uncompromising men who ever lived. The chief virtues of all academics, discretion and pomposity, were always alien to him. The larger biographies of him, especially those by Moncure D. Conway, Calvin Blanchard, and Mary Agnes Best, all leave something to be desired. Mr. Creel's book is little more than an expanded magazine article. There is nothing new in it, and the fervor is often wrong-headed. But it has its virtues as an introductory sketch.

Continued on page viii

from CROWELL'S List of Good Books



A New Interpretation!
**—GEORGE—
WASHINGTON**

By Louis M. Sears, Ph.D.
Professor of History in Purdue University

Early biographers made of Washington a plaster saint — not a creature of flesh and blood. Recent writers have emphasized his weaknesses — in the effort to “debunk” the earlier statue. Here is a full-length portrait of the man himself. It is so closely based on Washington's own writings as to be almost an autobiography. 14 Maps. \$5.00

THE MACHINES WE ARE

by ROBERT T. HANCE

A series of popular lectures on biology by a professor in Pittsburgh. The important facts of life, of value to every individual, are presented simply and interestingly. \$3.00

**WORDS CONFUSED
AND MISUSED**

by MAURICE H. WESEEN

This practical handbook on correct diction and the right choice of words will prove a valuable guide for all who want to speak or write correctly. \$2.00

New Educational Books

COLLEGE SHAKESPEARE

by WILLIAM JOHN TUCKER

An extremely interesting study of Shakespeare's plays. While intended as a text, it will interest any one who wishes to read them intelligently. \$3.00

**AGRICULTURAL CREDIT IN
THE UNITED STATES**

by EARL SYLVESTER SPARKS

This important book goes into the whole subject of farm credits. Dr. T. N. Carver of Harvard says, “This is the first time the whole field has been covered.” \$3.75

**AN INTRODUCTION TO
LIVING PHILOSOPHY**

by DANIEL SOMMER ROBINSON

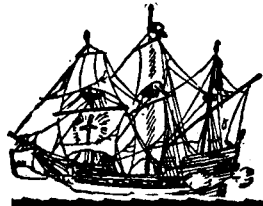
A companion volume to the same author's “Anthology of Recent Philosophy.” It is a lucid explanation of the different schools of present-day thought. 5 Portraits. \$3.00

Travel

THE ROMANCE OF THE MERCHANT SHIP

by ELLISON HAWKS

Sea minded folk will like this story of ships from the earliest dugouts to the latest ocean liners. The text is richly supplied with pictures. 160 Illustrations. \$3.00



New Fiction

MISS ALADDIN

by CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

How a resourceful girl reared in luxury in the East went West and proved that the pioneer blood of her ancestors still flowed in her veins. A story full of action. \$2.00

**DEAD WOMAN'S
SHOES**

by MILDRED BURCHAM HART

Humor, pathos, and near tragedy stalk by turns through the pages of this realistic tale of Western farm life. \$2.00

**THE AFFAIR
AT TIDEWAYS**

by ELIZABETH ALDEN HEATH

An extremely clever murder mystery story which presents humorous and intimate glimpses of life in a New England seashore village. \$2.00

Juvenile

THE ROAD AHEAD

by HARRY W. LAIDLER

“A Primer of Capitalism and Socialism,” simply written for young people, which shows graphically just what is wrong with our present economic system. It will prove of equal interest to their elders. 40 Illustrations by Mabel Pugh. \$1.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue

New York

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

GEORGE WASHINGTON & THE NEGRO.

By *Walter H. Mazyck*. *The Associated Publishers*
\$2.15 7½ x 5; 180 pp. *Washington, D. C.*

Mr. Mazyck has written a painstaking book. He adds almost nothing to our knowledge of Washington's attitude toward slavery, but he has brought together all the important facts about the subject, and his study will be of value. Washington, he says, "was a born master of slaves. He was instructed from his infancy in the necessity and righteousness of the slave system." He had a low opinion of the mentality of Negroes, and for a time refused them as soldiers in his army. Later, he became troubled with doubts about the justice and feasibility of slavery, but he never did anything about it. He was "quite capable of wishing but quite as incapable of fighting for abolition." There is an appendix of documentary material, and also an index.

MRS. CARLYLE TO JOSEPH NEUBERG. 1848-1862.

Edited by Townsend Scudder.

The Oxford University Press
\$3 7¼ x 5½; 42 pp. *New York*

Joseph Neuberger was an intelligent Würzburg merchant, who was fond of literature and especially of Carlyle. He began a correspondence with the author in 1839, but did not meet him till 1848, when he was introduced to his hero by Emerson. A year later he became Carlyle's secretary, and proved himself of much use. He translated "Past and Present" and "Heroes and Hero-Worship" into German, and collected much of the material for the biography of Frederick the Great. He became fond of Mrs. Carlyle, and they wrote harmless letters to each other. Twenty-seven of her letters to him are here presented to the public for the first time. There is nothing in them of interest to the general reader, but the admirer of Jane Carlyle will probably be delighted with them. There is an index.

THE ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO.

By *Walter Noble Burns*. *Coward-McCann*
\$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 304 pp. *New York*

The subject of this excellent biography is Joaquin Murrieta, the most picturesque bandit of California history, who was the terror of the State in 1850-1853. Starting out in life as "a quiet, frank, unpretentious, honest, . . . square gambler," he became "a murderous demon," with at least 300 murders to his record. Harry Love and his Los Angeles Rangers finally captured him in 1853, and his head became

viii

an exhibition piece in San Francisco, with admission \$1. Mr. Burns, whose "Billy the Kid" will be remembered, has combed all the literature about him, and produced a very good book. An index is missing.

SOCIOLOGY

LITTLE MEXICO.

By *William Spratling*.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 198 pp. *New York*

Mr. Spratling is an American artist who has made Mexico his home. In the present book he gives brief sketches of the people he has encountered in his everyday life: the tax collectors, the painter of saints with a wife and two sweethearts on his hands, the charming house girl who has one illegitimate baby after another, the adobe maker, "the little professor," etc. Diego Rivera, author of the open letter to the author, which is printed as a preface, says: "You have made a portrait of Mexico composed of many small portraits of people and things. Your portraits have the acuteness and grace of those painted by certain masters who died before I was born. Those portraits were made with precision and tenderness and contain irony and love." There are many illustrations by the author.

PROBLEMS OF CITY LIFE.

By *Maurice R. Davie*.

John Wiley & Sons
\$4.25 9 x 5¾; 730 pp. *New York*

Dr. Davie's sub-title is "A Study in Urban Sociology". His book is large in scale, and within its limits it proceeds to what is almost an excess of detail, but several important topics are passed over altogether, notably, the question of the police and that of municipal corruption. There is a long chapter on the influence of newspapers upon urban life, but practically everything that it says has been said before. Perhaps the best chapters are those on the health of cities. They cover the field comprehensively and are well arranged. The work is carefully documented and has a good index.

THE SCIENCES

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SEXUAL IMPULSES.

By *R. E. Money-Kyrle*.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 8½ x 5¾; 219 pp. *New York*

Dr. Money-Kyrle's title is somewhat misleading. His book has nothing in common with the endless

Continued on page x

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS :: AUTOGRAPHS :: STAMPS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES: Any American or English periodical. Special, American Mercury, Volume I to XIV, complete, \$20. Magazine Excerpts. Old Prints. Quotations on request. List free. SALISBURY'S, 78 East Tenth Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

BIND YOUR COPIES OF The American Mercury. Handsome binding of batik boards and buckram back and corners. Volumes begin January, May, and September. Binding Dept., THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOOKPLATES

SOMETHING NEW IN COLOR BOOK-PLATES (WOODCUTS). Many designs ultra-modern. Very reasonable. Samples 10c. EROS BOOKPLATES (Dept. M) 1609 North Broad, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOK FOR WRITERS

WRITERS

WRITER'S 1932 YEAR BOOK AND MARKET GUIDE is now on sale at all good newsstands for only 25c. It lists hundreds of reliable, first class magazine markets for free lance writers with the individual editorial requirements of each one.

Articles by Upton Sinclair, Rupert Hughes, Jim Tully, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Albert Payson Terhune, etc. Invaluable article on trade journal writing with complete market list. Also detailed article on women's magazines. The WRITER'S YEAR BOOK is the most valuable and inexpensive single book any writer can own. Edited by Aron M. Mathieu. Send 25c for copy to 14 E. 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

ELKINS MATHEWS, LTD.,
Catalogues issued monthly.
Post free.
33 Conduit Street,
London W. 1, England.

FAULKNER: THE LILACS, 1925, hitherto unnoted First Edition \$4.50, and other Firsts in newest catalogue, which also lists Fine Firsts of Cabell, Dickinson, Hemingway, O'Neill, Huxley, Lawrence, Stephens, etc. BENJAMIN HAUSER, 60 E. 42nd St., New York.

WYLLIE "FIRST." "The Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie" containing her four volumes of poetry and 47 poems that have not appeared in book form, 20 of which have never before been printed, will be published May 6th. Price \$3.50. Order from your bookseller or from ALFRED A. KNOFF, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

ARE THERE BOOKS YOU WANT and can't get? Then write for catalogue No. 44M listing curious and exotic books and privately printed esoterica at low prices. OWEN DAVIES, Bookseller, 1352 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, AUTOGRAPH Letters, etc. Catalogues monthly, sent post free. Speciality Fine Condition. J. D. MILLER, 9 Lynton Road, Kilburn, London (Eng.). Telegrams: Milibra, Kilb, London.

FIRST EDITIONS, OLD, RARE, UNUSUAL and Out-of-Print Books. Huge Stock, Lowest Prices. Catalogs Free. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P.M.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOK-MAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! Foyles can supply it, any conceivable subject. Over 2,000,000 vols. new and secondhand in stock; immense number out-of-print. Rare, First Editions and Sets of Authors, Twenty-five Departmental Catalogues. Outline requirements and interests; suitable catalogues then sent free. Books sent on approval. FOYLES, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

FAMILY BIOGRAPHICAL REGISTER

A book for the keeping of family records Births, marriages, deaths, education, occupation, etc., etc.; also lineage tables and ancestor charts.

Full information sent by mail on request. W. B. WALRATH, Dept. AM, 123 W. Madison St., Chicago

ADVANCE BOOK REVIEWS, which is a reprint of the Check List of New Books from THE AMERICAN MERCURY is being sent each month in advance of publication date to the better book shops and libraries. The cost is 50c a year, covering merely the cost of postage and handling. THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

D. H. LAWRENCE has never been so vividly portrayed as in Mabel Dodge Luhan's "Lorenzo in Taos." Laurence Stallans says in the New York Sun: "It is the best possible means in which to look intimately upon the man." 352 pages. Price \$3.50. Order from your bookseller or from ALFRED A. KNOFF, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PRIVATE PRESSES

ONLY THE PICK of Private Presses are handled by us. Cheaply printed and unsatisfactory volumes of this type sold by others are NOT circulated on our mailing lists. Send for literature. THE BALZAC BIBLION, 15 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

AUTHOR'S EXCHANGE MEMBERSHIP co-operatively assists talented unrecognized writers; playwrights; professionals. Teacher-critics constructively develop. Our Association members pay only SIX per cent for "Marketing!" Criticism, editing, reading—FREE to members!

AUTHOR'S EXCHANGE, Suite "M," Flatiron Building, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

I SPECIALIZE IN MARKETING FULL length books, novels, serials, plays. No reading fees. Sales commission: 10%. Editorial services available, if desired. Write, or submit work. DARYL CHANDLER DORAN, Literary Broker, M88, 6 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago.

RARE BOOKS

CATALOGUE OF 99 UNUSUAL BOOKS will be sent upon request. Please state age and occupation when writing. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, Inc., 333 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

BOOK CATALOGUES FREE

Rare books and fine sets at reduced prices
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, INC.
80 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF privately printed literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of unexpurgated editions on curiosa and esoterica. PANORP PUBLISHERS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS books; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogue on request. THE FALSTAFF PRESS, Dept. M, 260 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSE-where may be read for a nominal fee. Members have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, and curious books; limited, privately printed editions, unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Dept. M-4, 45 West 45th Street, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

AND NOW AT GREATLY REDUCED cost The Literary Bazaar places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Seven lines now cost \$5, and only \$4 if you use every month for a year. For further information write Dept. L. B., THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

volumes of the Sex Boys and the more pornographic psychoanalysts, but is a serious treatise on the nature and future of psychology, with the phenomena of sex used only as convenient examples. He believes that, as psychology gains in precision and authority, it will rid humanity of most of the delusions and inhibitions which now afflict all of us, and that there will be a compensatory fall in the authority of religion and of idealistic ethics. But he is convinced that this change will not bring in the anarchy that alarmed moralists profess to fear, even now. Real desires, as opposed to imaginary desires, will remain, and they will suffice to guide humanity into safe and comfortable waters. The book is thoughtful, and contains much original matter. It has a good index.

CONQUERING ARTHRITIS.

By H. M. Margolis. *The Macmillan Company*
\$2 7¼ x 5; 192 pp. *New York*

Dr. Margolis writes in a clear and graceful manner, and hence his book, which is addressed to laymen, and especially to sufferers from arthritis, makes far better reading than most medical treatises. He describes the different varieties of arthritis, and then sets forth the treatments that have been found efficacious. No single remedy, he says, will work in all cases. Each case must be studied by a competent medical man, and its conduct determined, not only by the physical signs, but also by the personality of the patient. The disease is extraordinarily recalcitrant, but nevertheless complete recovery follows in 25% of the cases, and either recovery or improvement in from 75% to 90%. There is a useful chapter on diet. At the end is an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR ORGANIZATION. *The First Decade.*

The World Peace Foundation
\$3.50 9¾ x 6¾; 382 pp. *Boston*

In his preface Albert Thomas says: "This book is the work of certain officials of the International Labor Office who prefer to remain anonymous. . . . They give a full and systematic description of all the activities of the organization, enumerate all the problems, follow the standardized and obvious plan of discussing successively the origins and principles of the institution, its work, the results obtained, and its position in the general movement for justice and peace." The book is thus valuable as a reference volume. It is official and comprehensive. The authors say that up to the time of writing 414 conventions

on labor matters had been ratified by thirty-three nations. The United States and the Soviet Union, because they are not members of the League of Nations, did not ratify any of the conventions, but they learned much from the discussions. "Even if not perfect, these results are of a nature to reassure the anxious friends of the organization, and to prove that it is performing no barren task in a waste of indifference, but is finding support and coöperation in many quarters." An index is missing.

MONEY & POLITICS ABROAD.

By James Kerr Pollock. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 328 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pollock, who is associate professor of political science at the University of Michigan, here considers the influence that money has had on the politics of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, Germany, and France. He finds that "larger sums are expended in Germany than in either [France or Great Britain], but in France, on the other hand, although political expenditures are kept down to a relatively low level, many of them are of a kind which would not be considered proper in Britain. Moreover, expenditures for political purposes are more efficiently used in England and more wastefully used in Germany. In none of the three countries, however, do we find as much money spent on elections as in the United States." He also finds that "with noteworthy exceptions, most of the money which is used for political purposes in the countries under review comes from comparatively few persons." The result of this is that "the controlling influence within a party, within a nation, has passed from the people to a few persons or to a few interests." There is an index.

SUN YAT-SEN VERSUS COMMUNISM.

By Maurice William.

The Williams & Wilkins Company
\$5 9¼ x 6; 232 pp. *Baltimore*

Dr. Sun, who died on March 12, 1925, was the George Washington of the New China. He is the deified hero of all the Chinese school children, politicians, and generals. His writings are their gospel. The precise nature of his politico-economic views is thus of the greatest importance. Until within a few months of his death he was an ardent Communist, and the Bolsheviks sent him some of their crack orators and huge quantities of gold to help him make of China another land of soviets. But as everything was going along smoothly between him and the Kremlin he came upon Dr. William's "Social

Continued on page xii

The BAKER & TAYLOR Co.

BOOK SERVICE

When You Buy a Book—

When you buy a book do you ever think of the many and varied services that have made possible your apparently simple purchase? The intelligence, the trained skill, the appreciative taste of your bookseller—and back of him, unseen, the huge stock and complex organization of the book wholesaler—make it easy for you, wherever you are, to get any book in print at your own bookshop. Whenever you buy a book, think not only of author and publisher, who have produced it, but also of the bookseller and wholesaler who have put it into your hands.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers

55 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK At Twelfth St.

Complete Book Manufacture

A SURPRISINGLY large percentage of the books reviewed and advertised in this number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY were manufactured complete in our plant.

This comes as a natural result of our many years of experience in manufacturing books of the highest quality for the most discriminating publishers

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

The Efficient Plant

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.

New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue



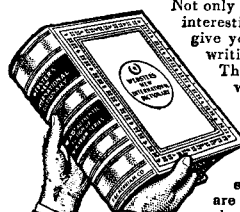
ABET

**A Word that Grew from the Baiting
of Wild Animals**

From the ancient sport of bear baiting, the English language has taken an exciting word and fitted it to a milder use. *Abet* goes far back to an Old German or Scandinavian origin that conjures up a picture of hardy men going to the chase with their packs of hunting dogs. Icelandic *beita* meant "to feed" or "to hunt" with dogs. Low German *betan* meant "to cause to bite." Probably from these sources the Old French derived its word *beter* meaning "to bait" a bear, and *abeter*, "to excite or incite," which is the immediate source of our own *abet*. No longer applied to animals, it signifies in English the encouraging or inciting of persons and, in modern language, is used chiefly in a bad sense. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The "Supreme Authority"—The Merriam-Webster



Not only do these word stories make the most interesting reading, but to know them will give you an effectiveness in speaking and writing that can come in no other way.

The Merriam-Webster gives you the whole word power of the English language. It is a library in one volume,

its type matter equivalent to a 15-volume encyclopedia. Its encyclopedic information makes it a general question-answerer on all subjects. In its 2,700 pages there

are 452,000 entries, including thousands of new words, 12,000 biographical entries, 32,000 geographical subjects, 100 valuable tables, over 6,000 illustrations.

SEE IT AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

Send For Free Booklet of Word Stories

An interesting illustrated booklet of fascinating stories about the origins of words will be sent you free on request, with full information about The Merriam-Webster. Just mail coupon.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me free your booklet "Surprising Origins of English Words" and full information about Webster's New International Dictionary. (American Mercury 4-32)

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City _____

State _____

Copyright 1932 by G. & C. Merriam Company

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

Interpretation of History," and immediately turned into what might be called a Jeffersonian democrat. The Chinese politicians are now divided into two camps: those who follow Sun the Communist and those who follow Sun the democrat. Dr. William sides with the latter group. With a massive array of documents he comes to the conclusion that Dr. Sun's "final instructions to his followers were completely anti-Marxian." There is an index.

THE CONSCRIPTION OF A PEOPLE.

By Katharine Atholl.

The Columbia University Press
\$2.50 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 206 pp. New York

The Duchess of Atholl here delivers a blast against the methods employed by Stalin to carry out the Five-Year Plan. She argues that forced labor and prison labor are the general rule in Russia today, and that all classes of the people, including the peasants, the *kulaks*, "invalided men and Asiatic women," are being conscripted. "Armed guards in the factories and the fear of losing the precious ration card . . . are the main factors in keeping workers tied to their posts." Dumping, which "cannot be denied," is increasing almost daily and is bound to raise havoc with the commerce of the rest of the world. She urges some sort of international action against it. "As a first and immediate step, government credits should cease, and the sale to Russia of armaments, or of machinery which can be utilized for making them, should be prohibited." Steps should also be taken "to limit the Soviet imports effectively." There is an index.

NATIONHOOD FOR INDIA.

By Lord Meston.

The Yale University Press
\$1.50 8 x 5 1/2; 112 pp. New Haven

Lord Meston's thesis is that "stripped of all political trappings, all sentiment, and all misleading analogies, the real driving force behind India's discontents and claims is the spirit of Hinduism, eager for the preservation—it may even be for the restoration—of its power." It has "an insurmountable aversion . . . to modern ideals of liberty and equality." Hinduism, however, will never achieve nationhood until it learns to put its house in order, until it learns to live at peace with the reigning princes, with the Moslems, and with the Sikhs. Its virtue is that it "has been the one constant force in the country's life and cultural vicissitudes." For India to ask for immediate and entire independence outside the British Commonwealth "is insanity." Untold suffering

would come therefrom. "Only by the long and patient coöperation of Britons and Indians" can a reasonable adjustment be reached. There is an index.

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. *An Account of American Foreign Relations, 1931.*

By Walter Lippmann & William O. Scroggs.

Harper & Brothers
\$3 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 375 pp. New York

This volume is the first of a series to be published annually by the Harpers for the Council on Foreign Relations, of which John W. Davis is president. Each volume will cover the year between two successive meetings of Congress in December. The authors have had the aid and advice of many experts, and they present an excellently clear, impartial and comprehensive narrative. The period under review saw the deepening of the depression, the German moratorium, the collapse of the pound sterling, revolutions in various parts of Latin-America, and the beginnings of the Chinese-Japanese imbroglio in the Far East. The series promises to be very valuable. It bridges the gap between the chaos of the current newspaper reports and the necessarily delayed summaries of the historians. The present volume includes a useful bibliography, a chronology, the texts of important documents, and a good index.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE SECOND OMNIBUS OF CRIME, 1932.

Edited by Dorothy L. Sayers.

Coward-McCann
\$2.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 855 pp. New York

Fifty-two stories are here, grouped by Miss Sayers under Detection and Mystery, and Mystery and Horror, including such capital thrillers as "The Fourth Degree", by F. Britten Austin; "The Avenging Chance", by Anthony Berkeley; "The Adventure of Clapham Cook", by Agatha Christie; "The Biter Bit", by William Wilkie Collins; "Blind Gap Moor", by J. S. Fletcher; "The Alibi", by J. C. Squire; "The Pillar of Fire", by Percival Wilde; "A. V. Laidler", by Max Beerbohm; "Cut-Throat Farm", by J. D. Beresford; "The Damned Thing", by Ambrose Bierce; "The Open Boat", by Stephen Crane; "The Well", by W. W. Jacobs; "The Inexperienced Ghost", by H. G. Wells. "The problem of the detective short story," says Miss Sayers in her introduction, "is largely mechanical and economic, further complicated by the fact that the general trend of detective-fiction is in a direction which it is difficult for the short story to follow. Perhaps the writer who writes most easily under the new conditions is H. C. Bailey. His

Continued on page xiv



**FIRST EDITIONS, RARE
BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS
MANUSCRIPTS**
[Catalogues Issued]
JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
14 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

A T H E I S M

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c
Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism,
307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

READ THE BOOK
"When and How We Will Get Out of This Depression"
Price 50c. Send order to author.
DANIEL REPONY, CLIFTON, N. J.

B O O K S E L L E R S

Advance Book Reviews

which is a reprint of the Check List of New Books and publishers' announcements from THE AMERICAN MERCURY, is being sent each month in advance of publication date to the better book shops and libraries. The cost is only 50c a year, covering merely the cost of postage and handling.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue New York

**modernism in
book manufacture**

more and more, this establishment is being looked on as the leader in daring conceptions based on sound design

**ARRIS
WOLFF
ESTATE**
Complete Book Manufacturers
508 West 26th Street
NEW YORK

MEN on the HORIZON

Guy Murchie, Jr.

Japanese soldiers, Chinese officials, Manchurian peasants, Russian Reds:—Murchie lived with them, worked with them, understood them. To read these adventures of a young American who worked his way around the world is to gain new insight into the troubled heart of Asia. Illustrated. \$3.00

SAINTS and SINNERS

Gamaliel Bradford

Keen studies of the best and worst men. Thomas à Kempis, Fénelon, and St. Francis are balanced against Byron, Casanova, Talleyrand and Caesar Borgia. \$3.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

"As absorbing as a book of fiction."
—Syracuse Post Standard.

**Crowell's Dictionary
of English Grammar**
and Handbook of American Usage
By Maurice H. Wesen
\$3.50

"Deserves a place at the elbow of every writer and reader who wants to understand his native tongue and use it with precision."
—New York Times.

Send for circular

from **CROWELL'S**

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York

AMATORY CURIOSA



Send for free catalogue
of Privately Printed
BOOKS
Limited Editions
Unexpurgated Items
Exotically Illustrated

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. L - 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

atmosphere of suspense and curiosity is attained with the modern lightness of touch and his detective achieves individuality without anything of the old pomposity."

THE WORST OF LOVE.

Edited by Hugh Kingsmill.

Henry Holt and Company

\$2 7½ x 5; 242 pp. *New York*

"In the following pages," says Mr. Kingsmill, in the introduction to this amusing anthology, "I have collected, from our literature in the last few centuries numerous specimens of bad writing about love. Except in a few instances . . . the quality common to these specimens is insincerity, in one or other of its numerous forms. Little would be left of this volume were one to remove the contributions of those flexible spirits who say what they do not feel, and feel what they do not say." There are extracts from Henry VIII, John Lyly, Shakespeare, Donne, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Richardson, the Reverend John Wesley, William Shenstone, Edward Jerningham, Boswell, Cowley, Godwin, Maria Edgeworth, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Byron, Disraeli, Abraham Lincoln, Poe, Hood, Dickens, and many others. The book is illustrated in black and white by Nicolas Bentley.

GREAT SPANISH SHORT STORIES.

Translated by Warre B. Wells.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$3 7¾ x 5¾; 386 pp. *Boston*

At least half of the fifteen stories in this collection are quite unknown to American readers, and are by authors whose names are unfamiliar. Among them are Ramón del Valle Inclán, Gabriel Miró, Concha Espina, Ramón Gómez de la Serna, Benjamín Jarnés, José Díaz Fernández and Joaquín Arderíus. Mr. Wells has selected some of their most interesting work, and offers it in an entirely adequate translation. There is a preface by Henri Barbusse, in which he rehearses the repercussions between Spanish letters and the recent political history of Spain, and has some interesting things to say about the riches and limitations of the Spanish language. To it Mr. Wells adds a number of useful footnotes. He also prints brief biographical sketches of the fifteen authors.

LOVE THROUGHOUT THE AGES.

Edited by Robert Lynd.

Coward-McCann

\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 1188 pp. *New York*

The countries represented in this excellent collection of love stories are England, Scotland, Wales,

xiv

Ireland, the United States, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Georgia, Russia, Esthonia, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Holland, Denmark, Italy, China, Japan, India, Persia, Arabia, and ancient Palestine, Greece and Rome. The authors include such well known names as George Gissing, D. H. Lawrence, Hawthorne, and Cervantes, and also such relatively obscure ones as Alexander Kazbek of Georgia and Per Hallström of Sweden. There is a brief introduction by the editor.

PROSE MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH & AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Edited by Robert Silliman Hillyer, Kenneth Ballard Murdock & Odell Shepard.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.50 8 x 5¾; 477 pp. *New York*

The selections here, ninety-three in number, range in date from 1485 to the day before yesterday, and the authors represented run from Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon to H. M. Tomlinson and Virginia Woolf. The Americans number nine—Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Lowell, Melville, Henry Adams and Santayana. Each selection is preceded by a brief critical paragraph, and at the end there are useful notes.

THE OMNIBUS BOOK OF TRAVELLERS' TALES.

Edited by Milton Waldman.

Brentano's

\$3 7¾ x 5½; 864 pp. *New York*

A history of exploration, culled from primary sources. There are chapters from Herodotus, Marco Polo, Columbus, Da Gama, Magellan, Coronado, Fro-bisher, Drake, Mackenzie, Champlain, Raleigh, Dampier, Cook and Stanley, and a final chapter from Captain Scott's diary. The volume is admirably printed, and contains an excellent introduction and critical prefaces to the chapters by Mr. Waldman, an index to the introduction, and several reproductions of old maps.

TRANSLATIONS

GERMAN ROMANTICISM.

By Oskar Walzel.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 314 pp. *New York*

This book, now translated into English for the first time by Alma Elise Lusky, was originally published in Germany in 1908, and since then has gone through five large editions. It has become a standard text in various parts of the Continent, and Mrs. Lusky explains its popularity on the ground that

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xxii*

The New HARPER Books

THIS CIRCLE OF FLESH

BY LLOYD MORRIS. Love in all its phases—sacred and profane, romantic, perverted, platonic—is the theme of this novel of Manhattan's surging life. \$2.50



Expression in America

by
Ludwig
Lewisohn

An appraisal of the American spirit as seen through the lives and works of our creative writers by the author of *Upstream, Mid-Channel* and *The Island Within*. 624 pages. \$4.00

THE PROUD HOUSE

BY ANNETTE ESTY. The story of Polish Jozefa and her high-hearted struggle to establish her family in the Vermont hills. \$2.00



Loads of Love

by
Anne
Parrish

This sparkling story of a lady steam-roller who tried to smooth the path of true love is one of the season's most popular novels. "Sheer entertainment."—*Alexander Woollcott*. 23rd THOUSAND. \$2.50

APARTMENTS TO LET

BY NORAH HOULT. "A great and sad story."—*N. Y. Times*. "Alive with freshness and honesty."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$2.50



Only Yesterday

by
Frederick
Lewis Allen

An overwhelming burst of applause from readers and critics has swept this informal history of the 1920's into a nation-wide popularity. "A marvelously absorbing book."—*Stuart Chase*. 91st THOUSAND. \$3.00

ONE WAY TO HEAVEN

BY COUNTEE CULLEN. Harlem life in a novel "amusing and brilliant, which should not be missed."—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.00



Mr. and Mrs. Pennington

by
Francis
Brett Young

"One of the most capable novelists now living, Mr. Brett Young has outdone himself in his latest book."—*N. Y. Sun*. "A convincing and very human novel."—*N. Y. Times*. 79th THOUSAND. 546 pages. \$2.50

CAN EUROPE KEEP THE PEACE?

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS. "A volume everyone should read. An explicit history of international relations since 1919."—*H. G. Wells*. \$3.00



THE UNITED STATES IN World Affairs

by
Walter
Lippmann

in Collaboration with Wm. O. Scroggs

"Indispensable reading for anyone who pretends to keep abreast of the international situation."—*Lewis Gannett*. 3rd PRINTING. \$3.00

THE UNSEEN ASSASSINS

BY SIR NORMAN ANGELL. "He speaks of war's causes in terms of scientific and appalling conviction."—*N. Y. Times*. \$3.00



Wellington

by
Philip
Guedalla

"The book of the year; for its writing, its conception; its humanity, and its charm. A book to go on the shelf with the great English biographies."—*Laurence Stallings*. 52nd THOUSAND. \$4.00

Harper & Brothers
49 East 33rd Street New York



A New Novel by

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Author of "The 42nd Parallel"

1919 is a big word. It means a march of time, a pattern of events, a segment of civilization. And it means people—the people who were a part of 1919 and its impact on the world.

1919, John Dos Passos' new novel, takes a picture of a decade of our times and tells a story of real Americans, men and women of various ages and ambitions, moving on different levels. It shows the interlocking of their lives in a maelstrom of events that are now history.

1919 has that swift rush of reality and unblenching truth that comes only in a novel of first rank. It moves with the pulse of the times, reproducing in Dos Passos' inimitable manner the atmosphere of song, slogan, and headline that characterized 1919. Its uncannily exact background adds immeasurably to its powerful story of human life. \$2.50

*One of the
Spring's Big Novels*



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Matthew Josephson

The widely acclaimed biography of the triumphant, tragic figure who changed a world. "There is no doubt whatsoever that this is the best biography of Rousseau in existence."—*Herbert Gorman, N. Y. World-Telegram.* \$5.00

GOETHE: MAN AND POET

H. W. Nevins

Commemorating the poet's centenary, falling on March 22nd, Nevins, renowned authority on Goethe, writes "a succinct, well-formed summary of Goethe's life and works—a rapid, illuminating view of one of the greatest men who ever lived."—*N. Y. Times.* \$2.75

NAPOLEON

F. M. Kircheisen

"The best single volume study of Napoleon . . . the supreme example of artisanship in Napoleonic literature."—*N. Y. Sun.* An ideal biography of the great Corsican for the general reader because it combines a lively, compelling style with the most recent and authoritative scholarship. \$5.00

ESSAYS IN PERSUASION

John Maynard Keynes

Brilliantly readable essays by a great economist and man of letters. They not only reveal the present economic depressions but also prophesy the future. By the author of "Economic Consequences of the Peace." \$2.50

*Still the book we get letters
about from all over the country*

LINCOLN STEFFENS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The discovery of a good book is like food and drink to those of us who count books an essential part of living. Lincoln Steffens' Autobiography is just that—a good book, one of the best. People who have discovered the life story of this American Socrates count it a reading experience not to be missed—and they are passing the word along! 884 pages, \$3.75

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

383 Madison Avenue • • • New York

The American MERCURY

VOLUME XXV



NUMBER 100

APRIL

1932

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

IF THE Democrats could go before the country in November with a tried and implacable wet leading them, and on a platform damning Prohibition from hell to breakfast, there is little doubt that Lord Hoover's first (and last) term would end on March 4, 1933, and with what, on lower levels, would be called a bum's rush. But that, unfortunately, is precisely what the Democrats cannot do. They seem to be doomed, as always, to emerge from their convention torn into two halves, one facing one way and one the other. If their candidate for President is really wet, as happened last time, then their candidate for Vice-President, again as last time, will be a faithful client of the Anti-Saloon League, and their platform will be a sonorous endorsement of Law Enforcement. And if, by any chance, their platform goes so far as to call for a referendum on the booze question, and their choice for second place is one of the conscientious

wets who now pant for first place, then their candidate for President will be a trimmer with knees of butter and neck of rubber, and a long line of reassuring *Schmoos* for the dries.

Here, indeed, I am probably rather too optimistic. It is much more likely that *both* of their candidates will teeter obscenely on the fence, and that their platform will be full of pious sound and fury, signifying nothing. The phenomenon of Al, after all, was a sort of miracle, and no doubt far more diabolical than natural. He got through the dry guard at Houston by a series of unprecedented accidents, and in the lawless manner of a Planckian quantum. On form he should have been stopped, and most of the dry delegates, I believe, went to the convention believing confidently that they could stop him. Whether it was the bathtub gin of Houston that baffled them or the machinations of the Jesuits I do not know, but baffled

they were. So the stopping had to be adjourned until after the nomination. Poor Al went into the campaign with a Methodist running-mate and on a Methodist platform. He done his level damndest, and angels, one hears, could do no more. But it was not enough. Every time he arose to whoop things up there was a warning tug at his coat-tails. So the wets, yearning to be thrilled, dazzled, lifted, enchanted, inflamed, got only a series of dismal homilies fit for the Williamstown Conference. It is no wonder that on election day multitudes of them were busy elsewhere, their hearts aching. Meanwhile, the dries poured out in leaping ranks to slaughter the Pope.



The truth is that the so-called Democratic party in the United States is really no party at all, but simply a grotesque congeries of discordant factions. What is there in common between the country Democrats of the South and the city Democrats of the North? I can find nothing whatsoever. They do not agree, even, about the traditional Democratic doctrine of States' Rights. On Prohibition they are as far apart as the poles. If they seem to come together on the dogma that the saloon shall never come back, then that is only because most of the stalwarts on both sides hope secretly that it will and must. Each faction hates the other worse than it hates the Republicans. Everyone knows that the great majority of Tammany men, including all the sachems, would vote for Hoover gladly if he were wet and his Democratic opponent were dry, and everyone knows that multitudes of Southern Democrats voted for him in 1928 because he stuck to the Anti-Saloon League.

This continuing civil war puts a heavy burden upon every Democratic aspirant

for the Presidency. Either he must dodge every salient issue altogether, as Cox and Davis did, or he must emit a cloud of essentially meaningless words, as poor Al did. The fact tends obviously to keep all really competent and earnest men, with clear and uncompromising ideas, out of the running. They are usually eliminated automatically, indeed, long before they become serious contenders. The one hope of the survivors, and it is a slim and rare one, is that they may slip through unobserved while the big boys belabor one another with platitudes. Failing that hope, they must learn to compromise and dissemble like the rest. Thus Democratic strategy, as it is practised in our time by the great whales of the party, is simply a series of elaborate deceptions, of barefaced frauds.

The aim is always to invent issues so vague or so silly that they will alarm neither wing. (I often marvel that no Democratic candidate has ever sought to do the trick satirically by coming out with a thumping denunciation of cannibalism.)



As I write, most of the principal Democratic candidates have already begun to hunt cover. Governor Roosevelt remains wet, but with a very polite bow to the dries; he is favored by the so-called progressives, but is at pains to avoid alarming the conservatives. The Hon. Newton D. Baker, after howling for American entrance into the League of Nations for twelve long years, discovers suddenly that it would be injudicious to go in for the present. As for Al, he announces mysteriously that he is both a candidate and not a candidate, and so evades the need of stating his principles. Only Governor Ritchie appears to be sticking to his guns—and sticking to them is plainly becoming a serious liability to him. His chance lies



in the fact that he is at the top of the second line rather than at the bottom of the first line, and that his pronouncementoes thus produce relatively little inflammation. If there is the usual gory struggle at the convention, and he is chosen as a compromise, as Davis was in 1924, then you may be sure that the delegates will saddle him with a running-mate who is quite as dry as Al's colleague in 1928, and a platform passed by Archbishop Cannon.

As I have said, I believe that a candidate as honestly wet as Ritchie, with an equally wet running-mate and an uncompromising wet platform, could beat Hoover, and very easily. But that combination is simply impossible to imagine, for it could not be made without the consent of the dry Southerners, and they would rather adjourn the convention without any nomination at all than agree to it. So long as the two-thirds rule prevails they will retain that right of veto. If the Democrats nominated their candidates by a simple majority, as the Republicans do, the dry Southerners could be disregarded in the convention, and the party ticket would be elected at the ensuing plebiscite by the vote of wet Republicans. But the wet Republicans will never be seduced in sufficient numbers for the purpose while the Southern dries continue to pollute the platform and paralyze the standard-bearer. Those dry Southerners are the worst liability of the party, and the chief cause of its misfortunes. They are, with precious few exceptions, ignorant, bigoted and hypocritical. Moreover, they are not even good party men, for they voted for Hoover in 1928. But so long as they continue to call themselves Democrats they will be able to insure a Democratic disaster every four years. Only a split among the Republicans can prevent it, and that happens only once in a coon's age.

Soon or late, of course, this preposterous difficulty will have to adjust itself. Either the Democrats, victimized once too often, will take their courage into their hands and expel the Southern Pecksniffs, or the party will rock itself to pieces, and a new wet party will arise from the wreck. The latter appears to be the more probable issue of the deadlock. More and more it becomes plain that both of the big parties are now operating under false pretenses. The Republican party still professes in theory to represent the city man but, save in Pennsylvania, its actual strength is on the farms. The Democratic party, contrariwise, professes to be predominantly agrarian, but in reality its only reliable stalwarts are in the cities. The present division is over none of the issues that made the great battles of former years. The only question that really interests the overwhelming majority of Americans today is Prohibition, and on that question four out of five city men think one way and two out of three rustics the other.

One or two more defeats, if they are forced on the Democrats by the Southern lynchings, will reduce the party to tatters, and open the way for any bold fellow to seize its assets, such as they are. A wet party, so set up, would not show any of the traditional weaknesses of third parties. It would not have to develop laboriously from a manifesto and a gang of fanatics; it would become at once the residuary legatee of the ever-growing Democratic strength in the big cities. It would have heroes ready for it, and the makings of a complete organization, and it would have a clear, simple and highly popular issue. At the moment its emergence seems unlikely, for professional politicians are always timid men, and they cling des-

perately to whatever is, even though it may be a minus quantity. But it must be plain that we are in for some sort of revolution in the United States, and it may very well be that its first manifestation will be an abandonment of the old and now outworn party allegiances. The Southern dries, in fact, have themselves shown the way, and the Pennsylvania wets came very near following them in 1930. Let Prohibition slide downhill a bit further, and we may suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a political free-for-all, with the wet cities lining up openly and resolutely against the dry backwoods.

The ensuing struggle would be interesting indeed, and I hope sincerely that the National Museum will be able to do without my stuffed carcass long enough for me to see it. The real issue in American politics since the turn of the century has been one that no politician ever mentions. It is the plain issue of liberty. The one question to be decided within the next generation is whether the cities, which now hold over half the population of the nation, and four-fifths of its wealth, and nine-tenths of its intelligence and enterprise, are to have their just and lawful freedom or to continue under the hooves of a decayed and ignoble peasantry. Down to the Civil War there was no such question, for the country remained predominantly rural, and during the first generation after the war it was not acute enough to be generally noticed. But now it transcends all other questions, and no matter how adroitly politicians try to evade it they will never really succeed in escaping it.

All of the other issues that pop up from time to time are no more than offshoots of this master issue. Prohibition, in itself, is almost too puerile to be argued seriously. No one has ever heard a really sensible argument in favor of it; it is laughed at

by the more enlightened men of all nations; moreover, it has no objective reality, for it cannot be forced upon the cities. But behind it lies the great question whether, under a presumably free government, the more civilized half of the people must go on being defamed and incommoded by their inferiors, animated by ignorance and malice. Behind it lies the question whether a gang of clodhoppers led by scoundrels can go on forever wreaking their hatred upon their betters. That question is a million times more important than the tariff, or farm relief, or government ownership, or any of the other issues of an hour. Some day we must tackle it in earnest. And the sooner, the better.



One of the curious, and perhaps I should add incredible, phenomena of the Hoover *Katzenjammer* is the silence of the theologians. I am aware, of course, that Cardinal Dougherty has gone on the stand for the bedeviled Philadelphia bankers to testify that *all* of their banks are not ready to bust, and I am no less aware that such transcendental wisecracks as Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise are still heard from regularly and at undiminished length. What I presume to note is simply the fact that these great masters of the sacred sciences, in their public outpourings, seldom if ever speak professionally and *ex cathedra*. What Cadman has to say might be said just as well by Arthur Brisbane (as, in fact, it is), and what Wise says today is hardly more than what the Scripps-Howard editorial writers were saying week before last. As for Cardinal Dougherty, he addressed his Philadelphia faithful, not as their shepherd in two worlds, but simply as a fellow depositor in the local banks. In brief, these eminent divines, and their colleagues with them,

are heard from only in their purely secular characters as bigwigs, and not in their special capacity as experts in the principles and policies of Yahweh.

This is surely to be regretted, for theologians are full of a kind of knowledge that ordinary men have no access to, and, as Dr. Robert A. Millikan is fond of admitting on the stump, they can often throw light upon problems that baffle even astrophysicists. Moreover, they are usually quite willing to go to the bat whenever they are needed. Everyone will recall, for example, their magnificent effort during the late World War. From the stroke of 1 P.M. on Good Friday, 1917, they disgorged revelations in a constant stream, and the result was that a war which began very dubiously, as a scheme by Wall Street to collect some bad debts, came to its end as a holy crusade of the first calibre, with an archangel leading it in person and Antichrist as its goat.

So in other fields. It is seldom, indeed, that the American people have to face a great calamity without theological support. When, back in 1928 or thereabout, the waters of the deep arose and engulfed a large part of Arkansas and Mississippi, and Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was sent down by Mr. Coolidge to push them back, he was accompanied by a staff of holy men, and their incantations had at least as much to do with returning the waters to the rivers as any device proposed by engineers. Again, it was theologians who broke the drought of a year or so ago, when the Arkansans, having got dried at last, began to bake, and the Federal Reserve Board confessed itself stumped. What ailed Arkansas, they announced, was sin. Inflamed by moonshine, it had forgotten Holy Writ. The only cure was prayer in the grand manner, so they prayed stupendously, and the rains fell.

Again, in 1928, as everyone knows, these same theologians saved the Republic from the Roman Harlot. But now, with an evil far worse than harlotry menacing all of us, they are strangely silent.



I note one exception, and come to my point. The Seventh Day Adventist brethren, alone among the divines of the country, have something to say officially about the depression, and what they have to say is singularly clear and simple. They laugh at all the current diagnoses as so much hooey, and reject every projected cure as vain and preposterous. It is not Hoover who must be blamed, they say, nor is it the tariff war now going on everywhere in the world, nor is it the French or the Japanese, nor is it overproduction, nor is it the foreign bond swindle, nor is it the war debts, nor is it sun-spots or witchcraft or marital and spiritual infidelity or any of the other things that have been accused. It is simply the fact that the world is coming to an end. It is the fact that all of the signs and portents listed in Luke xxi, 25-27, are now visible, and that on some near tomorrow, maybe next Tuesday, possibly even Monday, the heavens will split wide open, there will be a roaring of mighty winds, a shock troop of angels will come fluttering down to earth, the righteous will be snatched up to bliss, and the wicked will be thrust into Hell.

The argument I spare you, but hasten to add, having read it, that it is excessively persuasive—in truth, completely unanswerable. All of the premonitory symptoms, as set forth not only in Luke but also in countless other passages of Infallible Scripture, are now clearly visible—"the distress of nations, with perplexity", "men's hearts failing them for fear", millions turned "lovers of their own selves,

covetous, boastful, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." I quote the Apostle James:

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. . . . Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord . . . Establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.



I refrain from further quotation. The texts are all too depressing to be set forth at length. If you thirst for misery, then apply at the nearest Seventh Day Adventist basilica, and the pastor will supply you with a complete list, neatly printed. All I desire to point out here is that the New Testament offers precise and elaborate specifications of the events preceding the inevitable end of the world, and that a fair reading of them must lead any rational man to conclude that those events are now upon us. If the Bible is really the Word of God, as we are assured not only by the Council of Trent but also by all the principal Protestant authorities and even by the Supreme Court of the United States, then it is as plain as day that the human race is on its last legs.

Not long ago, writing in this place, I set forth the vast advantages of the so-called Fundamentalists in their combat with the so-called Modernists. The latter, logically speaking, simply haven't a leg to stand on. If the Bible is inspired, then they have no right to change the least jot or tittle

of it, and if they can't change it then they must swallow everything that the Fundamentalists find in it, which is surely a plenty. What I'd like to know today is how either faction, the Fundamentalists or the Modernists, contrive to get around the implacable and irrefutable proofs of the Adventists. How can they profess to believe in Holy Writ, and yet stand silent before its plain and indubitable warnings? How can Cardinal Dougherty parley with money-changers (glance back at James) while the predestined signs stare him in the face? How can Dr. Cadman continue his radio talks on necking when the heavens may crack at any moment, and he may find himself confronting a "woman set upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns?"

As for me, I counsel caution. I am naturally of a skeptical and even ribald turn of mind; nevertheless, I take certain measures, as a prudent householder locks up for the night. I have cleared my library of bawdy books. I have taken down the portraits of Ibsen, Nietzsche and Darwin. If I cling to a few jugs, it is only because the flesh is eternally weak. (There are four plain descriptions of Hoover in the Book of Revelation alone, and half a dozen of Andy Mellon.) If any reader of these lines can think of a sufficient answer to the Seventh Day Adventist proofs I'll be glad to print it in this place. But how could it be put together without rejecting the whole canon of Holy Writ? How could it be squared with the infallibility of Luke, James, John and Paul? I suspect that the theologians are on a hot spot. And I suspect that they will be on an even hotter spot if the Seventh Day Adventists turn out to be right. No wonder they are so unprecedentedly mum!

H. L. M.

DEMOCRACY AND MASS MASSACRE

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

AMONG the impudent claims made for democracy, perhaps the most impudent is that it is a peaceful form of government. In the matter of civil strife, educated democrats will usually admit that the record is not conspicuously in their favor, that popular revolutions have seldom been bloodless. But they cling to the idea that democracies are less likely than monarchies or aristocracies to get their citizens and other people killed off in foreign wars. This idea I propose to examine here.

The ancient and medieval periods may be briefly passed over. Like most of our political terms and ideas, that of democracy comes to us from ancient Greece. Since the Roman Republic was never of pure democratic type because of its aristocratic Senate, the most notable of ancient democracies was Athens. Having been elected by the Aegean Islands as commander-in-chief for the naval war against Persia, the Athenian democracy promptly transformed the confederacy into an empire and its allies into subjects. It then began bullying its smaller neighbors so aggressively that a second confederacy came together to resist it under the leadership of Sparta.

The war which followed lasted twenty-seven years and was destructive beyond any civil or foreign war previously fought in Greece. The Athenian democrats led in atrocities throughout. The high point of these was their invasion of Melos. Without a shadow of provocation, they attacked

this little neutral island, killed all the men of military age, and enslaved the other inhabitants. Professor J. B. Bury says in his history of Greece:

The conquest of Melos is remarkable, not for the rigorous treatment of the Melians, which is merely another example of the inhumanity which we have already met in the cases of . . . Mytilene and Scione, but for the unprovoked aggression of Athens without any tolerable pretext.

Meanwhile, the peace party in Athens was composed of precisely those who had their doubts of the wisdom and virtue of the ruling mob. To this party belonged Aristophanes, whose peace propaganda play, "Lysistrata," was recently seen on the American stage. He and his friends clung to the regrettable and reactionary notion that to have been well-educated and well-born—that is, to have descended from people of proved ability beyond the average—had something to do with fitness for government.

But it may be said that the ancient democracies are not typical because all of them were based upon slavery. Let us therefore glance at Switzerland, the one medieval stronghold of political democracy. Does history show the medieval Swiss to have been peaceful? We find their country not only warlike on its own account but actually the chief European reservoir of mercenaries, ready to fight for anyone who would pay them. The late medieval and Sixteenth Century wars

were rather unusually savage: do we find the Swiss democrats more chivalrous or more merciful than other soldiers of the time? The standard book on the subject is Sir Charles Oman's "Art Of War In The Middle Ages." It says:

In the Swiss . . . we find . . . an appalling ferocity, and a cynical disregard for the rights of all neighbors. . . . As enemies . . . [they] . . . were distinguished for their deliberate and cold-blooded cruelty. The resolution to give no quarter, which appears almost pardonable in patriots defending their own native soil, becomes brutal when retained in wars of aggression, but reaches a climax of disgusting inhumanity where the slayer is a mere mercenary, fighting for a cause in which he has no national interest. Repulsive as was the callous blood-thirstiness of the soldiers of Sulla or Caesar, it was less in moral guilt than the needless ferocity displayed by the hired Swiss soldiery on many a battlefield of the Sixteenth Century. After Novara, for example, they put to death several hundred German prisoners—both slayers and slain being mere hired mercenaries.

And this is the nation of which that ardent democrat, Francis Hackett, in his "Henry VIII" recently wrote: "Save for Switzerland [Sixteenth Century] Europe . . . was politically imbecile"—imbecile, to his mind, because of its consent to be governed by hereditary monarchs or—more rarely—by aristocracies!

Turning now to the modern democratic era of the last century and a half, we find a steady increase in the scale and destructiveness of war: due first to that typically democratic instrument, the universal-service conscript army, and secondly to the fanaticising of national patriotism.

At this point a possible objection must be met. Materially minded people, while admitting the increased savagery and destructiveness of recent wars, sometimes say that these evils are due chiefly to the

new weapons and consequent increased power of destruction possessed by man through the late advances in the physical sciences. It is indeed unhappily true that the possession of new mechanical devices often encourages their possessors to disregard old moral restraints. Thus in the World War we saw naval officers who, had they been acting from surface ships, would not have dreamed of sinking merchantmen without first putting those on board in a place of safety as required by the universally accepted rules of war, ruthlessly doing so from submarines. Again, take the use of poison. Savages have always used it on arrows. Over and over again throughout history it would have been advantageous for retreating armies to have poisoned the wells they left behind them. And yet it was not done, whereas poison gases were freely used by both sides from 1915 to 1918.

On a smaller scale the same principle may be daily seen at work. People who would be ashamed of screaming or beating drums to the annoyance of their neighbors think nothing of doing so with radios and outboard motor-boats. And so with the careless or deliberate use of speed-boats, airplanes and automobiles.

But when all this has been granted, the materialists must in their turn admit that the essential point is not the existence of the new devices but the willingness or unwillingness of people to use them in certain ways. It is true that morals depend much upon traditional habit, whereas new devices have no tradition of restraint in their use. On the other hand, there are equally familiar instances of rapid moral conquest over new machinery. Twenty years ago automobiles had muffler cut-outs, and with his the writer in his hot youth used to delight in making a hellish din, especially in the quiet hour just before

dark. But the automobile manufacturers soon saw the light and their present products do not permit this foolish amusement. The motorcycle, the outboard motor and even the airplane may soon, please God, follow the automobile engine into comparative noiselessness.

In the matter of killing people, one is just as dead if finished by a club or stone as if one's exit is accompanied by the full devil's orchestra of the most modern science. For that matter, hands and feet are often deadly enough. In my boyhood a certain weaponless Irish coachman once killed a far more dangerous foe than the average unarmed man, to wit, a great Dane dog which attacked him. He choked it insensible and then jumped upon it until he had smashed all its ribs. Death cannot be made more terrible by complex instruments. Moreover, as a certain poet named Homer, not unknown to the pre-jazz age, remarked in the *Odyssey*:

For an enduring heart have the destinies
given the children of men.

In other words, the race has a considerable power of standing up to things. Even outside of death in battle, in the matter of torture the Bolshevik has probably improved but little on the Red Indian. So much, then, for the general refutation of the materialist argument.

A more particular refutation of the materialists will be given presently when we come to examine the history of modern democratic war. It will then be shown how the revolutionary-Napoleonic wars in Europe, although fought with precisely the same weapons as the earlier Eighteenth Century wars between kings, nevertheless showed an enormous increase both in scale and in ferocity. For the moment, however, let us glance at pre-democratic modern warfare.

II

No civilization of which we have record has ever abolished war and presumably none ever will so long as man is man, but all stable civilizations have strictly limited it. The early Roman Empire policed the entire Mediterranean world with an army of about 300,000. In 1914 a single poor province, Serbia, put in the field over twice as many. The Middle Ages restricted armed feudal service outside of the soldier's immediate locality to forty days. From 1914 to 1918 millions of men, the survivors of those originally mobilized, were held with the colors for over four years. But at no time in history was war more successfully limited than in the hundred years ending in 1775.

The background of the Eighteenth Century had been dark. The fierce popular passions of the late Sixteenth and early Seventeenth Century religious wars had continued the ferocity of the little late medieval scimmages, but more persistently and on a greater scale. The Thirty Years War, the climax of the religious struggle, depopulated the Germanies; at its close men might have been pardoned for fearing, as many fear today, that another such smash would come soon and would destroy Christendom.

But nothing of the sort happened. Feeling itself near a precipice, Europe changed direction. No more religious wars were fought. Instead, we find kings pitting their navies and little professional armies against the similar forces of their neighbors, much in the spirit of an adventurous and dangerous sport.

To understand how limited were the Eighteenth Century wars we must first note how small were the armies in proportion to the population. A few examples will suffice. In 1700 France, with about

19,000,000 souls, was the first military power in Europe. A fully conscript country can mobilize about a tenth of its total population. Therefore, had France then suffered from or enjoyed a universal service army on the democratic plan, a general mobilization would have given her nearly 2,000,000 trained or partly trained men. By the greatest efforts she raised 300,000. In 1738, with about 22,000,000 souls, a full conscript mobilization would have given her over 2,000,000. She actually had only 180,000 on a peace footing, of whom 60,000 were militia, and the English government estimated that for war these numbers could not be more than doubled.

The contemporary English army was small even when compared with the other armies of the time. In 1776, at the height of the effort to reconquer the Thirteen Colonies, intensive recruiting among the 9,000,000 inhabitants of the British Isles furnished only 33,000 regulars available for American service. It is true that Eighteenth Century strengths are usually given in terms of "rank and file," omitting commissioned officers, sergeants and company musicians; none the less, the foregoing figures tell their own story.

The little Eighteenth Century armies were handled and fought after a fashion that minimized injury and inconvenience to civilians. Naturally, with such small numbers one could seldom hope to conquer a hostile country altogether; usually governments made war merely in order to make certain limited conquests along their frontiers. Since conquered territory was valuable only when populous and prosperous, the conquerer served his own interest by sparing the inhabitants and their wealth. Accordingly, foraging and living off the country were discouraged and the troops were held in the closest formation,

not only in battle but also in camp and on the march.

In 1709, when an allied army under Marlborough, having taken the town of Tournai in Northern France, was besieging its citadel, an understanding was reached between besieger and besieged that there should be no gun-fire by either party on that side of the citadel which faced the town. The active operations all took place on the side which faced the open country. In the same way plundering was severely put down. General Gage, commanding for George III in Boston in 1775, hanged some of his own soldiers for breaking and entering a colonist's shop.

On the other hand, the most brutal punishment in the field did not cow the tough customers of the Eighteenth Century rank and file; their discipline, their spirit of sacrifice, and the perfection of their highly specialized tactics were remarkable. At Bunker Hill about half (certainly over two-fifths and perhaps more than half) of the assaulting troops were killed and wounded, yet after that butchery they returned to the charge and carried the position. Nevertheless, Burgoyne, an experienced soldier who saw the operation, spoke of them as "ill-grounded in the great points of discipline," and went on: "it will require some training under such generals as Howe and Clinton before they can be prudently intrusted in many exploits." So high was the standard of quality demanded of the Eighteenth Century regular and such was his just pride that in the same letter Burgoyne could write:

In most states of the world, as well as our own, the respect and control and subordination of government at this day in great measure depends upon the idea that trained troops are invincible against any number or any position of undisciplined rabble.

III

All moral changes are gradual. Between 1775 and 1781 Christendom had a foretaste of what was to follow. The American Revolutionary movement—including as it did both Washington and Hamilton—was by no means purely democratic; nor did the war which it fought reach the perfect type of democratic warfare. At the same time, that war did greatly differ from the limited hostilities to which pre-democratic Europe had become accustomed.

First, as to the point of numbers. The colonists had a military tradition of service in the militia, into which, in theory, every man was liable to be drafted. But there was neither political authority nor financial strength sufficient to keep large numbers long with the colors, so that most of the real work had to be done by a permanent force, the Continentals, of whom the rebel leaders tried to make regulars on the European model. But for short periods militia did appear in such numbers that the final result owed much to them. Thus in March, 1776, they played an essential part in the skilful operation by which Washington hastened the British evacuation of Boston.

Late in February he applied to have all the nearby militia sent to his camp for three days' service. While his Continentals hastily entrenched Dorchester Heights, from which the main ship channel into Boston could be taken under long-range artillery fire, these militiamen were held on the Cambridge side of the shallow Charles river, ready to embark in boats to attack the North End of Boston should the British send most of their available troops against Dorchester. Unable to face both fronts at the same time in sufficient strength, the British commander, Howe, wisely gave up the game and evacuated.

So it was with the surrender of Burgoyne, the turning point of the entire Revolutionary struggle, since it encouraged the French to come in. Just at the end of Burgoyne's campaign, New England and New York militiamen came swarming out against him. His little army, reduced below 5000 effectives, surrendered to some 5000 Continentals supported by over 12,000 militia. In other words, Burgoyne's isolated and ill-provisioned men were mobbed. We need not here discuss how far the vastness and the bad roads of the remote and empty continent made the problem of transport and supply insoluble to the British generals. Nor need we consider how unsuited to woods fighting were the rigid shoulder-to-shoulder tactics developed on the unfenced open fields of continental Europe. Without these handicaps and under better leaders the British regulars would doubtless have won. In the event they nearly won, and lost only thanks to French aid. Nevertheless, certain phases of the struggle were decided by victories of quantity over quality of troops.

Nor was the American Revolution fought within the conventions characteristic of Eighteenth Century limited warfare. The same popular passions which produced the temporary mustering of what were in the circumstances large numbers, produced also a corresponding intensity, not to say savagery, in the fighting. At the first American volley of the war, fired near Concord Bridge in April '75, two red-coats fell, one dead, the other badly wounded. The troops of both sides having moved off, the wounded man started to crawl away, whereat a young American who had been working on a nearby woodpile came and brained the helpless hireling of tyranny with his ax. The practice of sniping, long thought unsportsmanlike, gained

ground. Toward the end of the contest the Southern campaigns were marked on both sides by prisoner killings such as Europe had not seen since the wars of religion. At the surrender of Yorktown, Cornwallis's Chief of Cavalry, Tarleton, had such reason to fear that he might be lynched in revenge for his barbarities that he asked Washington for a special guard to protect him.

After their American adolescence, the democratic movement and the mass massacres of democratic war appeared full-grown in the French Revolution. Under Louis XVI, although the population of France had increased to 26,000,000, the peace footing of the army was about 170,000 regulars and 60,000 militia. When one of the first effects of the movement was the disintegration of the old army, revolutionary France first tried to achieve numbers by volunteering; through the chaos of the administrative paper-work it appears that 800,000 should have been with the colors late in 1792 and that about half that number actually were so. Before the Republic was six months old, conscription and a levy *en masse* were voted. One remembers with a melancholy amusement the lyrical enthusiasm of certain Nineteenth Century poets, for instance Walt Whitman:

I utter the word democratic, I utter the word *en masse*.

The sentiment certainly fits the case; for twenty-two years the French marched in masses to the slaughter-house, first under the Republic and then under Napoleon, the Soldier of the Revolution, who continued its work, altering that work only to stabilize it. Of course, this was done from the loftiest motives; the French war songs, from the republican "Chant du Départ" to "Veillons au Salut de l'Empire,"

agreed perfectly in telling the world that the French made war only against Kings, loved all other peoples, and sought only to bestow on them liberty and peace.

This they proposed to do by waging war on a scale which the world had never known and with a fury which Europe had long forgotten. Let us look at a few figures. For the campaign of 1793 the conscription increased the French forces by nearly 500,000 men; notwithstanding casualties, the following January saw more than 750,000 under arms. Losses were in proportion. In the days of the old "tyrant Kings" England withdrew from the war against Louis XIV in horror at the butchery of Malplaquet, which hard-fought battle cost the British contingent about 600 killed. But in the eight years from 1793 to the victory of Marengo in 1800 the French Republic lost more than 700,000 men killed or wounded—about 90,000 a year. In 1805 Napoleon boasted to Metternich, "I can afford to expend 30,000 men a month." In 1812 he took an army of 460,000 into Russia and brought back less than 30,000.

It needs no argument to show that such doings transformed war as a social phenomenon. Whereas the little armies of the old Kings had acted as sponges to soak up undesirable elements among the dregs of society, or as filters preventing these undesirables from doing harm, the new hordes were a different matter. The harm they did was increased by the new intensity with which they were used, which intensity has been the commonplace of military writers from Clausewitz and Jomini to Foch. They were encouraged to live off the country. "Don't talk to me of supplies," said Napoleon. "A hundred thousand men can live in a desert." To which it might be answered that the districts through which they passed were far more like deserts afterward than before.

IV

The opposition between democracy and the older loyalties was only second among the moral forces which sustained the opposition between the French crusade and the increasing resistance to it. The primary force was nationalism. The democratic movement did not invent the idea; in France and England national feeling had already existed for over three centuries and faint traces of it had appeared even earlier. But whereas the pre-democratic conception had been that of a King ruling his various peoples, republicanism demanded a human group strongly conscious of unity. Thus, notwithstanding their façade of internationalism, the French democrats were vehement nationalists, and as time went on their nationalism was increasingly reflected among the other peoples of Europe. Indeed, nationalism became the chief political by-product of the democratic era and soon commanded a wider allegiance than the democratic theory itself.

This explains how, after the fall of Napoleon, the universal service conscript army, the typical military product and instrument of democracy, was preserved by the country which was to become the chief opponent of political democracy in Europe, namely, Prussia. After overthrowing the old Prussian professional army, Napoleon imposed upon Prussia a treaty which, among other humiliations, limited her army to 43,000 men. The treaty, however, was so bitterly resented by the average Prussian that it proved possible to use the officers and non-coms of this little force as instructors for successive batches of privates. These last were called up under a universal service law. They turned out for a short period of intensive training and then went back to civil life as trained re-

serves, giving place to a fresh lot which was intensively trained in its turn. All were available for call in war. After 1815 for over a century the military history of the world was determined by Prussia's retention of this system.

Alone among the soldiers of post-Napoleonic Europe, the Prussians carried on the democratic preference for quantity over quality. Their army also served as a vehicle for another typically democratic idea, that of universal education. For decades it was their boast that its educational value alone far outweighed its cost.

For fifty years no wars on the revolutionary-Napoleonic scale were fought in Europe. America, however, presently showed that the demon of democratic war was not dead, but only sleeping. In her Civil War first the South and then the North went to the draft; taken together, the armies of the two sides, drawn from a population of only 32,000,000, reached the astonishing figure of nearly 4,000,000. Including men dead from wounds and disease, the loss in the four years' fighting has been estimated at 1,000,000. In the Union forces alone 359,528 were killed in action.

In 1866 the Prussians overthrew the Austrians in seven weeks; in 1870 they defeated the French regular army in five weeks. As a result of these successes, first the rest of continental Europe and then Japan took up universal service. The French Republic was particularly rigid in refusing exemptions; far more so than Prussia had ever been. When the autocracies of Russia and Japan, both possessing universal service laws, tried to use against each other the ponderous weapon forged by the French Revolution, neither could bring its full weight to bear. Japan had trained only a small fraction, about a fifth, of her annual conscript classes, while Rus-

sia was handicapped throughout by bad communications and later by internal strife. Thus in 1914, after a century of unparalleled material development, during which democratic ideas had steadily gained ground, few in Europe imagined what a general and prolonged universal-service war would be like. By the end of 1918 all were wiser.

Obviously, the advance of democracy had not been as regular nor its success as complete as that of its child, conscription; although all the original protagonists except England entered the war fully conscript, yet in Russia, Austria, and Germany government was still largely hereditary. Nor is this the place to discuss how far, if at all, parliamentarism and democracy are the same. Suffice it to observe that the popular mind identified the two, that even in the autocratic countries democratic ideas were rife and were haloed as "progressive," and that every country, even Russia, had an elected parliament. Enormous majorities in every such parliament were vehement for their own side in the war. The Russian parliamentarians' chief complaint was that the Czar's advisors were insufficiently warlike. The German Liebknecht seems to have been the one elected legislator in Europe to speak publicly for peace. The unanimous ferocity with which United States at last came in is also to be remembered.

With the chances which combined with the technical predominance of the defensive to prolong the war we are not here concerned. It will be enough to glance at the way in which the struggle was conducted. Everyone knows that nationalist hatred and organized patriotic lying had never before reached such a point. The Germans opened the ball by violating the neutrality of Belgium which their government had sworn to protect, began the use

of poison in the form of gas, and sent out submarines to sink merchantmen on sight. The Allies enforced with unprecedented rigor a naval blockade intended to starve the entire German people. From the air both sides dropped bombs freely on civilian objectives; indeed, the whole distinction between soldier and civilian became blurred. While serving in France the writer was told by an American staff colonel that certain British aviators, passing over a Rhineland city, saw an open-air circus to which the children of the place had crowded; flying low, they bombed and machine-gunned the innocents with great effect.

The butcher's bill is itemized in the table on the following page.

The figures therein, taken from almanacs and the Encyclopedia Britannica, are not complete. For instance, only the populations of European France and of England plus Scotland are given, whereas the mobilized and dead in each case were from the entire French and British Empires. Throughout, the dead recorded are only the soldiers who fell in action or died from wounds or illness, excluding civilians killed, starved, or dead of disease.

In contrast, the latest English historian of Queen Anne's wars, G. M. Trevelyan, estimates that in the critical year 1704, the year of Blenheim, the British Army and Navy decided the fate of Europe at a cost of less than 5000 dead, of whom about 2000 fell in the four major actions of that year. He goes on to say:

Between 1914 and 1918 the average loss of life in war to Great Britain per year was about 200,000. The population of the island had risen about seven times, and the cost of war in youthful life about forty times.

It goes without saying that many democrats deny the responsibility of democracy for the slaughter. But if the denial were

	<i>Population</i>	<i>Total of Mobilized</i>	<i>Killed or Died</i>
Russia.....	150,000,000	12,000,000	1,700,000
France.....	39,000,000	8,410,000	1,363,000
Great Britain.....	41,000,000	8,904,000	908,000
Serbia.....	3,000,000	707,000	45,000
Belgium.....	7,000,000	267,000	14,000
Germany.....	63,000,000	11,000,000	1,774,000
Austria Hungary.....	47,000,000	7,800,000	1,200,000
Total of Original Belligerents.....	350,000,000	49,088,000	7,004,000
Turkey.....(Nov. 1914)...	26,000,000	2,850,000	325,000
Italy.....(May 1915)...	33,000,000	5,615,000	650,000
Bulgaria.....(Oct. 1915)...	4,000,000	560,000	87,000
Roumania.....(Aug. 1916)...	7,000,000	750,000	336,000
United States.....(Apr. 1917)...	92,000,000	4,355,000	126,000
Total of Later Belligerents.....	162,000,000	14,130,000	1,524,000
Grand Totals.....	512,000,000	63,218,000	8,528,000

justified, autocracy having since the war greatly diminished in Europe, one would expect a corresponding increase in peacefulness. Precisely the contrary is the case. The ablest American writer on foreign affairs, Frank H. Simonds, in his book, "Can Europe Keep The Peace?" has recently shown how democracy exasperates conflicting nationalisms instead of reconciling them. The present writer suspects that the worst bunch of kings known to history, given the Europe of 1919, would long ago have mustered enough intelligence and good will to make something of it.

Meanwhile, one reason why pacifists bleat so hopelessly is that they have not seen or dare not say that democracy itself is the source of much if not most of the evil they are attacking. Without democracy, although a certain amount of war is and presumably always will be inevitable, nevertheless its ferocity and destruction might be kept within bounds by setting up governments independent of election and therefore not compelled alternately to rouse popular passion and to cringe before it.

It is perhaps a hopeful sign that democracy, at least for the moment, is under a cloud. It is vulnerable enough aside from its military record. Nevertheless, that record is peculiarly adapted to refute one of the most often heard democratic arguments. Among believers in the superior virtue of the unwashed and the superior wisdom of the ignorant, it has long been a favorite piece of democratic cant to say that the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy. But after a glance at the wars of the democratic era this begins to sound a little too much like saying "The cure for smallpox is more smallpox," or "The cure for cannibalism is more cannibalism."

In the *Action Française*, the French Royalist newspaper, and one of the best written journals in Europe, Maurras, Leon Daudet and Bainville are fond of calling democracy *l'anthropophage*, the eater of men. It began and has continued in blood. If no better way can be found for ending it, then in the name of the peoples whom it devours by the million, may it be ended in blood.

LIFE IN A YANKEE UTOPIA

BY JORGE J. BLANCO

UNDER the shade of the poinciana trees in the little plaza that fronts the Ancon commissary of the Panama Railroad, a group of employés, retired employés and temporarily unengaged employés of the Panama Canal gather each day to discuss the state of their world. They swap views on commissary prices, criticise the fluctuating quality of the several Isthmian malt brews, comment sardonically on the doings of the United States Army and Navy, denounce the delay of the Washington bureaucrats in forwarding pension checks, and debate, in general, all such topics as are close to their interests.

They represent the American citizens who are beneficiaries of "Uncle Sam's grand and successful experiment in practical Communism," to take the words of every visiting Congressman who enjoys a free junket to the Canal Zone. Yet they always receive his discovery that they are the wards of an ideal state with vast contempt, and greet each fresh announcement of it with rude sounds of derision.

These Canal Zone residents, of course, admit freely that the Canal is next to supernatural in its grandeur, for many of them had a hand in building it. Their idol is the St. George of revered memory, the late lamented General Goethals, who bossed the job precisely to their liking, principally, perhaps, because he showed a tremendous capacity for hard work and scorned the social graces and pastimes of

his brass-hatted colleagues while the waterway was being built. His hatred for dress clothes and formal parties, and his rigid adherence to his peculiar anti-society code keep his memory greener among the horny-handed survivors of the construction days than any recollection of his actual skill in bossing the biggest engineering job that the United States has ever undertaken.

If the lawmakers who arrive on flying visits from Washington really believe that the three thousand and more white American employés of the Panama Canal and Panama Railroad and their families live under the ægis of a Utopian state, founded on the principle of perfect brotherhood, any such employé will be glad to set them right. The Zone Eden, in truth, flourishes in the presence of social castes as rigid as those of the royal courts of pre-war Europe. Even a One-Eyed Connolly could not crash the barriers.

At the top of the array are the Governor and his lady, royal keepers of the Official Invitation List. On this sacred tablet are inscribed the names of all Army and Navy officers above the rank of captain and lieutenant, respectively, the heads of a handful of Canal and Railroad departments, the Federal district judge, a brewer or two, the President of Panama and his cabinet, members of the diplomatic corps in the Republic of Panama, and a small number of select civilians, including bank managers, physicians and jurists.

The Semi-Official Invitation List constitutes the second book of the Canal Zone social gospel. The names of the heads of various lesser departments illuminate its pages. Those of junior Army and Navy officers, the United States district attorney, the chief of the Zone police and warden of the Zone penitentiary, certain chief clerks, an occasional favored journalist, and still more Panamanian government officials, merchants and professional men complete it. It is invoked only on occasions of such a nature that public importance overshadows social exclusiveness.

The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Shriners and Elks, the Moose, Odd Fellows and Knights of Columbus, the members of the Reserve Officers Corps, and those of the Federal Employés' Union are in the next group. The Canal Zone residents are inveterate joiners, payers of dues and ritualists. They enroll in a fancy concourse of organizations that range from the ex-heroes' associations down to the disreputable Mallet Club.

The latter is a ribald circle composed of such social pariahs as Canal pilots, boiler-makers, dredging foremen, newspaper men, soldiers and sailors. Occasionally a physician or a commissioned officer of the Army or Navy is admitted as a token of the club's democracy. The Malleeters meet each Wednesday night in a tiny *patio* at the rear of the bar of Jimmy Deans (who hails from the Erie Basin section of Brooklyn), where they drink deeply of the sad stuff known as beer in Panama, munch *Knackwurst* and onions or fried swordfish, and indulge in Rabelaisian rites in the initiation of novices.

The Malleeters are representative of those who rank lowest among the *gold* or white American Canal employés. Their

envious helpmates, reading the society columns of the daily newspapers, may enjoy only in a vicarious way the bridge luncheons of the Admiral's wife, the at-homes of the Governor's lady, and the dinner parties of exalted Army matrons on Saturday nights at the Union Club.

The publishers of the newspapers of Panama would discontinue their society departments very thankfully if they could be shown that their journals could withstand the shock of the circulation loss that would certainly ensue. The society editors, several of whom are enrolled on each paper, are generally married women of middle age or languishing grass widows, and they perform Herculean labors in the heat of the day. Their jobs largely depend, in fact, upon the amount of punishment they are able to absorb from the local society sultanas, whose tyrannies would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of any of the better known American cosmetic, cigarette and bed-spring endorsers.

The wife of one Canal Zone Governor, irate at a society writer who had omitted an announcement of one of the august dame's receptions, demanded that the editor telephone every woman on the Official Invitation List, a task engaging several hours. Another editor was dragooned into printing an abject apology to another social czarina because she had referred to the lady in her column as "the Governor's spouse."

The same writer was at one time unwittingly responsible for a terrific storm at one of the Zone's Army posts as a result of her description of a military horse-show in which she praised the appearance of a certain brigadier-general, and, in a gush of enthusiasm, declared that he seemed to be a very part of the horse he bestrode. A profane sergeant, in charge of a small

Army publication, innocently inquired as to the part of the horse the general resembled, and court martial proceedings were narrowly averted.

II

The War Department operates the Canal, and the commissioned personnel of the Isthmian garrison approximates very closely the fabled Prussian saber clankers of 1913. Not only are these military gentlemen jealous of every prerogative that belongs to them; they are also constantly reaching out for additional privileges to accentuate the line that separates them from humble civilians.

A major-general commanding the Canal Zone Department of the Army once took it upon himself to draw up a complete new legal code for the Zone, and submitted it as a substitute for the laws laboriously codified by lawyers of many years' experience. It was designed to abolish such unspeakable outrages as the arrest of an errant Army officer by a mere Canal Zone policeman, and his subsequent prosecution in courts conducted by civilians. Unfortunately, the result of this military venture into the science of jurisprudence was deposited in the War Department files and there forgotten.

Another attempt made to establish Army precedence and prerogative more firmly took the form of a petition presented to a Canal Zone Governor by Army officers, asking that the Panama Railroad commissaries—the Zone department stores—be opened solely to Army shoppers during the first hour of the business day. This would have given the Army wives first chance at the choicest fruits and vegetables and the more desirous cuts of meat, and saved them from the necessity of mingling with shoppers of civilian status.

Governor Jay J. Morrow, who received the petition, was restrained with no little difficulty from tossing its bearer out of his office, though he was himself an Army officer of West Point tradition.

Morrow attained to great popularity on the Isthmus during his term as Governor. He shocked the colonels and majors when he golfed with lock operators and refreshed himself at the nineteenth hole of the Panama Country Club in the company of clerks and mechanics. He had narrowly escaped missing his appointment as Governor of the Zone, which would have broken an almost inviolable policy of promotion, when an outsider, none other than the celebrated Colonel Forbes of Veterans' Bureaus and Federal Penitentiary fame, was considered by President Harding for the position. But wiser counsel prevailed and Governor Morrow, who was the brother of the late Senator from New Jersey, brought a liberal régime of four years to the Zone, keeping the Army smartly in the background during his term.

The civilian clubs of the city of Panama swarm with majors, captains and lieutenants, among them many conscientious foes of teetotalism. At any public Panamanian reception the champagne table is ringed by a cordon of officers.

But the glory of the Army on the Zone fades just below its lowest commissioned rank. The thousands of privates, corporals and sergeants, as well as the enlisted men of the Navy who guard the Panama Canal from enemies, real and fancied, are utterly beyond the pale in a social sense. On the whole, they are a comely, well-behaved segment of Isthmian life, with only an occasional burglar, highwayman or racketeer among them, but they might well be unregenerate jailbirds for all the regard that is extended them by their ci-

vilian fellow-citizens. If a young woman of the Zone is seen in public with a uniformed enlisted man it is taken as a major indiscretion, just as her association with a gilded officer is a social achievement.

The social clubs of Panama, especially those supported by Canal workers, are irrevocably closed to enlisted men. They welcome shoe clerks, ship fitters and railway firemen, but a warrant officer or a staff sergeant, though his breast glitter with decorations awarded for the most distinguished service under fire, is barred from communion with his civilian betters. Thus the spirit of official military snobbery pervades the civilian ranks.

The soldiers must seek their pleasures in the bars and brothels of Coco Grove in Panama, and in the sinister streets back of Bottle alley in Colon. They are herded and harassed by patrols of military police who strut the streets from noon until the small morning hours, swinging hickory truncheons and looking for action. The M.P.'s, at times, also interfere with civilians, and on one dull night in recent months they caused the arrest of four Canal employ es who were lingering in a bar over a late round of beers, and were suspected of being soldiers out of uniform, overstaying their leave. They were haled to the Panama night court on a charge of disrespect to the military police! This extraordinary affair was capped by the Panamanian jurist who virtually wrote a new law upon his sovereign nation's statute books by fining each of the men a dollar!

An amazing rite is observed by the Army on the Isthmus to impress the newly arrived recruit with the difference between right and wrong. The newcomers are assembled in squads, still sweltering in their heavy woolen shirts, and marched

through the "restricted areas" of the back streets. Their parade is reviewed by the black and coffee-tinted wenches who ply their trade in such neighborhoods, standing on the sidelines to give a first welcome to their new clients. This sight-seeing tour has the same effect as might be expected were a corps of Prohibition agents to conduct a body of the citizenry of New York around town for the purpose of indicating the speakeasies that they may not enter.

If the commanding general of the troops on the Zone feels the majesty of his position he may at least point to the fact that he commands about ten thousand men, one of the largest permanent peacetime concentrations in the Army. Not so, however, with the gold-bespangled admiral serving as commandant of the Fifteenth Naval District. Though he is surrounded by a staff of high-ranking officers and numerous Navy and civilian clerks, his lone command is a radio station, and his principal duty studying the naval defense of the Canal should warfare shatter the peace of the Isthmus. Let submarines collide in manoeuvres near Balboa harbor and the admiral is about the last to be informed. Let a cruiser of the Special Service Squadron steam in to land marines at a revolution-torn Central American port, and he will have nothing to say about it.

The post might have been created for a character out of the pages of "H.M.S. Pinafore". The Sea Lord occupies a large, handsomely situated residence in the Canal Zone, picketed by "No Trespassing" signs. He is driven to and fro by a uniformed sailor at the wheel of an imposing limousine. He is one of the fifty-seven American admirals for whom jobs must still be provided despite the reduction in naval armaments.

III

The sad state of the soldiery on the Zone is considerably mitigated by the fact that they are assured of three square meals a day and a bed at night. They are thus vastly better situated than the Negro population of the Isthmus whose dismal poverty proves only too banefully that they are not wanted either by the whites of the Canal Zone or by the people of Panama. Their somewhat ludicrous dignity and irksome arrogance (worn because they are, after all, subjects of Britain) helps to alienate any good-humored tolerance for them that may occasionally arise among their North American Caucasian brethren.

Let a helpless blackamoor who hails from Jamaica or Barbadoes fall into the net of the Canal Zone *sbirri* for a traffic violation, a petty theft or some other misdemeanor and he pays a heavy fine or makes a visit to the jail. No sentence is suspended; the defendant is either innocent or guilty, and in the latter case little mercy is shown him, at least in the police courts. Let him face a judge in Panama on similar charges and his treatment is just as stern as it would be across the line.

The Negro lives with his large brood in a single room of an almost unbelievably squalid house, malodorous and noisy, under conditions that scarcely reflect much credit on the American health officials who are supreme in the enforcement of sanitary regulations, not only in the Canal Zone but in the cities of Panama and Colon as well. He barely manages to eke out a poor living on his meager earnings, yet he prefers to remain on the Isthmus rather than return to the even meaner poverty known to him before Canal construction days on his native island.

Like his blood brother of Harlem, Birmingham and Baltimore, he joins burial

societies, societies literary and social, welfare circles, and lodges of Negro Masons, Negro Elks and Negro whatnot. He shuffles to and from his labor and his sorry recreations and diversions, truculent on the surface but filled within with mourning over his lowly estate.

The limits of the earnings of a Negro in Canal Zone employ are sharply defined. He may have a record of many years' faithful service, of shining efficiency and trustworthiness not surpassed by any North American white fellow-worker, but he remains until his death, discharge or resignation a *silver* employé, poorly-paid, restricted to ramshackle quarters, and banished from association with any but those of his own race. He rides on Jim Crow autobusses, attends motion picture theatres for Negroes, and faces no future beyond the possibility of some day losing his job when an economy wave sweeps over Canal operations.

The West Indian migration to Panama was an incident of the Canal Construction. After the work was finished there were places for only a handful of the hordes who labored to build the great locks, the Gaillard Cut and the Gatun Dam. Some found their way back to their distant homes on the Caribbean isles, but the greater number moved only into Panamanian territory across the boundary line. There the Panamanian government practically ignored their presence, and only in recent times have the authorities shown any alarm over the situation created by the tropical fecundity of this alien group. Today foreign-born Negroes may not attain to Panamanian citizenship, but their children, born in the Republic, enjoy full national rights. They mate among themselves and with Chinese, whites and Indians from the bush, and any attempt to classify the race that is rapidly becom-

ing evident in Panama would stump an anthropologist.

IV

During the palmy days of construction, when many thousands of Negroes sweated on the Canal, when throngs of workmen from Spain, Italy and the Levant swung pick and shovel under the terrific rays of the tropical sun, crime and license prevailed, and robberies and murders were frequent. At times, in compensation, a wave of American puritanism, severe and uncompromising, swept over the work, and Negro couples who had dwelt in unmolested but unwedded felicity for years were routed before justices of the peace, if not at the muzzle of a shotgun, then at least at the point of a Zone policeman's baton.

Thus the ideal of holy matrimony was forcibly imposed upon the blacks, and the couples began to guard their marriage certificates as their greatest treasures. They took the meaning of these documents with extreme seriousness, and in more than one case a deserted husband solemnly returned his certificate to the courts as having no further use for it.

This regard for the sanctity of marriage still persists, as is evident by the following public notice in a Panama newspaper some time ago:

This is to notify the public that Edith Agatha Carrington, leaving my home from August 15, 1920, which is eleven years and five months, and from that time contented to remain abroad, refusing the treaties of the commandant of the Salvation Army and the entreaties of the Superintendent and Reverend of the Free Methodist Church, stating also to the judge that she has a man, whom she loved, and that she will remain with him even if it cost her death, seeing therefore that I cannot stay alone any longer, I am about to be married. If, therefore, there is any objection or impediment you can declare it in three days' time in this paper.

As the hour of four strikes on the Canal Zone office workers pour from the buildings and mechanics stream from the shops. The flight of the thirsty begins. They sweep across the line into wet Panamanian territory, bound for Central avenue or the section known as the Limit if in Panama, or for Bottle alley if in Colon. Ike Rice's, Mike's Place, Submarine Joe's, the inevitable Sloppy Joe's, Hintman's, Jimmy Dean's, Brady's and Bilgray's Tropic, to mention but a few of the oases, are ready for them. Bar tops are wiped dry, batteries of glasses are in readiness, kegs are broached, bottles uncorked. The free lunch in the Century and Strangers' Clubs is laid out.

The throngs quaff deeply of watery malt beverages of local manufacture. They drain the red rum whose labels give it claim to seven years' existence, certainly a palpable excess of six years and eleven months. The rattle of dice in leather cups rises above the murmur of the arid freedmen. This insatiable thirst of the Americano is perhaps the most definite feature of Isthmian life. It gives employment to hundreds of American barkeepers, maintains scores of café owners in comfort, and has brought affluence and high social position to all the local brewers and distillers.

Among these magnates is the leading American business man in the City of Panama, organizer of the American Colony Club, formed, as its constitution declares, "to keep alive amongst our members the patriotic spirit of our country, the United States of America; to foster the present friendly relations between Panamanians and Americans; to assist in developing the commercial and cultural relations between the two peoples; and to promote acquaintanceship."

The organizer has had long years of experience in promoting acquaintanceship, for he heads the leading brewery of Panama. Once a bookkeeper in New Orleans, bearing the ancient name of Theodore McGinnis, he is now known as the Duke of Balboa, a title conferred upon him when he served in the entourage of a long-forgotten queen of Panama's carnival. The queen has passed but the Duke lives on, gathering glory. Former President Belisario Porras departed so far from republican ideals as to confer a formal patent upon Señor McGinnis, and although it may be a source of humor to the envious, the noble brewer and his worthy consort carry their title into the inner social circles of the Isthmus.

As the Canal Zone élite is almost entirely composed of Army and Navy officials and other government employés its intellectual average is maintained at a level even more modest than that existing among leaders of fashion in a community of equal size in the United States. Among the adults in the Zone there is almost an entire absence of activities based upon the Higher Thought unless the late antics of Messrs. Culbertson and Lenz brought contraband bridge into that realm.

The children of the Canal Zone have no public provision for education beyond the high-school grades, and, in fact, on the whole Isthmus there is no university. Young Panamanians go abroad to study the humanities, to become engineers, physicians, barristers and dentists. Only Canal Zone families enjoying unusual prosperity can afford to send their children abroad. In some cases, families with modest incomes make sharp sacrifices to maintain one or more of their children in advanced institutions of learning in the United States.

The youth of the Canal Zone leave the

high-schools to become clerks, stenographers, postage-stamp venders, customs workers and government employés in whatever area jobs are available. Those of more stimulated imaginative sense bid farewell to the old homestead under the royal palms (rented furnished by the Canal administration) and migrate to the United States and greater opportunity. The youth that remain soon develop into tropical main-streeters, content to work, marry, procreate, and retire or die. They become plodding cohorts in the legion that is always led by a colonel of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., who rises to be Governor from the post of engineer of maintenance, serves four years as czar of the Zone, draws a promotion to the grade of brigadier general, retires from the Army, and spends his declining years among the Iowans of California.

Almost without exception the more pleasant and better-paid jobs on the Panama Canal are held by old timers, *i.e.*, those who were working during construction days. As they age and retire under a new pension law, subordinates in their departments move up to replace them, and the operation of the Canal becomes an unexciting replica of the life of any Washington bureau. The days when mention of the Canal conjured up thoughts of adventure have passed forever.

The white American employés live in houses or apartments built and owned by the government. They pay low rents and low rates for electricity and telephone service. The houses are rented almost fully furnished, and the furnishing of every house occupied by an employé of a certain grade and salary is practically identical to that of the houses of fellow clerks of the same grade.

The employés trade in the Canal commissaries operated by the Panama Rail-

road, the stock of which is owned outright by the United States. The commissaries are run with a view to swelling the dividends of the railroad; therefore, even though their wares are purchased in large lots, no duty is paid thereon and they are carried, for the most part, in Panama railroad steamships, the prices demanded are considerably higher than those prevailing in the United States.

Nevertheless, the white Americans on the Zone live rather better than their fellow public employés in the United States. They are paid on a scale averaging twenty-five percent higher than that accruing to similar positions in the United States; the tropical climate obviates the necessity of buying large supplies of clothing for varied seasons; they draw more than sixty days leave a year, with pay, and this is cumulative. They work forty-two hours a week if in offices, and forty-eight if in shops. Medical and dental treatment, including operations, is obtainable at a reasonable cost, and private hospital accommodations are inexpensive.

Although the private lives of the people on the Canal Zone are subject to the scrutiny of the administration heads, there is little interference in their pursuit of happiness unless they engage in misdoings of a nature verging on the scandalous. Downright moral turpitude, however, is not treated lightly, and a few culprits have been deported from the Zone by the Governor. Such cases are infrequent, and most of the attempts to restrict the liberties of the Americans in the Zone have come from the outside. They have not been crowned with success.

When Newton D. Baker was Secretary of War a communication was addressed to him by the late Wayne B. Wheeler, then head of the Anti-Saloon League, disclosing the horrifying suspicion, based on

reports of a Canal Zone clergyman, that the Zone employés were drinking. Wheeler demanded that the War Department issue a regulation forbidding them to frequent any establishment in the Republic of Panama where intoxicating liquors might be obtained. But Baker expressed confidence that no excessive and deleterious drinking was practiced, and added that he had neither authority nor intention to regulate the movements and privileges of Zone employés during the hours when they were off duty.

Senator Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa, far-famed for his militant dryness and boorish manners, once tried to make Panama dry, but his effort came to naught. While visiting Panama, he was invited to be the guest of honor at a dinner at the Miramar Club, a social institution on Panamanian soil, but he withheld acceptance until he was assured that no liquor would be served at the party. Many other prospective attendants withdrew their acceptances when they learned that no booze would be served.

Although the ten-mile strip of the Canal Zone is nominally dry, there is little or no spying, and the conservative consumption of liquor in Canal Zone homes is an accepted practice. The consumption by Canal Zone residents on Panamanian territory, it should be added, is rarely so conservative.

In a spiritual sense the Canal Zone worker enjoys complete freedom. Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Seventh Day Adventist and Christian Science institutions of worship exist on the Zone and there is even a Union church, combining features of many of the other sects. Methodism, however, is absent, although there is a Wesleyan congregation in the city of Panama, attended by worshippers of several racial shades.

None of the Zone clergy is devoted to over-exertion in the temporal affairs of the community. A spirit of live and let live prevails. On a Sunday morning the devout Canal Zone churchgoer may grasp his pastor's hand after service and then stroll down the street to Panama, a few blocks away, for a glass or two of the devil's brew, to be followed only by the benign and understanding smile of his spiritual guide.

Not only in matters churchly, but also in politics do the Zone people have relative peace. They vote for no candidate for office, and only the Democrats take anything like an active interest in national campaigns. William G. McAdoo, in search of delegates, obtained recognition for the Canal Zone by the Democratic party back in 1924, and every four years a number of delegates are chosen in an entertaining and generally violent convention to travel to the United States and cast votes for a nominee. In 1928 two factions arose, but the Smith wing triumphed and a little group of earnest politicians went to Houston to help choose Al.

The Canal administration owns clubhouses with lunchrooms, motion picture

theatres, pool tables, barber and beauty shops and swimming pools. It owns restaurants, as white and gleaming as the old-style Child's, divided into sections, one for patrons who want to be served at tables, and the other for those who want to serve themselves in the cafeteria manner so dear to the American heart.

The Canal Zone Yankee is caressed by gentle sea breezes which rustle the fronds of the royal palms. He traverses beautiful boulevards, bordered by hibiscus, bougainvillea, poinciana and poinsettia blossoms. He worries not about coal bills, fur coats and long flannel underwear. Let him yearn for a drink and in a trice he is transported to any one of a hundred emporiums where liquor is dispensed openly, legally and with no probable lethal effects.

He complains over petty annoyances, but in general he is careful to hold tight to his job. Lately the shadow of the Depression has slightly obscured the sun of his security. But only some scores of workers have actually felt the ax of unemployment. The rest are working harder, confident that they will outlast the period of hard times and remain long enough to qualify for the pension roll.

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE PRESIDENT

BY FRANK CLAY CROSS

ONE of the first wisecracks to detect that the Hon. Puddler Jim Davis, LL.D., had been divinely anointed for a great and glorious career seems to have been a jolly old uncle whose name, unfortunately, has not been preserved for us. A delightful account of the occasion which brought forth the prophecy, told in Jim's own inimitable style, is contained in his autobiography, "The Iron Puddler." It was way back in 1896. He had just returned to Sharon, Pa., to receive the congratulations of his home folks on his election to the responsible office of city clerk of Elwood, Ind.

"There is a great thrill," the autobiography declares, "for the young man who comes home with a heart beating high with triumph, to see the love and admiration in his parents' eyes. Father shook my hand and said, 'You're a good boy, Jimmy, and I'm proud of you. I always knew you'd make your mark.'"

"I haven't made much of a mark, dad," I laughed. 'City clerk isn't much. County recorder is what I'm aiming for.' In fact I had gone so far as to dream of being auditor of the State of Indiana.

"A jolly old uncle who was there, and who was looked upon as the sage and wit of the Welsh settlement, began kidding me.

"From city clerk to county recorder is just a step, Jimmy," he said. 'Next you'll be Governor and then President.'

"Father took it seriously.

"'You'll never be President, lad,' he said, 'because you wasn't born in this country.' He seemed to think that was the only reason. He turned to my uncle and explained regretfully: 'Of all my boys, only one has got the full American birthright. My youngest boy, Will, is the only one that can be President.'"

"'Well,' said the jolly old uncle, 'the rest of 'em can be government officers.'"

How splendidly Jimmy Davis has fulfilled that jolly old uncle's prediction! Up, up, up he has climbed, first to the high post of recorder of Madison county, then to that of Secretary of Labor in the Cabinets of three Presidents, and now to that of United States Senator from the great State of Pennsylvania.

It all began, really, on the evening of October 27, 1906. Up to then there was sad reason to fear that, if the seed of greatness were in him at all, it had probably mildewed. He had abandoned a career as a hobo iron-worker to become a local officer in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of America, and then the political bee had stung him and he had come out for city clerk of Elwood. The upper crust of the town was almost unanimously against him. A haughty newspaper editor called him a wild Welshman and made some derisive comments on his social uncouthness and lack of schooling. Jim met him on the street and licked the daylights out of him. That fine demonstration of prowess delighted the

mill-hands and they bore their champion to victory at the polls in spite of every effort of the opposition.

He was city clerk for four years, and then managed to acquire the coveted office of county recorder. But there he stuck. Six more years passed—ten years altogether since the jolly old uncle had forecast such a splendid future for him. It began to look as if the forecast had been a dud. Then came that fateful evening of October 27, 1906. It was his thirty-third birthday and he celebrated it by joining the Loyal Order of Moose in Crawfordsville, Ind. That was the first step of his ascent to both fame and fortune.

The Moose fraternity had been founded back in 1888, in apparent imitation of the Elks, by a small group of theatrical people in St. Louis, but no one had ever taken much interest in it. When Jim stood up to take the oath of fidelity to its constitution and by-laws, there were just 246 members altogether on the rosters of its three surviving lodges. Its officers were about ready to give up the ship, but the 247th member had a better idea. Indeed, he had thriftily persuaded them to accept it before he parted with his initiation fee. The idea was that he should be made Supreme Organizer.

If he could have held the fraternity to the contract which he then induced the officers to give him, it would have made him one of the richest men in the world today. He was to receive a dollar from the initiation fee of every candidate who joined the Moose thereafter, and another dollar from the annual dues of every member. The contract, however, had to be abrogated long ago. Since then he has received only the dollar from each initiation fee, but even that hasn't been so bad, considering the fact that there have been several million initiations.

From the very start, Lady Luck was with the Puddler. He launched himself at the precise outset of a period when joining lodges was to become a national pastime comparable to playing bridge nowadays. Even an industrious nincompoop could not have failed at the task which he set for himself—and Puddler Jim was surely no nincompoop. He was, in fact, a genius. He remodeled the fraternity into an organization which attracted new members by the thousands and tens of thousands. Its chief appeal was that it offered a new kind of saloon wherein weary men could foregather to play poker and discuss the affairs of mankind in a more genial atmosphere than obtained in the regular barrooms, and where it would be possible, moreover, to enjoy a performance by a talented dancer now and then. The supercilious Elks might turn down an applicant and be damned. There was always a hearty welcome for him in the more democratic Moose, and a Moose is as good as an Elk any day in the year.

The second appeal of the revived fraternity was that it gave its members a cheap form of health and accident insurance. Insurance was still a new idea in those days and it attracted hundreds of customers.

These two appeals brought a tremendous rush of members to the order, and some of them, no doubt, Jim would like to weed out today, now that he is listed in the Social Register. But they stick loyally, and the rank and file is still largely constituted of the same old rough but genial crowd that made him his fortune.

In spite of the attractiveness of the organization as he refashioned it, however, it probably would never have attained to its present preëminence among American fraternities if it had not been for the efforts of another man. This man is Rodney Brandon, now Director of Public Wel-

fare for the State of Illinois. Brandon was the Puddler's chief lieutenant through all the heroic struggle which carried the Moose from a small, no-account local show into big time. As soon, indeed, as the new Supreme Organizer had had time to orient himself, he saw that he needed help if he was to round up joiners fast enough to satisfy his yearnings. Every new member meant a dollar in his jeans. So he was filled with a burning ambition to build the greatest fraternity in the world, bar none—a fraternity of a million members.

In all the history of fraternalism in the United States there has never been a more remarkable team than Davis and Brandon. Davis was the field marshal, the go-getter; Brandon, the idealist and planner. To the latter is generally attributed the original conception of Mooseheart, the great Moose orphanage just west of Chicago, and most of the other charitable enterprises of the order. There appears to be no definite proof, however, that he conceived Mooseheart. He himself is mute on the subject, and the Puddler, who has had himself officially canonized as the founder, seems of late years to fall victim to amnesia whenever Brandon's name is mentioned. Not once does it appear in "The Iron Puddler," though the book records the renaissance of the Moose and the founding of its charities. Nor is anyone else mentioned who might, by any chance, steal a bit of the Supreme Organizer's glory.

But if Mooseheart was not truly Brandon's idea, at least the transformation of the idea into reality must be largely accredited to him. That fact is a matter of record. An orator of great ability, he inspired the Moose brethren to support the project, and when construction actually began in 1913, he supervised it until there came into existence under his hand "the greatest and most progressive institution of

its kind in the world." Perhaps once a month the Puddler came around on a visit of inspection, but mainly he was busy elsewhere, corraling more and more members. The growing reality of Mooseheart had given him the biggest talking point that he had ever had. He was now on the high-road to the realization of the great fraternity of his dreams. And as it grew, so grew his bank account. He became very well heeled.

For a dozen years, or thereabout, a beautiful harmony seemed to prevail between the Puddler and Brandon, but then discord raised its ugly head. Brandon was becoming excessively popular. The competent service which he had rendered in the construction of the Child City, together with his unusual charm, had made him hardly less an idol of the fraternity than James John himself. Indeed, it seemed that he might eventually usurp first place unless something diverted the trend of sentiment in his direction. Then, one day in 1917, his coworkers were startled to learn of his separation from the office as Supreme Secretary. There was some explanation that he had resigned to pursue other interests, but everyone suspected what had really happened. Here and there murmurs of criticism became audible, but they were quieted by Brandon's acceptance of several titular offices which would keep him safely on the shelf.

So it went until the 1930 convention of the order. Then circumstances caused the Puddler to decide that it would be a good time for a reconciliation. The man who would have been the normal candidate for Supreme Dictator was involved in some legal entanglement that made it inadvisable to put him in office. So the Puddler went into a huddle with three or four of his loyal henchmen, and then came forth to announce to the astonished and delighted

delegates that Brandon was his candidate. Brandon wasn't present, and apparently had no knowledge of what was in store for him, but no matter. He was elected unanimously. The Puddler's candidates always are.

II

There have been times, however, when his authority has been severely tested. The folk-lore of the Moose contains many robust stories of how he quelled insurrection and subdued treason in the earlier days of the order. His ability to rule is remarkable, though not difficult to explain. When he sets himself to any undertaking, he uses every resource to accomplish it. He is a masterful opportunist. If opposition arises, he annihilates it ruthlessly. He surrounds himself with a retinue of willing henchmen who never question his decisions, but always leap to do his bidding. He permits no subordinate to rise without his consent. At Mooseheart, where the general headquarters of the order are located, there is a tacit regulation which is usually worded about as follows: "If you undertake any project and make a success of it, give the credit to Jim. If you make a failure of it, take the blame yourself."

These masterful features of the Puddler's character are strongly bolstered by his physical endowments. Though a short man, he is powerfully built. He boasts that he has arms as big as a bookkeeper's legs, and his shoulders and chest are of bull-like proportions. On more than one occasion he has trounced some upstart who dared to antagonize him, and awareness of his fistic science has discouraged more than one budding insurgent. In physiognomy, he is as handsome as Warren Gamaliel Harding, who first summoned him into public life, and in personality he

is fully as hale and buxom. When he first went to Washington in 1921, there was still in him a good deal of the wild Welshman, but he was a diamond in the rough which polished readily. He is now a fit inmate for the most tender drawing-room. Sartorially he has become impeccable.

Long, long ago he discarded the title of Supreme Organizer. He is now Director General, an office which he has had conferred on him for life, and one to which no other man may ever succeed. The powers and prerogatives which he now enjoys are immensely greater than those which he had when the department of organization was first contracted to him, but the old financial arrangement still obtains. He receives \$3 from each initiation fee, one dollar of which he may keep for himself. The other two are designated for the maintenance of his department and the salaries of its personnel.

No more does he have to combat the insubordination that once embarrassed him. He is now humored and extolled on every hand. At the big annual conventions everybody scrambles excitedly to be photographed with him, or failing that, at least to shake his hand. Mainly, the Moose conventioners are worthy men of lowly stations in life who seldom get an opportunity to hobnob with the great, and when they are privileged to touch the hem of Puddler Jim Davis, the mighty statesman, they make the most of it. His political grandeur, indeed, is one of the principal secrets of his unbroken power over them.

In the convention hall they laud his "great sacrifice of personal interest and personal fortune" in behalf of the fraternity, and sing gaudy songs of praise for him. The last convention, at Atlantic City in October, 1931, produced a gem that is worthy of quotation. It was sung vociferously at the end of an harangue by the

Puddler in which he spoke touchingly of his hair having turned to silver in the service of the Moose. The words were as follows:

Here's to our Chief—so staunch and true;
 Jim Davis, here's to you!
 Guiding our way, from day to day,
 You've led the Moose, through and through.

Chorus:

Though your hair has turned to silver,
 We will love you just the same;
 All the Moose are proud to greet you,
 We rejoice in your great fame;
 For Jim Davis, you have led us,
 Through the years now passed away;
 Though your hair has turned to silver,
 Yet we love you more today.

The lyric was published *in extenso* in the *Moose Magazine* for October, 1931.

These annual conventions, of course, are the big whoop-and-hurrah events of the Moose, but they are much less important in the actual bossing of the order than the quarterly sessions of the Supreme Council. To attend a session of that body is a lesson in parliamentary procedure never to be forgotten. Usually there are between ten and twenty members on hand. When they assemble at Mooseheart, they meet around a big conference table in a spacious office which is always held in reserve for the Director General, though he does well to use it five days out of a year. The walls are almost hidden with photographs, and in every one, with few exceptions, one may find the face of the great Moose idealist. They make a pictorial history of his noble accomplishments and exalted spiritual experiences. Now and then, supplementing the photographs, a framed document meets the visitor's eyes, memorializing other events of honor and glory. The most appealing of the lot is the little certificate attesting his graduation from the grammar-school at Tredegar, Wales, his native town.

The members are gathered around the big conference table decorated with the Puddler's feet. They aren't just on the table's edge; they are extended almost a full leg's length down toward its center. The soles of his shoes look like two miniature billboards. He is sunk far down in his chair, virtually seated on the back of his neck. His eyes are closed. The Supreme Secretary reads out the subject slated for consideration. The Council members listen respectfully and then look inquiringly toward the head of the table. Apparently the Director General has gone to sleep.

They look at one another. Then somebody makes a timid noncommittal comment. Again everybody looks toward the head of the table. A fly crawls over the great man's nose. He sniffs and it takes wing. Was that noise a snore? Somebody else perks up courage to murmur a few cautious words. More minutes of suspense go by. Then the eyes of the Director General flicker and open. He glances at the Supreme Secretary. "All right, Giles," he commands. "Just put down in your book there that the Council adopts that proposal."

I have witnessed many sessions of the Supreme Council, but never have I heard a question put to a vote, nor even fully discussed. Puddler Jim invariably makes up the minds of all its members. Its actions are always unanimous.

In the whole fraternity, in fact, there are only three men to whose opinions he is supposed to pay any considerable attention. Every one of them is a statesman like himself. They are Hon. Ralph W. E. Donges, LL.D., a justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey; the Hon. Edward J. Henning, LL.D., assistant Secretary of Labor from 1921 until 1925, when Mr. Coolidge appointed him Federal district judge for Southern California; and the

Hon. William F. Broening, LL.B., former Mayor of Baltimore and late candidate for Governor of Maryland—on a dry ticket!

The political enterprise and potency of the Moose has gathered into the Puddler's retinue a large galaxy of other statesmen, but he sees to it that none of them manages to get away with any coup of importance. None except himself. He uses the fraternity to the limit in the pursuit of his political ambitions, as he used it to realize his financial dreams.

When Senator Harding was voted into the White House in 1920, the Puddler's great opportunity arrived. With a mighty, obedient organization behind him, he was ready to make a powerful bid for a Cabinet position, a bid that the President-elect, himself a member, could not ignore. How many thousands of letters and telegrams were poured in upon Harding by Moose lodges and their individual members, no one can say. At any rate, he decided that the demand for the Puddler's appointment was tantamount to a mandate.

That he has served in the Cabinets of three Presidents is a matter of great pride to James John Davis, but he festers under the realization that he can never aspire to the White House himself. Denied as he has been the priceless boon of American birth, he has created for himself a make-believe rôle in which he may fancy himself a tardy member of that hallowed band of Founding Fathers who came over on the *Mayflower* in 1620. As the seventh heaven of Moose glory, he has established the Pilgrims' Degree, and he, James John Davis of Tredegar, Wales, is its supreme Pilgrim Father. On state occasions he dons the full costume of a *Mayflower* Puritan—the knee breeches, the full-skirted coat, the wide-brimmed high hat with a big silver buckle in front—and goes forth magnificently to

delight his enchanted followers. No other member of the Moose, he has ordained, may wear the likeness of that costume. The privilege is for him alone.

III

There is little doubt that he recognized the great political potentialities of the Moose long before he used the order to lift himself into Harding's Cabinet; but the supreme test of its efficacy was reserved for the campaign which culminated in his election to the Senate in 1930. To appreciate fully the strength of the fraterno-political machine which he then had behind him, it should be known that almost one-half of the entire Moose membership is centered in Pennsylvania. Virtually every town and village has its Moose lodge, and every lodge, so far as it could be cajoled into line, became a Davis-for-Senator headquarters. When one failed to show the proper enthusiasm, a Moose campaigner was sent to evangelize its members. Most of the campaigners were Pennsylvanians, but some of them were sent in from surrounding States.

A particularly strong appeal was made for the women's vote through the Women of Mooseheart Legion, the female auxiliary of the order. Miss Katherine Smith, Grand Recorder of the auxiliary, spent weeks in Pennsylvania, going from lodge to lodge, urging the members to support Davis, and performing other campaign functions. That she knew her job may be inferred from the fact that she is a former secretary of the women's division of the Republican National Committee. Her trip was made at the expense of the Moose.

Down in Philadelphia the Puddler tried to induce the Moose lodge, as a publicity stunt for his campaign, to launch a big membership drive with his name on its

banners. The Jim Davis Drive! It would help the lodge a lot, he argued, to be coupled thus with his political fortunes, but the local leaders demurred. They were not sure that all the 23,000 members of the lodge would approve the idea.

The high spot in his campaign was a big celebration at Sharon on August 23. It was Caesar's return from Gaul; the triumphant homecoming of Jimmy Davis, the erstwhile iron-puddler. The town was plastered with portraits of its famous son and with street banners which welcomed Our Jim. The Vice-President of the United States was on hand to magnify the importance of the event. A Moose State convention, over in Akron, O., was almost completely wrecked by the absence of leaders who were slated to be there, but who were drafted to increase the whoopee across the Pennsylvania line. Of course the exodus left a few sore heads in Ohio—but Ohioans have no vote in Pennsylvania.

In spite of an almost continuous downpour of rain, the fervor of the celebration was enough to warm the cockles of any politician's heart. One small incident, however, might have marred the occasion except for the Puddler's quick and competent action. It happened at a meeting of the Supreme Council, held on the spot. In an expansive moment someone tossed a complimentary posy at the *Moose Magazine*. That gesture by itself might have been harmless enough, but somebody else caught the suggestion and tossed another posy. Then, so quickly that no one fully realized what was happening, the meeting turned itself into a chorus of encomiums for Editor Donald Stewart. As the praises rang louder and louder, a cloud began to darken the countenance of the Director General. Whose celebration was it, anyway? Surely it wasn't Don Stewart's! It was *his*—Puddler Jim's! What right had

anyone else to receive applause? At last he could stand it no longer. He cleared his throat.

"The *Moose Magazine* is good," he said, as an abashed silence fell over the room. "It's good because at last we have an editor who pays some attention to the Director General. I go over every issue with Stewart before it goes to press. Whatever he puts in it, goes in under my instructions. I think we're putting out the best fraternal magazine in the country."

Just then Stewart entered the room. All eyes turned on him. He glanced perplexedly around the room and then looked inquiringly at the Puddler, whose face took on a slightly ominous expression.

"I've just been telling these men, Stewart," he said, "that you bring every issue of the magazine to me for my examination before it goes to press. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, indeed!" answered Stewart. "You go over every single issue." Then he turned to the Council members. "If the *Moose Magazine* has been improved under my editorship, gentlemen," he said, "the credit belongs to Mr. Davis. I try to follow his instructions to the letter."

A beam of satisfaction overspread the Director General's countenance. The day was saved.

Relating this incident reminds me of my own pathetic attempt, before a session of the Supreme Council in Jacksonville, Fla., to say a few words of modest commendation for an old brother who had grown gray in the service, and who had performed countless tasks outside the line of his duties. I had uttered scarcely a dozen words when Davis squelched me. "That's enough of that," he ordered curtly. "Tom Howell don't need any flowers."

It is perfectly safe, however, and even expedient, to laud the Director General at

great length in these meetings. Of course the extemporaneous and incidental encomiums which he enjoys on such occasions are so abundant that most of them are probably soon forgotten, but there are plenty of a more formal character, permanently recorded in the *Moose Magazine*. Every issue contains from two to a dozen pages singing his praises or divulging his advice. These panegyrics are potent evidence of his hold on the fraternity, but far more impressive than all other evidence combined is the testimony of Mooseheart, the City of Childhood.

IV

The purpose of Mooseheart is to care for the orphaned children and widows of deceased Moose; and it is unquestionably a worthy institution, in spite of the fact that it cannot admit one-tenth of the children who are entitled to entry by virtue of their deceased fathers' membership in the fraternity. As one approaches it, either from the north or south along the Lincoln Highway, the first structures that come into view are the towers of the big radio station, WJJD. From here the initials of the illustrious Jim are daily reiterated over the air at the start and finish of every broadcast. "This is station WJJD," the announcer says—and who doesn't know that J. J. D. stands for James John Davis? And James John Davis is mighty proud of those initials, too—so proud that he has conferred them on every one of his five children, Jane, Joan, Jewel, Jean and James, Jr.

Almost as soon as the radio towers come into sight, another structure becomes visible above the treetops. It is the campanile where the visitor pauses for information about the institution, and perhaps to buy a cigar, or a bottle of soda pop, or a fistful of picture postcards for the folks back

home. Entering the reception hall, which houses the information desk and the novelty shop, he glances straight ahead and up at the opposite wall, and stops short to study the giant portrait that dominates and dignifies the room. Is it necessary to say whose portrait? Whose, indeed!

The visitor's eyes travel down to the floor and he catches sight of a curious iron vehicle which looks like a large wash-basin on wheels, with a long handle attached. It is an iron-puddler's buggy—the famous buggy used by the Puddler back in the days when he "boiled pigs" at Sharon. Now and then someone wonders how it was possible to identify the exact buggy used by him long years after he had abandoned it to pursue his climb to glory. I have never heard anyone who could adequately explain how it was done. Perhaps he initialed it, knowing that some day his admirers would come for it.

As the visitor's eyes take in the rest of the room, other portraits and other souvenirs of the mighty man of the Moose present themselves to sight; but the finest of all monuments to him, the shrine at which all good Moose do reverence, is just outside, at the focus of the rotunda which backs the campanile. It is a statue in everlasting bronze. There, for all the ages to see, the sculptor has caught the Puddler in a pose that touches even the most cynical heart. His right arm encircling the shoulders of a little girl who looks up adoringly into his face, his left arm likewise encircling the shoulders of a boy, he lifts his eyes to the setting sun. His lips are compressed in an expression of grim defiance, his chin protrudes, his chest stands out magnificently. In miniature that statue has found its way into the homes of hundreds of Moose, bestowed upon them in recognition of their services to the fraternity.

With all these evidences of the homage which the Puddler has won for himself as a result of his heroic labors, can there be any doubt that he has made for himself a permanent place in the sun? Yet, in spite of all the honors showered upon him, he remains as modest as he was on the day back in 1906 when he first cast his lot with the fraternity; as modest as when he wrote the story of his life, a decade ago, on the eve of his entry into the most distinguished period of his illustrious career. Certainly there can be no more fitting conclusion for this monograph than a stirring passage from "The Iron Puddler," which illustrates

most clearly the heroic character of its author. "I have done the best that I could to build America," he says. "If God has given it to the great captains to do more than the privates to make the plan and shout the order, shall I feel thankless for my share of the glory? Shall I be envious and turn traitor and want to crucify the leaders that have blessed mankind? I am content to occupy my secondary position, to do the things that I can do, and never to feel embittered because other men have gifts far surpassing mine."

Surely few men of such eminence have ever piped so soft a tune.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

TRIUMPH of the true American spirit in the San Francisco Bay region:

Officially, Bay Point is Port Chicago from now on. The Contra Costa county town won its fight yesterday for a change of name. Joseph Zook, head of the Chamber of Commerce committee, was notified that Arch. Coleman, First Assistant Postmaster-general had approved Port Chicago. Originally, Bay Point asked to be known as Chicago, but postal authorities refused because of expected confusion with the Illinois city.

THE celebrated *Bee* of Sacramento on the progress of culture in that lovely town:

The Sacramento Junior College Orchestra, directed by David Burnam, played the first movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in addition to "Turkey in the Straw."

THE Oakland correspondent of the Associated Press makes a contribution to the endless literature of Law Enforcement:

District Attorney Warren disclosed today that he had obtained evidence which probably will result in the dismissal of more than 150 Oakland policemen suspected of accepting large sums of money as bribes from bootleggers.

Warren said the evidence indicated that 200 to 250 protected bootleggers in Oakland had been paying policemen \$40,000 to \$50,000 a month for about four years, and that the aggregate amount of their pay-off thus far may amount to as much as \$3,000,000.

Besides figuring in a monthly pay-off, Warren said the evidence indicated that the suspected officers, including both uniformed and special detail men, had formed

a ring to sell seized liquor to certain speakeasies at double the prevailing wholesale price.

Speakeasies paid \$125 to \$200 a month for protection, Warren said, depending upon their location and volume of business. He asserted the evidence showed that the liquor dispensers had recently balked at police demands for a larger pay-off, and had formed a protective association.

How the Men of Vision of Sonora recreate themselves, as set forth in the *Union Democrat* thereof:

The Sonora Lions Club held their meeting Wednesday at Bisordi's Italia Hotel at 234 Washington street where Mine Host satisfied the hunger of the roaring beasts of prey with ravioli. In fact they were so good that even John Muzio, who was acting as song leader in the absence of Chas. Noack, sang like a Caruso and the rest of the Lions followed like grand opera singers. However two songs were all they could master as the muscles in their throats could not stand the strain.

That over with, F. W. Peterson, principal of the Sonora Grammar School, reported that the 2500 book covers purchased by the Lions and donated to the school in the interest of safety rules had been received and were being put into use.

Chas. Goelz reported on the Mother Lode Highway meeting held in San Francisco last week, an account of which appeared in the *Democrat*. There were seventeen present from this county at the meeting, which was a very spirited one, and what transpired there will undoubtedly result in much good toward rushing the work on the Mother Lode Highway.

There will be a large delegation of Lions who will follow Dr. E. M. Graham to the Tracy den this Saturday night. He is President of Joaquin Council, which in-

cludes several of the counties in this section of the State, and Tracy Inn has been selected as the place to hold the district meeting. Buryl Babcock of Sacramento, District Governor, will address the meeting. It will be ladies night and consequently the Lions from various dens will be accompanied by the lionesses. The Sonora Lions are taking down three boxes of Delicious apples and one will be put at each place at the dinner table with a card on which will be printed: "Greetings, Tracy Lions. Eat a Tuolumme County apple and sing with us—

"IN OLD SONORA

"When you visit old Sonora,
There's a friend to welcome you,
With a friendly grip, he greets you,
Lion-hearted, staunch, and true;
It is there the sun is shining,
And the skies are always blue;
In the hills of old Sonora,
There's a friend who waits for you."

The sale of the Calaveras Big Trees State Park buttons was started, and a committee of ten under the chairmanship of W. E. Burden was appointed to handle it. Each Lion present purchased one.

Henry Ruoff gave an interesting talk on the movements of the recent moving-picture companies that were in our midst. Checks aggregating \$140,000 for the "Fighting Caravan" alone were drawn here during their stay. On the other companies he has not yet received a report. An article put out by the N. E. A. says that there has been more pictures taken here than any place outside of Hollywood and New York. He also stated that he and H. A. Butchart, president and secretary respectively of the Sonora Motion Picture Coöperative Association, will attend the next meeting of the Location Managers to be held at Catalina Island.

The Lions ordered a bouquet of flowers sent to Sydney M. Street, who was business manager during the filming of the "Fighting Caravan." Mr. Street at the present time is ill in Los Angeles with pneumonia, being taken down with the disease on his arrival there from Sonora. He was not well during his last week here.

HYMNS sung at pep meetings of the classified advertising sales force of the celebrated Los Angeles *Times*:

HAIL TO ADVERTISING

Met here together with a purpose high,
We stand for truth in business,
For truth can never die.
Bearing such a standard, we can never fail;
Integrity our constant watch-word—
Hail! Hail! Hail!

Sound the business gospel, confidence inspire;
Make advertising profit
The seller and the buyer;
In a cause so righteous, we shall sure prevail.
More power to honest advertising—
Hail! Hail! Hail!

ESPRIT DE CORPS

Like soldiers in battle array
Who fight for the good of a nation
You are the men of today
Who fight for the *Times*' reputation.

Like soldiers who answer the call
To hold greater legions at bay
You are to fight Business Depression
And renew old prosperity's sway.

Yours not to question an order
Unless you are sure it is wrong,
Then go to the man who has made it,
But don't sob and whine to the throng.

Be loyal and work all together
For there lies the power to succeed,
And only by your constant effort
Can we keep the old *Times* in the lead.

ECCLESIASTICAL intelligence from the *Express* of the same incomparable town:

A little band of faithful raised their voices in a hearty cheer in the Bible Institute at 2215 Lake View avenue at 2 A.M. today. A world's record had been broken in their unpretentious edifice.

Erect and dignified, as becomes a champion, Dr. A. F. Futterer, 60-year-old president of the Holyland Bible Knowledge

Society, stepped modestly from the pulpit where he had preached the longest sermon known to modern times. For twenty hours he discussed the word of God. His record exceeded by seven hours and fifty minutes that of the former titleholder, the Rev. C. Z. Brown, of Washington, D. C.

Allowing plenty of latitude for his sermon, the new champion chose as his subject, "Palestine Speaks in 1950." Sonorously in tones that never quavered from the time he began his peroration in the presence only of his wife at 6 A.M. until he reached the climax of his message, the grey-haired Bible student explained Holy Writ. No food passed his lips during the title-winning effort. A quantity of lemon juice kept his voice strong and clear.

Slides showing Biblical scenes were alternated with motion-picture reels to maintain the interest of the listeners. Dr. Futterer referred to more than 200 Scriptural verses and gave brief biographies of every important character in the Old and New Testaments.

OPERATIONS of the Holy Spirit at the St. Francis Xavier Mission, 1715 Octavia street, Oakland, as set forth in the *Sacred Heart Novena*:

I am inclosing \$1. Some few weeks ago the Sacred Heart gave me instant relief from a sore throat. I am positive it was through my prayer to the Sacred Heart; for the relief came within a couple of hours.—Gr., P.

I am sending an offering of \$1 to the Sacred Heart. We collided with another car. Both cars were badly damaged, and yet all escaped unscathed. I think it was the Sacred Heart that intervened.—W. B., P.

For seventeen years I have been unsuccessful in the attempt to sell some city lots. I began to despair of ever selling them. However, the Sacred Heart came in good stead. I sold them some few weeks ago, and in acknowledgment of this great favor I am enclosing \$11. Please burn a vigil light for me.—N. Y. C.

Enclosed is \$1 in thanksgiving for a favor received from the Sacred Heart. My

husband was suffering from a sore foot, and through your intercession to the Sacred Heart the soreness has disappeared. At present my son is out of work, and I am looking to your prayers that he may soon find something.—R., N.

Enclosed is \$2, one for a vigil light, the other for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart. Some time ago I was bothered by a cyst on the eyeball. I made Novenas to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the Sacred Heart, and prayed to Saint Anthony. The doctor had given me up. The operation was performed—a failure. I underwent the second operation and, thanks to the Sacred Heart, my eye is cured completely.—P. E. N.

ILLINOIS

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Chicago Tribune*:

BULLET-HOLES RE-WOVEN PERFECTLY

IN DAMAGED CLOTHES—Low Prices

Also MOTH HOLES, BURNS & CUTS

Invisible Textile Weavers

32 N. State St. Randolph 9009

INDIANA

News of the holy life in Crawfordsville:

The Rev. J. A. Bean, 71, living near Crawfordsville, today offered to marry any woman of his age who will give \$2,000 to him as testimonial of his character. The Rev. Mr. Bean says he has read the New Testament through 112 times.

KENTUCKY

FROM the *Journal* of Somerset, "the oldest Democratic newspaper in the mountains of Kentucky":

There will be no more talk of depression or hard times in the Somerset Kiwanis Club. Any member who mentions the depression in an address, or talks about it with another member, will be fined twenty-five cents. This is in keeping with the rules of other Kiwanis and luncheon clubs throughout the country. The resolution putting the taboo on hard times talk was offered by Mr. W. C. Thornton.

MICHIGAN

LETTER-HEAD of a Coopersville savant:

CORNELIUS DE VOS
TEACHER OF BIBLE BIOLOGY
COOPERSVILLE
MICHIGAN
U. S. A.

MINNESOTA

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Minnesota Daily*,
student organ of the University of Minne-
sota:

EVOLUTION

THE FAKE SCIENCE

Does not account for man. Does not ac-
count for civilization. Is unknown to na-
ture's ways.
Hear

DR. W. B. RILEY
First Baptist Church
10th St. at Harmon place
Sunday Night, 7:45
Stereopticon Lecture
So-called Evolution Slides
800 Balcony Seats Reserved for Students
Hear little Dorothy Johnson sing "The
Monkey Is No Relation of Mine"

NEW JERSEY

PUBLIC announcement of a new messiah in
the Red Bank *Register*:

VOTE, APPOINT OR DRAFT ANYTIME FOR
ANY POSITION FOR NO PAY OR REWARDS
WHATEVER, FRANKLIN CARMINE MOYAN,
OF FAIR HAVEN AND RED BANK

in order to save this great Republic from
all kinds of enemies that caused this de-
pression and planning for its extinction!

A real, honest, unassuming, fearless,
time-proven 100% American citizen—Pa-
triot of extraordinary high character and
achievements. Is 50 yrs. old, weighs 210
lbs., 5 ft. 11 in. high, dark complexion,
born in New York City, of Italian farmer-
ranchman parents, who escaped persecu-
tion from Italy after serving in Gen. Gari-
baldi's famous Republican Army of 1870.
Mr. Moyan is a great artist-painter of ani-
mals and religious pictures, and a born
leader of men, another Jesus, Garibaldi,

Mussolini, Mazzini and Washington com-
bination for real Americans with their con-
sent. Educated in New York City public
schools, College of the City of N. Y., (C.
C. N. Y.); Amendolo's Art School, Carl
Devide's School of Music and Languages
and the Phrenological Institute of Mind
and Character Analysis. Is the highest de-
gree (ethical culture) member and mis-
sionary of the Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Shaker-
Quaker Religious Community established
1776. Wife is 100% American, English de-
scent; great-grand-daughter of Robert Mor-
ris, patriot and financier of the American
Revolution. Is an ex-circus cowboy artist of
leading shows and expositions and the O.
J. Jude Advertising Company; designed
and installed the State Museum of Natural
History of Richmond, Va., for the Vir-
ginian government. Was for years a Pin-
kerton secret service international investi-
gator in connection with Scotland Yard of
England. First president and organizer of
the Red Bank Italian Garibaldi Fraternal
Society, Founder of Moyan's Quaker Mis-
sion of Red Bank for the enlightenment
and free feeding of the poor and unem-
ployed people of all creeds and color; 34
years member, officer and lawyer for the
N. Y., N. J., Massachusetts and Virginia
Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals. Is an independent active Italian Free
Mason, Odd Fellow and official delegate of
the Red Bank-Fair Haven Court of the
American Guardians of Liberty; one of the
trustees of the Fair Haven Republican
Men's Club and advisor, secretary-treasurer
of the Italian Central Republican Club;
leader of the Red Bank Italian brass band
and member of the Fair Haven labor
union of Painters, Decorators and Artists
of America; head of the Moyan Sign Man-
ufacturing Company of Red Bank and at-
tained the highest military rating of 97%
at Fort Monmouth War Dept. examina-
tion for physical, mental, moral, spiritual
and technical qualifications by the United
States Civil Service Commission of Wash-
ington, D. C. An ideal, perfect man of
ability and courage for any position of
statesmanship and usefulness to protect this
country from the International Money
Trust. The Strong Man of the Hour for
Americanism.

NEW MEXICO

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the *Clayton News*:

A special church service for bewhiskered men will be held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on Sunday evening, the Rev. H. W. Jordan, pastor, announces. A chorus composed entirely of men wearing at least one week's growth of beard will be a feature of the services. The pastor is allowing his own whiskers to grow, he said.

PASTOR-EVANGELIST JAMES F. DEW of Artesia does his bit against infidelity in the *Baptist & Commoner* of Little Rock, Ark.:

EVOLUTION UNMASKED

Tune: "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder"

Infidelity hath raised her head in academic hall,
Camouflaged as Science, mighty, great and wise;
Trying youthful minds to taint with unbelief's most bitter gall,
As she spawneth Satan's silly subtle lies.

CHORUS:

Evolution, God now mocketh,
Capp'd and gown'd she boldly walketh,
But unmasked she quickly stalketh,
Back to Hell's deep, gloomy pit forevermore.

Saints will never be deceived as Eve in Eden long ago
When as serpent, temptingly he did appear;
Now, he comes as Sci-en-tist all laden with degrees for show,
But the saints will turn to him the deafest ear.

NORTH CAROLINA

PUBLIC notice in the *Elizabeth City Independent*:

I am leaving for the West around the fifteenth and am asking for the prayers of all Christians, who have a firm hold on the Rock of Ages, that I may go and return safe with His help, for I am a man of

sixty-eight years and eight months and have a weak heart, so I feel the need of prayer from those who realize that God will have mercy on those who have faith in Him. And a dozen words spoken from any humble heart has a greater meaning than a thousand spoken at random.

JOHN F. SPENCE,
Elizabeth City, N. C.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE worship of Yahweh in the wet and lively town of Erie, as reported by the *Dispatch-Herald* thereof:

William M. Babcock, representing Studebaker Sales and Service, gave a very interesting address on "Free-Wheeling" at the First Baptist Church Sunday evening. He pointed out the advantages of free-wheeling in respect to economy, safety, comfort, and ease of operation. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Oliver C. Horsman, preached on "Moral Momentum," showing how momentum, which is the central principle in free-wheeling, operates in the realm of human conduct under the law of habit, and how one's moral momentum needs to be continually renewed through public worship and private devotion. This was the first of a series of automobile services. Next Sunday evening the subject will be, "Tested Tires." M. R. Mead, of Buffalo, will speak, representing Kitchen's Tire Service.

WISCONSIN

News of the educational life in New Auburn, as reported by the local correspondent of the *Chippewa Herald-Telegram*:

J. H. Doyle, Ph.D., of Wisconsin and Chicago Universities, an educator, reader and lecturer, was here Monday and gave a very interesting talk to the high-school pupils that afternoon. His subject was "Why Some People Succeed and Why Others Fail." He also talked to the lower grades on "The Flag," after which the entire school assembled at the gymnasium, and listened to him as a ventriloquist.

BLACK AMERICA BEGINS TO DOUBT

BY GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE Negro church in the United States, after a century and a half of growth and leadership, is now definitely on the decline. Its membership is practically at a standstill, financial support is being withdrawn from it progressively, its prestige has greatly waned, and criticism of it has grown general and devastating. The Aframerican, long considered irretrievably wedded to Christianity, is slowly turning from it. Where in the past he felt compelled to belong to some church or other and to attend services more or less regularly, he now stays home on the Sabbath in increasing numbers and peruses the Sunday supplements of the newspapers. Amid the vicissitudes of the Machine Age and the bootings of Caucasia, he is no longer so readily fetched as he used to be by moanings of the soul.

The American Negroes were forced very early to establish their own churches because of the Jim Crow policies of their white brethren in the faith. Christianity was first brought to their attention by a swarm of evangelists employed by the slave-holders, but these evangelists were far more eager to save them from Hell than to lift them from their lowly status on this earth. The first Negro Baptist church was established at Silver Bluff, across the Savannah river from Augusta, Ga., in 1773. Others soon sprang up in the South.

In the North the colored folk were at first permitted to worship God with the whites—but only from the gallery. Re-

senting this inferiority, they began in the first decades of the Nineteenth Century to establish their own churches. Thus the African Methodist Episcopal Church was founded in Philadelphia in 1816 and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church in New York City in 1821. The first colored Baptist association was formed in 1836 in Ohio. Each year since has seen more and more Negroes withdraw from the white churches, either by invitation or by preference, usually because of color discrimination. The last reported split was in 1929, when the Negro Seventh Day Adventists withdrew from their church because they were excluded from sanatoriums partially supported with Negro money.

Negroes are now to be found in fifty-one denominations and sects. Beside the Methodists, Baptists and kindred evangelical groups, these include the Christian Scientists, Spiritualists, Theosophists, Seventh Day Adventists, Roman Catholics, Salvationists, Moravians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, Mormons, Episcopalians, and even Jews. Some form of racial separatism is to be found in almost all of them, and the fact has contributed considerably to the growing skepticism of the blacks.

While 4,558,795 American Negroes belong formally to strictly Aframerican religious bodies, only 644,692 are members of mixed churches, and usually they are shoved off to themselves by their white brethren, who prefer not to be embarrassed

in their worship by the proximity of black communicants, though readily admitting that Heaven is a mixed resort. In this field the usually broadminded and tolerant Catholics act surprisingly like the Southern Methodists. The former maintain Jim Crow schools in the South which they evidently believe Negroes are not sufficiently intelligent to head, save in one or two instances, and they have managed to keep the priesthood lily-white. Although the Negro Roman Catholics numbered 124,324 in 1926, there are at present but three colored priests in the United States. As for the white Protestants, the bulk of them, especially in the South, are actual or potential members of the Ku Klux Klan and firm believers in Jim Crowism and Negro inferiority. The fact has not been lost on the colored folk, and is a strong factor in the indifference of many of them to the call of the Christian church.

While the Negro population of the United States is today 11,891,143, but 5,203,487 are counted as church members. Since 1910 the colored population has increased by 17.3%, but the Negro church membership increased by but 6.4% from 1906 to 1926, and only 1% of that increase occurred between 1916 and 1926. Thus, less than 44% of the Aframericans are church members, even in name.

There are 42,585 Negro churches, and the 37,749 reporting the value of their edifices made the total \$205,782,628, or an average of \$5,510 a church. Only 8,884 of these churches answered the census query as to indebtedness: their average was \$2,496, or a total of \$22,178,581. At this rate, the total debt load of all the Negro churches must be around \$100,000,000. Add to this 6,543 parsonages valued at \$18,122,240, but with an average debt of \$1,824, and the grand total of indebtedness becomes very formidable.

It exceeds by far the total of \$61,719,929 expended in the United States for all strictly Negro education during the school year 1929-30, and the \$85,000,000 expended by all religious and philanthropic organizations for Negro education since 1865, and equals the investment in school property for Negroes in all of the sixteen former Slave States and the District of Columbia. The Negroes own 5.4% of the nation's church property, but have 52% less members per church to pay off their enormous debt. The average white church has 340 members while the average Negro church has but 178 members.

In the Negro Protestant bodies the average member thirteen years of age and over contributes \$9.15 annually to the upkeep of the churches while the average white contributes \$19.54. The Aframerican church-member has a much larger debt to pay off than his white brother, yet he gives less than half as much. Poor though he be, it can hardly be said that he could not give more than he does if he wished.

Expenditures of \$43,024,259 were reported by 39,245 of the 42,585 Negro churches for the year 1926. Of this amount \$35,749,951 went for current expenses and improvements, \$6,152,905 for missions and benevolences, and \$1,121,403 for unclassified expenses. At this rate it will be many decades before the Negro churches are free of debt, and an increasing number of Negro Christians seem willing for the sheriff to relieve them of the burden.

But those who remain actively in the church appear to be gluttons for punishment. In the borough of Queens, New York, a Negro population of 18,609, with 5,136 church members, has forty-three churches valued at from \$7000 to \$12,000 each, the majority of them sagging under heavy debts. Although the Negroes are much poorer than the Caucasians, only

two-fifths of the 105,000 white rural churches have full-time preachers, while more than half of the 32,427 rural Negro churches have assumed this expense. For every Nordic clergyman there are 815 church members; for each Negro pastor there are but 562.

It was recently reported in the Negro newspapers that thirty-two colored families in Columbus, Ohio, were in danger of losing their homes, put up to secure a mortgage on their church. The sheriff's auction sale left a deficit of \$31,000 on a \$65,000 mortgage. In spite of this, four Negro congregations in as many Northern cities recently saddled themselves with aggregate mortgage obligations of a million dollars to build or buy structures that will be increasingly empty, at the behest of ambitious parsons eager to be known as "church builders."

II

The rural Negro church, largely confined to the Southern hinterland, is gradually dying from a complication of ignorant and incompetent preachers, wholesale migration to the safer urban areas, extension of the rural school system, cheap and speedy transportation, and a dwindling of youthful recruits. Its chief programme is one of shouting, moaning, preying on the fears of the ignorant. As one observer writes, it devotes itself to inducing "manifestations of the spirit resembling paroxysms which could hardly be expected outside an insane asylum."

Its influence morally is nil, and its principal function seems to be to keep the Negroes docile under the excessive exploitation of their white Christian masters. It is a sink of orthodoxy, unfriendly to enlightened youth and fearful of new ideas. Since the cityward migration has drawn off

most of the more intelligent Negroes, individuals competent to cope with the many problems confronting the rural Negro church have become as scarce as Romanoffs in Russia.

The urban church is hardly more enlightened, but in it there is a bolder criticism of the mass of mortgage-plastered structures and the barnyard proclivities of the clergy. Dwindling attendance and lessening financial support are reflected in the increasing number of dilapidated and ill-kept edifices that gaze down mournfully upon the surrounding shacks and rookeries of the black proletariat. Here also the church is in competition with numerous other sources of entertainment, instruction and inspiration, and suffers accordingly. Moving picture theaters, night schools, dance halls, cabarets, social and political clubs have become greater attractions than the monotonous mooing of pastors more intent on collecting money than on curing souls.

In the cities, too, the public schools are more numerous, better attended and much superior to the rural schools. The urban Negro is thus more enlightened than his country cousin. The intellectual leadership of the various Negro ghettos today is not held by ministers but by college professors, school teachers, physicians, lawyers, dentists, editors, business men and social workers. Many of these professional people remain formally attached to the church, not because of any faith in either clergy or Christianity, but for sentimental reasons, for fear of criticism, or because, in many cities where whites have excluded them from all public places and activities, there is no other place for them to meet.

Declining illiteracy, increasing urbanization and the uprooting of old attachments by migration have all dealt the Negro church heavy blows. During the

period 1910-30 the number of illiterates declined from 30.4% of the colored population to about 10%, the number of Negroes in professional services increased from 68,898 to 107,838, the number engaged in trade and transportation rose from 425,043 to 575,000, and the number in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits grew from 692,506 to 1,060,039, while the number of clergymen increased only from 17,996 to 20,403. There was a marked decline in agricultural workers during the period, and those engaged in domestic and personal service were reduced by 100,000. In 1910 the Negro population was 72.6% rural; today it is only 56.3%.

Twenty years ago there were less than a dozen Negro banks and insurance companies while today there are fifty-one of the former and forty-two of the latter. The increasing difficulty of making a living in a society in which color discrimination is general has made the newly urbanized Negro acutely conscious of the need for acquiring economic wealth and power if he is to survive. Some Negroes feel that they are fighting against time and must obtain a foothold before the Land of the Free crushes all hope and initiative out of them. This view is reflected in the hectic business activity of the past decade. Housewives' leagues have been established to control buying power, boycotts have been launched against white businesses discriminating against Negro labor, a chain of model grocery stores bids for Negro patronage, a consumers' coöperative league has been founded, and a strenuous effort is being made to open up new jobs for colored people.

From this activity most of the 20,000 Negro ministers have held disapprovingly aloof, asserting that it is not their business to engage in worldly affairs, though busy all the while collecting their salaries,

bludgeoning money out of pauper congregations to pay off debts on thousands of superfluous church buildings, and urging underpaid washerwomen and porters to contribute large sums for ministerial vacations and limousines. They have generally fought all enlightened economic programmes with characteristic stubbornness and lack of intelligent self-interest, fearing that a few dollars would be deflected from their own coffers. They have wasted Negro money by harassing their flocks into constructing new churches that often fail to rise above the ground floor, so that observers, spying the worshippers emerging from these basements, are sharply reminded that perhaps the meek *do* inherit the earth. Others hound their followers into purchasing ornately shabby temples at criminally exorbitant prices from grateful white Christians fleeing before the black invasion. An increasing majority of intelligent Negroes complain against this waste and refuse to be parties to it.

Another factor contributing largely to the loss of prestige and influence by the Negro church has been the inability of its clergy to maintain their former moral leadership, and their ignorant wholesale condemnation of everything not precisely in accordance with the orthodoxy they preach. Until the beginning of the century, the most learned Negroes were clergymen and many of them were truly statesmen. They encouraged, enlightened and led the Negro masses, and commanded the respect of the civilized minority of white people. Today their principal activity consists of collecting money, and denouncing all modern forms of entertainment and amusement, while staging numberless protracted revivals led by peripatetic evangelists whose exhortations only arouse animal emotions which increase the "sin" they so vociferously belabor.)

It is a striking commentary on the lessening moral influence of the Negro church that the number of illegitimate births per thousand among colored people in the registration area was 110.5 in 1918 and 136.6 in 1928. Among whites (exclusive of California and Massachusetts) the figures were respectively only 11.7 and 16.7. Yet Negroes own nearly one-third of the nation's churches.

III

Wittingly or unwittingly, the Negro newspapers have contributed a great deal to the decline in church membership and prestige through the wide dissemination of Aframerican news. In 1910 most of them were strictly race-uplift organs or convenient vehicles for the politically ambitious. Since then the Negro press has grown immensely, and today most of the important journals are conducted strictly as businesses. The church, which gives them no advertising, has lost its power over the news columns with the rise of Negro business and the increasing patronage of Nordic advertisers. Nowadays, if a pastor misappropriates funds, is chased down the avenue by a cuckolded brother or hailed into court for seducing a child, the news is broadcast to the far corners of Aframerica, with a resultant increase of cynicism and decrease in church membership. Criticisms once whispered are now boldly shouted.

Here are the views of four widely read Negro writers culled recently from prominent Negro weeklies. First comes Dr. Kelly Miller, educator and critic:

Our religious life is at a lower ebb than it has been since the great awakening during the early years of the Nineteenth Century. Our oldest and most boasted and boastful denomination, in the language of the stock

market, has reached new lows. The churches have lost their militancy. Their efforts are too largely consumed in raising impossible financial budgets, to the comparative neglect of the missionary spirit and moral reform. . . . Our youth no longer look to the church for moral guidance.

Next comes Dr. Algernon Jackson, columnist for the Associated Negro Press:

For some time I have been watching the strength of our churches waning. The other day a deacon confessed to me that our churches must somehow change their programme or shut up shop. . . . I love the church as it was—once upon a time—as it ought to be—but certainly not as it is today. It is dead. It has lost almost all of its spirituality. It is missing the mark of saving souls and guiding lives by many, many miles.

The third is Dr. Carter G. Woodson, head of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History and editor of the *Journal of Negro History*:

Practically all of the incompetents and undesirables who have been barred from other walks of life have rushed into the ministry for the exploitation of the people. . . . Almost anybody of the lowest type may go into the Negro ministry. The Methodists claim that they have strict regulations to prevent this, but their net draws proportionately as many skates as you find among the Baptists.

Finally comes Theophilus Lewis of the New York *Amsterdam News*:

The chocolate clergy, with precious few exceptions, is as vain and useless a body of frauds as can be found anywhere in the world, even including the ranks of the professional politicians.

The Negro newspapers speak out editorially quite as sharply. Here is the Pittsburgh *Courier* saying:

The Negro group . . . cannot afford to carry this huge burden much longer. A study of church financing among Negroes

would undoubtedly reveal that 50% or more of them are in debt and constantly begging for funds. . . . Reason dictates that those in authority in the Negro church vigorously attack this problem.

To which the Cincinnati *Union* adds:

[The Negroes] want something more than prayers, Biblical quotations and gospel salesmanship from pampered preachers, drawing big salaries, driving swell cars, entertaining in offices and slumbering in parsonages.

And the *Young Allenite*, laymen's organ of the Aframerican Methodist Episcopal Church:

✓ The *A. M. E. Church* during the past twenty years has steadily gone from bad to worse. Notorious whoremongers and dead-beats have bought their way into high offices. The Negro bishop of today who did not buy his office with his own money or the money of the church which passed through his hands is a rarity.

And the Baltimore *Afro-American*:

The A. M. E. church is now undergoing a period of profound depression with membership falling off, finances decreasing, moral and spiritual forces at low ebb. . . . Heroic housecleaning alone can save this institution, but we confess we seriously doubt whether there is courage enough to do it.

The estimated number of Negro ministers in the United States today is 20,403, but it is really difficult to say how many there are. They spring up on every hand like vegetation in the tropical jungle. They thrive wherever there is an opportunity to round up a platoon of dull-witted bucks and a few emotional women. A vacant room or basement is rented, meagre furnishings are installed, and everything is all set for the rocking, moaning, yelling and backrolling. Most of these parsons have predominantly female congregations, for 73% of all Negro women are still

claimed as church members, compared with only 46% of the Negro adult males. Among whites the figures are respectively 62% and 49%.

The Negro clergy, in the main, are barely literate. Of the urban ministers, 62% are innocent of college or seminary; of those in the country districts, 83%. In Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma, three-fourths of the urban and nine-tenths of the rural preachers are neither college nor seminary graduates. Out of 337 questioned in Oklahoma, only 30 claimed to be educated.

Some of the so-called educated Negro ministers have no more religion than Stalin and are in the church mainly to milk it. They lie, cheat and steal, and frequently corrupt the wives and daughters of the laymen. Their weaknesses are cruelly lampooned these days on the stages of Negro burlesque theaters while the black proletariat guffaws its sardonic approval.

Not long ago the pastor of a Harlem church was surprised during the height of his Sabbath exhortations when a slender and determined young girl marched up to his well-pummeled pulpit, placed a squealing infant in his outstretched arms, and retired with the comment, "Here, take it: it's yours!"

A Negro preacher, graduate of a noted university, was recently sentenced to five years in a Virginia prison for betraying a fourteen-year-old girl. In Maryland, at the same time, another preacher was jailed for descending from his pulpit after an impassioned sermon and stropping his razor on the throat of a hapless female in the front row. In the past five years numerous Negro ministers have been convicted on charges of murder, robbery, seduction, bribery, criminal assault, theft and bastardy.

In the year 1931, one bishop was sued for alienation of affections and a second escaped imprisonment on charges of selling jobs while holding a political job only by conveniently dying, while a third is now in the toils for failure to pay a promised annual installment to a clergyman's daughter who recently presented him with a son described as the very image of him.

With the exception of the *Young Alliance*, aforementioned, the Negro church papers remain silent about these misdemeanors of the clergy or at best speak out only to condemn the critics of the church. Thirsty for promotion or eager to retain their sinecures, the church editors chronicle only what is routine and safe. Consequently, it remains for the secular press to broadcast the depravity of frock-coated crooks and libertines. Meantime, collections fall off and membership declines.

IV

Comment is frequent and acrid on the holding of so many church conferences and assemblies for which the people must pay and out of which nothing ever comes except more and more officials. (The shiny-coated delegates seem to gather solely for the purpose of casting ballots for the candidate with the largest bankroll.) Important questions affecting the Negro group are seldom mentioned and rarely discussed. Great banners are unfurled, buttons sold, placards displayed and leaflets distributed boosting this or that aspirant for high office. The more warlike come to blows and some carry pistols into the assembly hall for offensive and defensive purposes. Even homicide has been committed. Not long since the body of the auditor of a large Baptist church group was heaved from a train and later found in a stream near the railroad track.

A recent session of the Williams Baptists, a faction headed by the Rev. L. K. Williams of Chicago, was described as "the stormiest in history." Paid hecklers howled down the administration's opponents. A prominent layman sent an open letter to Dr. Williams a fortnight before, characterizing his administration as "more vindictive than virtuous, more greedy than godly, more conspiring than edifying, more monetary than missionary." Embarrassing questions were put concerning a missing Golden Jubilee fund, an "educational" fund and a Gold Certificate racket. These questions remained unanswered.

The Boyd Baptists, a faction headed by the Rev. Henry Allen Boyd of Nashville, Tenn., made the following remarkable contribution to Negro progress at a recent convention in Cincinnati:

Be It Resolved, That each member of our missionary denomination in this convention and in our Baptist persuasion spend at least \$5 during the ensuing year in riding the railroads.

There is a loud clamor for less bishops, more efficient business methods, higher standards of morality among preachers, less stealing, unification of the church publishing houses, merger of the swarm of Protestant denominations, and less dabbling in politics by the preachers, who often ballyhoo for this or that "good man" and "friend of the Negro" around election time and pocket \$25 or \$30 for their service. As the burden of debt grows heavier, the clamor grows louder, and non-attendance at church mounts. But those in power continue grabbing.

On the horizon loom a growing number of iconoclasts and atheists, young black men and women who can read, think and ask questions, and who impertinently demand to know why Negroes should revere a God who permits them to be

lynched, jim-crowed and disfranchised. Not a few, won over by the propaganda of the Communists, are far more interested in the Five-Year Plan than in the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert. These youngsters dislike the humility of the spirituals, and jest at the Statue of Liberty with its back turned to the United States. There are not a dozen preachers in the country, black or white, whose outpourings interest them. There are hundreds of this sort in every community. Coupled with those who have left the church completely and the vast number who are on the rolls but never attend, they make a formidable and increasing majority.

It might be possible for the Negro church to halt the stampede by performing a major operation on itself, but surgeons skillful enough for the job are lacking. Meanwhile, the patient grows worse and erstwhile friends desert the bedside. With intelligent, educated laymen leaving in increasing numbers, and with less and less college men going into the ministry, it would seem that the Negro church, which began so auspiciously in America, and once contributed so much to the progress and development of the race, must descend in the end to the level of a barbaric cult for the delectation of half-wits and the profit of cunning shamans.

RUBBER HEELS

BY JACK CONROY

SUNSET bathed the squat building, which seemed to burrow into the hillside to hide its grey ugliness from the world. "Rubber Heel Plant" was the legend inscribed upon its sparrow-fouled façade. It was almost time for the day shift to knock off, and some of the men were already leaving. They paused outside the door and lighted pipes or cigarettes. A piercing odor emanated from their clothing. The heavy revolving door swished regularly as though the building were panting stertorously.

The air inside was thick enough to cut with a knife. The door opened upon a small platform lighted by a single dusty bulb, and several feet below lay the floor of the mill. A stair that was more like a ladder descended. I could hear heavy machinery rumbling and belts whirring in the darkness, but at the moment the mill was unlit. A time clock ticked placidly and when it gave a sharper click I knew the ribbons had shifted for the hour. It was five o'clock or very near it. Nat Moore came in and punched his card. I boarded with him and he had asked for the job on which I was about to begin working.

"Would 'a' walked down here with you but Lena has another of her sinkin' spells," he apologized. "Didn't want to leave 'er till the last minute. Damned little sleep I got today."

His face was haggard, his eyes sunken and shadowed. A brisk fellow with a vulpine profile came in. He wore the bright,

sly look of the inveterate joker. After punching his card, he regarded it earnestly for a full minute before he filed it in the IN rack.

"Hello, Rip," he greeted Nat, "you got them dreamy eyes agin tonight, I see."

He climbed nimbly down the ladder.

"What makes him call you Rip?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a nickname he give me. He gives everybody one. Account o' me goin' to sleep on th' job sometimes. I git so stinkin' sleepy long in th' early mornin'. Th' work itself is bad enough, and on top of that the fumes eat a body's eyes out. But it's th' night work that gets you. A man just wasn't *made* to work at night. Night was made to sleep in. Listen! You watch that fellow, Jasper Collins, that jist spoke to me. He'd rather play jokes than eat. Jist a natural born fool."

Still grumbling, Nat edged down the stairs. I followed him, advancing an exploring foot ahead cautiously. As I reached the floor, a siren shrilled somewhere and instantly the room sprang into light. I stood irresolute, looking for the foreman. Men were trundling trucks here and there. Neon tubes palpitated with blue light, and the cylindrical mills caught and reflected their glow. Somebody catapulted against me and almost threw me off my feet. It was Jasper Collins, and I was a little alarmed to see that he carried a huge knife.

"'Scuse me, buddy," he gasped. "Got to slice some of this shoddy."

A pile of reclaimed rubber lay near by, and he began to hack at it lackadaisically, but his eyes were riveted aloft. Then I heard the ting! ting! of the time clock and the shuffling feet of the heel-trimming girls coming down the stairs from the second story. They punched their cards and passed out on to the street, chattering in subdued tones that increased perceptibly in volume the moment they crossed the threshold. The rays of the setting sun pierced through their sleazy print dresses, silhouetting vividly the contours of their bodies.

"Oh, mama!" gurgled the ecstatic watcher. "Too much to see here! Man ought t' have a million eyes, like a fly."

To express his enthusiasm, he sliced energetically at the shoddy. The sun soon went out of sight beyond the horizon's rim and the stream of girls dwindled to a trickle of stragglers. Finally a Negro scrubwoman clumped down the stairs. As she lit her corncob pipe, the match was a tiny flambeau which fantastically lighted her cheeks, concaved by sucking on the stem, and her pursed blue lips. There was no voluptuous interest here, and Jasper turned away.

"Here comes Bonyparts, the boss," he told me as he left, "only you'd best call him Mr. Erton till you get better acquainted."

A misshapen cherub-faced man padded up and stood interrogatively. I produced my work slip. His lips moved as he read it half aloud.

"Okay, lad," he wheezed asthmatically. "You get to tearin' that smoke sheet apart over there by the mixers till I find a place for you."

Equipped with a small hook like that of a longshoreman, I tackled the bale of smoke sheet, or raw gum rubber. It was composed of several continuous sheets jammed together, and when I pressed it down with my knee it squeaked crisply

like a head of cabbage. Within an hour I had succeeded in tearing off half a dozen small strips. I could see Jasper and a cadaverous elderly chap weighing and compounding batches of material for the millers. They used more gum rubber in one batch than I was likely to tear loose all night. I was a little perturbed and rolled the bale over and over, seeking a more vulnerable spot. My hands blistered and the blisters burst open. Jasper had been watching me and he divined my anxiety.

"That's only a spare time job," he reassured me. "You ain't supposed to get much done. You ought t' take it more easy. Wait a minute."

He brought two lumbermen's cant-hooks and fastened one on the side of the bale, and I hooked mine into the opposite side and we both pulled. The layers ripped off like slabs of bacon, but sometimes Jasper had to cut off a connecting fold with his knife. The sheets all had the words "Straits Settlements" stamped upon them.

"This stuff comes a long way," I observed.

"Yes, from Africa," said Jasper.

"No, from near India," I contradicted.

But he was obdurate, and would not accept the evidence of the stamp that branded the sheets. It was just a trademark, he said. I pointed to the flimsy wooden boxes which had encased the bales. "Via Singapore. Stow away from boiler on shipboard" and a number of Chinese characters. As we halved one bale a circular object dropped out and clinked on the floor. It was an ancient copper coin. I thought it must be Chinese, for one side depicted a dragon evidently attempting to swallow its tail. Any trivial diversion was enough to rally a group of men. They stood about and speculated as to the origin of the coin. I scratched away the green canker, looking for a date.

"Let me see it, please," broke in a slight, dark fellow who had been standing near.

I handed it to him.

"It is a coin of the Chinese Empire," he pronounced unhesitatingly, "but the exact value I cannot determine."

I was astonished at his meticulously chosen speech, his crisp accent which sounded so strange among the slurred syllables of the others.

"I had quite a collection of coins years ago," he continued, "and there were several Chinese coins among them." He hurried away through the door leading to the press room.

"Aw, he's only puttin' on," muttered Jasper. "Don't know no more about it than anybody else. Thinks he's better'n anybody else. Say! He was in the German Army during the war. Said he was a coward when he went, but got brave and deserted. He'd make a dog laugh tellin' how he et turnips and slept in haystacks. I think he's a little goofy, though. As soon as Bony-parts goes to sleep—like he does every night—I'll take you in the press room and have him tell about it. Hah! I see that Hearne has twisted up with his cramps again. By doggies, he makes me tard always chewin' th' rag and makin' out like he's sick."

Hearne was Jasper's partner. He had improvised a couch of empty jute bags upon a truck, and now lay curled in a semi-circle, his arms clasped about his stomach. Now and then he vented a gruesome moan; again, possibly to prove he was game but physically unable to stand the gaff, he would rise to his feet, totter a moment, and then double up like a jack-knife. He winced as though he might be the brave Spartan boy, stoically trying to conceal the evidence of a voracious fox chewing at his vitals. Jasper exuded scant sympathy, but sulkily prepared to weigh

and mix the ingredients. Hearne had memorized the formula, and to save time he called out the proportions to Jasper:

"Stearic acid, eighteen ounces. . . . Shoddy, twenty pounds. . . . Gum, five pounds. . . . Paraffin . . . sixteen ounces. . . . Don't forget the zinc oxide. Watch your scales."

Jasper squinted at the weights and balanced the scales as carefully as an apothecary apportioning some potent physic. Hearne saw that I had abandoned my battle with the rubber. He arose, and this time stood his ground, beckoning to me.

"It's the dust. All these chemicals simply clog up and eat a man's lungs away," he began. He picked up a stubby broom and used the handle as a pointer, indicating a blackboard used to tally the number of batches. It also bore a crude drawing palpably designed to represent the inner mechanism of a human being.

"The lungs there," he pointed out two balloon-shaped figures on the chart, "you see they gradually fill with dust. Once the dust gets in, it never in Christ's world comes out again. It settles to the bottom like this." He whited a generous segment of each lung. "So the pores of the respiratory organs close up gradually. Right now I'm breathing out of one lung only. Soon . . . Only a matter of time. But what does life amount to when all is said and done? . . . A walking shadow—a poor player who struts his little hour upon the stage. . . . A tale told by an idiot . . . full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." His tongue stumbled over the last words as if he were doubtful of them—as if he were reading with difficulty from a book printed with characters almost effaced by time.

"You look surprised," he said. "I haven't always worked at this menial labor. I was for years on the boards with Fowler's Mam-

moth All-Star Minstrels, and I've done nearly every Shakesporean rôle in the répertoire. How I came here is a long story. Listen, lad! Let me give you a little advice about liquor and the women . . ."

II

I waited expectantly, confident of hearing some juicy revelations. But, warned by the suddenly accelerated activity of Jasper, I glanced furtively over my shoulder and saw Bonyparts approaching. I fell to wrestling with the bale, while Hearne, miraculously invigorated, pushed Jasper aside and began to agitate the scale balances diligently. He remarked to Jasper in an affectedly casual but very loud voice that they certainly had plenty to do and would have to shake a leg the remainder of the night. Jasper, momentarily dumbfounded at the inexplicable usurpation of his job, soon discovered the cause, and, with marvelous presence of mind, leaped at a pile of shoddy and threw it about aimlessly. Bonyparts stood blinking and exploring his nostrils with a pudgy forefinger; then he padded out of sight around the mills. The amenities observed, Hearne collapsed upon his couch and burst into fresh lamentations.

"You can get a wienie from the lunch girl, if you're hungry," Jasper told me, "or coffee to keep you awake through the Graveyard Shift from twelve till morning. Sleepy time ain't here yet. She gets in around about 8.30 or 8.35. She ought to be here now, it's 8.36. She never *was* this late before."

He seemed disturbed, and trotted to the door leading to the press room several times. The girl's tardiness was something unusual, and thus a matter of grave concern. In this drab place the men's thoughts fumbled and pawed over any slight devia-

tion from monotony. The lunch girl was a welcome diversion. Jasper hurried to help her as she trundled her cart down the slight incline leading from the press room. Her high heels clacked briskly as she ground them into the concrete as a brake. Jasper piloted the cart on to the mill room floor.

"Come an' get it while it's hot," he shouted.

The men scampered up, their eyes exploring her from sole to crown. She was an exotic flower in this murky air, where grey was the only color that endured. Red heels and black ones soon were submerged beneath the dusty pall that eternally swirled in the air and kept settling, settling. The grey walls sweated the most where the building was buried in the hillside, and from the broken wires that had held the forms together when the concrete was poured, the walls suppurated a pallid liquid like ichor from a sore that would not heal. The lunch girl's crisp white frock seemed almost virginal by contrast, though it was spotted here and there by mustard and chili sauce and was a little greasy and sweaty at the neck. The men mumbled their orders, swiping their oily hands across the seats of their pants. They gobbled the sandwiches noisily, squirting mustard and wienie juice from the corners of their mouths. The girl eyed me with cool insolence.

"What's your dish?" she demanded haughtily.

"A wienie," I stammered.

Somehow it seemed indecent for her to be here. She speared a wienie and it hissed slightly as the fork tines punctured its skin. She deposited it on a bun and smeared it with mustard.

"Ten cents," she chirped archly, and her right eye screwed itself into a broad wink.

I trembled somewhat as I handed her

the coin, but I was inwardly triumphant. I was still young enough to retreat from such bold overtures. Her hips waggled provokingly as she went pushing her cart and smirking over her shoulder.

"With that curly hair, ain't it a shame you drink!" she giggled.

The men were snickering at me, and a muffled drum beat rhythmically in the back of my head. My temples pounded. I knew that I, too, would watch for her every night. Tedium enveloped us again. Sleep was an enemy to fight, not a friend to comfort us.

"Bonyparts always takes a nap this part of th' night," said Jasper, "so let's go in and see Hans, that German feller."

He walked up the incline and pushed open a heavy metal door. A withering blast of steamy, rubber-scented air singed our hair.

"Hotter than th' hubs of Hell!" cried Jasper. "When I think I got a tough titty for a job, I come in here and right away I get to thinkin' I got a snap."

Men stripped to the waist were tending the steam presses which melt the raw biscuit-shaped heel into the cured one. Their skins were flushed as with fever, their lips parched. Sweat blinded their red-rimmed eyes, but they were too busy to wipe it away. They jiggled tiny washers, inserted to keep the nails from pulling through the brittle rubber, on to pegs set in the cavities of heavy steel molds. Heat-puffed fingers fumbled the washers. Then raw heels were imposed upon the pegs, and the molds were closed and shoved into the press. As fast as a new mold was elevated to the steam chamber, a cured batch was ready. Hastily drawing on asbestos gloves, the pressmen pried open the sizzling molds and tore out the heels.

Hans was not at a press, but sitting on a stock pan holding his head in his hands.

He told Jasper he had got a ringing in his head and stopped sweating and that his eyes blurred so he couldn't see the molds. So he had sat down to blow a spell. To stop sweating is dangerous.

"Say, Hans," began Jasper, "wasn't you in the German Army? Tell this new man about it."

"Yes," replied Hans, seemingly little inclined to talk.

"But you never did shoot no Americans, did you?" pursued Jasper.

"I never shot anybody. I was a follower of Karl Liebknecht and he was opposed to the imperialist war. But I was called out in the *Landwehr* and I lost my courage and went."

Jasper winked knowingly at me: he appeared to be consumed by inward mirth. The droll fellow had *lost* his courage and *joined* the army!

"Well, I woulda thought you'd a lost it if you *hadn't* went," marvelled Jasper. It was plain that Hans both baffled and amused him, and that his efforts to classify him as a definite specimen, motivated by familiar, understandable impulses, always resulted in added confusion.

"I went because I was afraid," insisted Hans, sullenly, "but my courage returned and I threw my rifle down and ran away. I hid in the daytime in haystacks and travelled nights. I ate turnips from the fields and stoned wild birds. Once I snared a field mouse and ate him raw. But I reached the Swiss border and there I stayed till the Revolution."

"It looks like you could of done more good by stayin' right with th' army if you wasn't a-skeered," Jasper commented. "If you was fer th' Allies couldn't you of strafed the Germans from their own side?"

"I wasn't for the Allies," Hans returned.

"But didn't you fight agin the gov'ment?" inquired Jasper.

"After the Revolution I returned and fought with Liebknecht's Spartacides. But after he was shot, I lost heart and left the country, and came here to America to live with relatives."

We saw the press room foreman approaching and retreated toward our own department, but not with the precipitate haste which would have betrayed our unauthorized presence in the press room. The boss eyed us suspiciously, so we carelessly masked our badges with our hands to conceal our identity. As numbers he could report us, but as men it would be more difficult. The boss glowered at Hans, who returned to his press and began filling a mold. Then, having restored order, he folded his arms majestically across his chest, and backed against a window, scouring the room for other idlers. An impish idea popped into Jasper's head.

"We'll slip around outside, and I'll make him get away from that window," he said.

Outside, he groped on the ground for a sharp stick with which to prod the foreman. But before he found one, a fearful howl arose in the press room and light from the now unobstructed window streamed out upon us. Hans' eyes had blurred once too often, for he hung dangling by one arm from the press. He had forgotten to take his hand off a mold that was ascending into the steam chamber. When they carried him past the window his eyes were closed and we could see that his right hand was flopping horribly, the fingers crushed into a pulp of blood and bone.

III

"Bonyparts said you should help me on th' mill," announced Nat, handing me a short blunt knife. "Don't know what he's got agin you t' wish a job like this on you."

The rubber mills are two huge, hollow steel cylinders which revolve so that the materials are caught between them and fused into the amalgam from which the raw heels are cut. But before the mass adheres to the cylinder and the powders are assimilated by the rubber, paraffin and stearic acid, the stuff drops to the pan beneath and must be constantly shoveled above. A prismatic cloud from the many-hued powders harries nostrils and eyes. The mixture cracks terrifically. When the rubber begins to stick, the short knife is used to slice it away and keep it feeding through till all of it has been thoroughly blended. The supreme test for the miller is to slice the rubber off the mill in a constantly widening strip with one hand and to roll it into a "jelly roll" with the other. The miller who can roll a huge jelly roll of half a mill full is considered expert.

"It's like tryin' t' pat your head an' rub your stummick at th' same time," sympathized Nat. "Took me a coon's age t' git on to it. Both hands always want to do th' same thing at once."

Truckers roll the jelly rolls to a colander, where they are flattened, cut into even strips, and cooled for the cutters who blank out the raw heels.

Nat taught me the song which all the millers sang:

O jelly roll! jelly roll!

Jelly on my mind.

You robbed my poor ol' gran'pa

An' my poor ol' gran'ma blind!

The glistening mill reflected my body with all the ludicrous distortions of an amusement park mirror. I grimaced, squatted, and thrust my head near. Instantly I was metamorphosed into a snarling ogre with a monstrous head and toothpick legs. I drew my head back, thrust out my chest, and rose to my full height. I became a pinhead with a massive bust.

"Don't you be watchin' that mill," Nat warned, "'cause it'll charm you same as a snake charms a bird. Put crazy idees in your head, specially during the Graveyard Shift. If ever you let a loose end of a strip wrop around your wrist, up you go between the rolls, and goodbye hand, arm, and maybe head."

As the rubber heated, its penetrating stench increased in pungency and brought tears to our eyes. Nat knuckled his eye-sockets and staggered to the water fountain. He directed a stream of cold water directly against his eyeballs. I saw him look at the clock, which was visible from the fountain but hidden from the mill.

"What time's it gettin' to be?" I asked. This question would be asked many times during the Graveyard Shift.

"Eleven o'clock," responded Nat dejectedly.

"Might as well be no time at all," I commented. This was a stock phrase which everybody used to save the effort of thought.

"You ought to wash your eyes out," Nat told me. "It helps better'n anything a man can do. The time passes faster if you don't even look at th' clock. I made up my mind I *wouldn't* look toward it, but it draws my eyes same's molasses does a fly. Always think maybe it's later than what I think it is."

At midnight we ate a cold lunch. Lena had wrapped up some bacon sandwiches for us, but I had forgotten to suspend mine from a string and rats had chewed them. A thick-skinned orange had discouraged them and I ate it. Each man drank a quart of milk, for it was esteemed as an antidote for the rubber poison. Nat champed his jaws furiously. He had only a few teeth left.

"Got to do some maneuverin' to get my grub to where I can grind it with these

snags," he volunteered, opening his mouth and pointing within. Even the orange tasted of rubber; I seemed to swallow liquid rubber along with the milk.

When everybody had finished lunch, a few minutes remained before work time. Hearne sprang to his feet and pulled two pairs of rattle bones from his pocket. He began to clatter them softly, holding them deftly between his fingers. Jasper whispered to me that the bones had to be made from the ribs of a young beef.

"Watch how spry the old staller is," Jasper muttered to me. "Watch how he can jig. That's what makes me think he ain't as sick as he makes out."

Hearne faced us with a low, sweeping bow, rattling the bones furiously.

"Gentlemen, be seated!" he cried.

He carried on both sides of a dialogue between Mr. Tambo and Mr. Bones. He started with a slow weaving motion above the waist. Then he stepped it lively, slinging his feet as though his ankles were hinged or made of rubber. He sang:

Elephant walk a rope,
Flooiie! Flooiie!

Elephant walk a rope,
Flooiie Anna John!

Elephant walk a rope
All slicked up with grease and soap.
Wasn't that a fine walk,
Flooiie Anna John?

IV

Nat lived in the Low Ground, a plot which originally had been dubbed Sunset Meadows. The magnificent public school of the promotion folders had dwindled to a one-room brick structure, and the luxurious villas, fair with velvet lawns and clipped hedges, were in actuality displaced by the austere fruit of mine and factory—row on row of unpainted hovels, cast in identical and eye-outraging molds.

As we descended the slope, dawn was cracking the sky. Nat took off his hat and let the wind blow through his hair.

"Let some of th' stink blow off," he said. "It sticks to you closer'n a brother and you get t' tastin' it in your coffee.

"I hope Lena has felt good enough to cook our breakfast," he said as he opened the kitchen door.

But the table was still littered with supper dishes, caked with stale victuals. Egg shells crunched underfoot. Nat found three fried pork chops in the skillet; in the night the grease around them had whitened. Nat worried his nose to and fro with the back of his hand and looked troubled. He shook the coffee pot and heard a splashing inside.

"Maybe we could make out with this coffee het up and th' pork chops warmed over," he suggested timidly. "I hate like th' mischief t' wake Lena up when she's restin' easy."

The coffee was stale and bitter and the pork chops had absorbed a lot of the grease and were a little rancid near the bone. The spoons were all dirty, but Nat rinsed a couple at the sink faucet. I felt my way into my room. I wasn't surprised to find the bed as disordered as I had left it. I pulled the blankets around me and curled up.

I awoke to hear children singing in the street. I arose yawning and my jawbone cracked painfully; my head throbbed dully. When I ran up the shade, the bright sun blinded me. I had it in mind to chase the children away, but I paused. They were forlorn tatterdemalions with stringy hair and spindly legs. One, clothed simply in a grimy diaper, sat on the curb fingering its protuberant stomach. Solemnly, as though performing a religious duty, they joined hands and hopped about grotesquely in a circle. Their feet seemed several sizes too big for their legs. Their reedy voices piped:

Green gravel, green gravel,
The grass is so green;
All over Creation
'Tis a sight to be seen.

I lowered the shade and felt for a glass of water on the bureau. It was brackish, and my teeth caught something. I spat the drowned fly against the wall. My head pulsed so strongly that it seemed to contract and expand. No more sleep. I raised the shade high enough to admit light, but sufficiently low to keep out the sun's glare. A mudwasp's queer metallic buzz sounded from a ceiling corner; and I watched it while it made many trips through the window after fresh mud to build its cells.

The children's voices climbed to higher pitch:

Dear mother, dear mother,
Your true love is dead.
He sent you a letter
To hold up your head.

"Make them go away, hon," Lena whined to Nat in the next room. "They give me th' creeps singin' about bein' dead."

V

Hans was rid of the press, because he couldn't handle it any more with his fingerless hand. The thumb remained. He had to be given work of some kind, so they put him to sorting damaged heels. He was not very popular with the others, for he never laughed much at the one kind of joke—the sexual. In the chill morning hours when Bonyparts was safely asleep, the thoughts of the men turned to clean, white beds in darkened rooms. Always there was a woman between the sheets.

So anyone who learned a new smutty story was quick to retail it. Ribald poetry was carried about and exhibited until the sheets, creased and grimed, fell into sepa-

rate squares. The magazines emblazoning beauty unadorned, intended solely for artists and pure-minded lovers of art, were gloated over eagerly. But just as an ancient and sated rake who has exhausted the conventional delights resorts to more novel means of indulgence, so the demand for more reality spurred on the rubber hands. Jasper somehow came into contact with a French dealer who boasted that he "fulfilled every ardent desire." Jasper was hailed nightly with: "What have you got that's dirty tonight?"

Jasper couldn't get Hans interested in the photographs, and this infuriated him. He made the German's life as miserable as he could by using him as the butt of his banal practical jokes. A favorite was:

"Glad t' see yer *back*!" Striking him heartily on the back.

"Believe I *nose* you!" Tweaking his nose.

"Bin two *years* since I seen you!" Pulling his ears.

Hans grinned foolishly and went his way. Jasper caught him in the shower bath and reached beneath the partition with a rough warehouse broom, jabbing viciously. Hans came slipping and snorting out of the booth.

One day I met Jasper in front of the postoffice, and he plucked at my sleeve nervously.

"Look what I got," he said. "A letter from the gov'ment." The letter read:

Dear Sir: We are holding at this office a letter addressed to you from a foreign country. It is suspected of containing matter prohibited in the mails. Please call at Window 15 and consult with Mr. Barton regarding the disposition of this mail.

"Go in with me," begged Jasper, licking his dry lips. "This is serious."

Jasper rapped at Window 15 and after a moment Mr. Barton popped his head out.

"Something I can do for you?" He was a stern, official-looking chap, and his tone was a challenge. Jasper quailed.

"It was about a foreign letter addressed to Jasper Collins," he stammered. "I—I don't know nobody in no foreign country. Guess somebody's aimin' t' play a joke on me."

Mr. Barton's lips congealed in a straight line. He disappeared for a trice and returned with a square envelope with a mangled side revealing the gaudy, flimsy inner lining used for foreign letters. Mr. Barton withdrew a half dozen postcards and spread them fanwise before Jasper's agonized gaze. In this chaste atmosphere the monstrous things seemed infinitely more obscene.

"This letter burst open in the mails," Mr. Barton announced primly. "Such—ahem!—objects are not allowed in the mails, and the penalty is extremely severe. The buyer, as you may be aware, is equally responsible with the seller."

"I don't know nothing about 'em," Jasper contended doggedly. Rivulets of sweat trickled down his furrowed brow.

"Very well, then. I assume you do not wish to claim them."

Mr. Barton slipped the cards back in the envelope and thrust it into the inside pocket of a coat that hung near.

"Usually a fictitious address is attached to such communications," he said. "If, in the interests of justice, you wish to give me the *correct* address, I can assure you that the information will be respected as confidential and that no trouble will come to you because of it."

"I told you th' Lord's truth, mister," protested Jasper. "I don't know nothing about it."

"Good day, then," snapped Mr. Barton, slamming the window of his cubby hole pretty hard.

VI

When Lena died she had to be hauled out of the house in a rowboat because the Deer creek dam had burst and flooded the valley again. Nat remembered she had always wanted the funeral preached at the house, and so the preacher was rowed over. It was all so queer that the Sunday papers got hold of it, and there was a picture in the rotogravure of Lena lying quietly in her coffin in the bottom of the skiff, and the preacher raising his hand as though in benediction. The bereaved husband stood sorrowfully by. Nat bought twenty-five copies of the paper and gave one to each of us.

Hearne didn't show up one night, and we learned that the doctor had ordered him West—that he had t.b. After that the sprightly Jasper was a changed man.

"It'll get me, too," he gloomed, "but a man might as well be dead with t.b. as starved to death. No chance to get any other job."

Hans was quick to note the comedian's serious mien. Because he wanted revenge

or because he was sorry for him and wanted to cheer him up, he essayed to take Jasper's place as the joker of the mill. He always used Jasper as his subject. He constructed a slapstick of two thin boards with a chip between. Every time he caught Jasper stooping over, he thwacked him resoundingly. It didn't hurt much, but it made a fearful detonation.

Nat began having his hair cut every week and using bay rum to take the rubber stink out of it. He was always the first to meet the lunch girl. He found Jasper leaning against a post and snoring peacefully.

"Wake up, Rip Van Winkle," he shouted joyously. "Snap out of it. Get the sleepy look out of them there dreamy eyes."

Then he scratched the back of his ear with the tip of his knife.

"Say, Jasper," he said, looking a little embarrassed, "you know them pictures you used to have . . ."

"I don't know nothing about 'em," Jasper interrupted sadly. "You'll have to ask Mr. Barton down t' th' postoffice."

FOUR RADICALS

BY JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

Debs Gets 300 Words

IN THE observation car of the Red Special, as the train moved away from a Sunday picnic in the Illinois hinterland, I broke some dark news to Eugene V. Debs, then campaigning for the Presidency on the Socialist ticket. One of his former lieutenants in Chicago had hanged himself. The man was father of a chum of mine; he had split with his family in a conflict between Socialism and Catholicism; had drifted from a responsible business post down to being janitor of an obscure hotel. He had chosen the furnace room for his exit. There was pity in Debs's face as he heard the details.

Meeting him that day in 1908 and talking with him at length was a shining adventure for me. I was a young newspaperman out of a job—free-lancing, one nonchalantly termed it—and had got a special assignment from Hearst's Chicago *Examiner* to cover the Socialist rally in Lemont, twenty-five miles southwest. I had stood among 2,500 persons who listened intently as the candidate told how the workers who produced all the wealth were exploited by the capitalists who produced nothing—and how all would be changed when the Coöperative Commonwealth was born.

He was a shaft of fire as he stood on the high central platform—tall, gaunt, bald, homely, a man of the people. His voice was pitched low, yet reached to every on-

looker. Pithy anecdotes punctuated devastating statistics—stories humorous, pathetic, ironic. And sometimes the voice swelled into thunder, as it dealt with injustices suffered by the working class.

Many nations were represented in that audience, and many kinds of labor—factory workers, farmers, quarrymen, canal-boat hands, storekeepers, mechanics, railroad employés, housewives, children. Some had come long distances. They were respectful and friendly, meeting the speaker's high points with outbursts of applause.

"They tell you," declared Debs, "that Socialism will destroy your individuality. You haven't got any. The wage-slave has no individuality. What is individuality? It is the untrammelled expression of the individual's mental and moral and spiritual qualities. . . . The thirty million wage-workers dependent upon the capitalist system for work are walking apologies, most of them. They have hinges in their knees. . . . They tell you Socialism would break up the home. Under capitalism there are 80,000 divorces a year. Capitalism destroys the family like a black plague. How about the families of the 5,000,000 who have no work? Great numbers of them go away to hunt jobs, fail to find them, become tramps. Meanwhile their wives and children are cast into the street when they cannot pay rent."

When the roar of handclapping and cheers at the end had subsided I followed Debs and his traveling companions to the

special train, which was on a sidetrack nearby, and climbed aboard at their heels. Presently I was introducing myself to Debs, who greeted me as if I were his son. "Sit down and make yourself at home," he said, indicating a divan at the side of the car. He excused himself briefly, to wash off the afternoon's accumulation of Corn Belt dust. The train began to move. Fine business, I thought; this meant a free ride back to Chicago.

Debs came back and sat near me on the divan. I asked questions and he answered readily, simply. Early in my newspaper work I discovered that an interviewer often can get much more out of the individual interviewed if he admits at the start that he knows little or nothing about the topic in hand. So here was Debs explaining the class struggle, while I sat drinking in all this new gospel. Though he must have expended energy greatly in his speech, he now seemed as fresh as ever, and painstakingly dispensed a liberal education in radical economics to a young reporter for a pie-fed daily—an intellectual investment, perhaps, he thought.

Never was he patronizing. He met me on my own ground. The time passed all too quickly, though the train moved slowly, and took nearly two hours to reach Chicago. When I left him I walked on air; something had happened to me inside; broad vistas had been opened.

But when I arrived at the *Examiner* office I had to face the nightly competition for space. What was the news in the Debs meeting? Any riot? Any arrests? Any heckling? No. I tried to bring out the high lights, Debs's idea of what was wrong with the country, what the Socialists were going to do about it —

"Three hundred words," said the city editor. All those charges Debs had made about capitalism and wage slavery and

broken homes had been made at many Socialist gatherings before. The *Tribune* and *Record-Herald* printed 500 words each. They featured a disturbance which occurred when some boys were ordered off a pavilion roof by the picnic-ground owner in the midst of the speaking. Debs had said, "Let them stay there; they're not bothering anybody," and I had purposely omitted the incident because I thought it meaningless. But I didn't know metropolitan news values then; and it was a long time before I learned that a heckler or a drunk in an audience often makes better news than anything a speaker may say.

II

Bill Haywood Is Led Astray

Just after the United States entered the World War I ran into Big Bill Haywood one evening in Udell's bookshop on North Clark street in Chicago. He was at the back of the store, listlessly turning the pages of a volume on Australia. Obviously his thoughts were not on the book.

"What's on your mind, Bill?" I inquired.

He looked up with his one eye, but the answer came slowly. "A hell of a lot that I don't want to talk about."

"Not for publication, of course —"

That loosened his tongue. "Not for publication," he said, "this is the first time in my life that I haven't felt confident about everything ahead. . . . The war may last years. It will give the flag-wavers and the A. F. of L. a chance to throw rocks at the I.W.W. That'll be sport for Gompers. . . . But what sickens me most is the way this country has been dragged in. There'll have to be conscription. Not enough men will volunteer to break up a *Sängerfest*. After that, bloody horrors enough to satisfy all the stay-at-home patriots. And it will be the blood of the workers."

Bill then held the highest office in the Industrial Workers of the World, that of secretary-treasurer. Immediately the attack on the I.W.W. commenced, and it went on for months—arrests, raids, tar and feathers, lynching, wholesale deportations. Thousands of members were jailed, and three groups of leaders were indicted for obstructing the war.

Once while Haywood and 100 others were on trial before Judge Landis, I had dinner with Bill at Hester's Fish Camp in South Water street. He was prophetic: "If the I.W.W. is ever wrecked, it will be from the inside; all of this can't touch us." That was a good quote-line, but it was akin to whistling in a grave-yard. There are some who contend that his prophecy was borne out, because the 1924 I.W.W. split was caused by internal dissension, but actually the organization was undermined by the war-trials. It held together an impressive front until all of its members imprisoned as political were freed in 1923; after that it was a gray ghost. Nowadays a few of the old crowd are trying manfully to rehabilitate the One Big Union, against great odds.

Talk ranged widely that night, but we kept off the war. Bill ate fried perch and French fried potatoes, and looked back across the years—to his boyhood in Salt Lake City, his life in Western gold and silver camps. He remembered men he worked with being beaten by thugs, murdered, killed in unsafe mines; troops sent in to defeat efforts to gain union recognition.

He compared some of the stool-pigeon witnesses against the I.W.W. with Harry Orchard, chief witness against him when he was tried in Boise for the killing of ex-Governor Steunenberg. "Orchard sat there," said Bill, "and boasted of a long string of murders—all, as he said, insti-

gated by Moyer, Pettibone, and myself. He confessed to so many blood-curdling crimes that he was beyond belief. . . . Never did Clarence Darrow rise to greater heights as a defender of labor than in my trial. I'll never forget the tones in his voice as he said to the jury, the prosecution, and the Mine Owners' Association: 'Don't be so foolish as to think you can strangle the Western Federation of Miners when you tie a rope around Haywood's neck. Don't be so blind in your madness as to believe that if you make three fresh new graves you will kill the labor movement of the world.'"

Bill told me that the news of the Chicago Haymarket riot first made him realize what was happening to American workers; he was then a boy working in a Nevada mine. Ironically enough, he remarked, his jail cell while he awaited trial a few weeks before faced into the courtway where the anarchists had stood on the gallows. "And I made friends there," he said, "with a man who keeps a tiny pie and tobacco store in two cells. His father was hanged in that jail by mistake: a little error of the law. He was a workingman, without money enough to fight the conviction."

I heard Haywood testify in the war trial. The courtroom was packed. He was on the stand four days, explaining the I.W.W.'s purposes, portraying labor's struggle as he had lived it. He pictured great wealth and desperate poverty in the world's richest land, showed that Negro slaves in the South were better off than modern wage slaves, cited the vast infant mortality due to underfed mothers. When the prosecution objected to photographs of industrial atrocities as gruesome, Bill answered that the facts themselves were gruesome.

On the evening when he had finished, he sat on the top step of the old-fashioned

dwelling then serving as the Wobbly Hall. Inside a dance was going on. A bright moon was shining. Across the way in a little park, an I.W.W. quartette was singing the Hawaiian farewell song, "Aloha Oe."

"Can you beat that?" said Bill. "Facing the pen and singing! Christ! Ain't it a wonderful night!"

On the day the defendants were sentenced I managed a few words with Bill; he was one of sixteen who drew the longest terms—twenty years. "A sadistic carnival for Landis," he said; "patriotism plus revenge for his having to miss so many ball-games."

Months later Bill and the others were released from Leavenworth on bail, pending a decision on their appeal. When a new trial was denied, they were ordered back to Leavenworth. I was at a farewell party for Bill in Greenwich Village; he was to return to Kansas next day. We all sympathized heartily with him, damning the war-makers, and pledging ourselves to an unremitting amnesty campaign. But he did not go back to his cell. A move was made to carry the appeal to the United States Supreme Court, and that failing, Bill slipped away to Russia in the Spring, being assured by Communists in New York that their party would make good his \$15,000 bond. His friends easily convinced him that he was needed in Russia, that there was big work for him to do there. He was reminded that his health was bad, and that to return to prison would be a death sentence.

But the Communists never made his bond good, and the I.W.W. had to meet the obligation. Bill's departure was defended by his champions on the ground that a revolutionist is justified in beating the System in any way that he can; if his head is in a noose he must squirm out if

possible, and preserve himself to carry on the fight.

Disillusion was his lot in Russia, in the seven years until he died in 1928. He had small standing in Soviet councils, and he was shushed by Lenin and Trotzky when he protested at the 1921 Red International Congress against a resolution calling for "liquidation" of the I.W.W. and the other militant minority labor organizations in the United States by Communist forces. Emma Goldman laments that he let himself be persuaded to vote for that resolution.

Bill married a Russian girl, lectured on American industrial conditions, had a hand in the Kuzbas project in Siberia, which provided for importing American workers to operate industries and cultivate farms, and found his Kuzbas contract impossible to fulfill. . . . Here was the revolution, mighty, irrevocable, making the nations tremble. But the time had come for engineers and technicians, and Bill was neither. He did not fit in.

III

Odyssey of a Wop

Months before death's hand had touched him I conversed long with Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the ancient Charlestown prison. He was thirty-two then, but seemed vastly older, as if darkened and aged by fire.

He had not yet been tried for the South Braintree murders, but was serving twelve years for the Bridgewater payroll holdup. With sardonic humor he mentioned the boy who had identified him as the shot-gun man from a distance of 145 feet—"I knew he was a foreigner by the way he ran."

I sought facts about his youth in Italy and his early years in the States. For a

handful of us then believed optimistically that if we could disseminate widely all the truth about Sacco and Vanzetti we could save them from the electric chair.

He was a prize scholar in the Catholic school in his native town in Northern Italy; pious, ready to fight for his religion. At thirteen his father apprenticed him to a baker in a city. Fifteen hours a day, seven days a week, for twenty months. Other cities, other bakeries. Toil and bad air wrecked his health. "I begin to think then," he said. "I get new ideas, and become a Socialist. When I am nineteen years old my mother died. I loved her most. I could stay no more in Italy."

He had heard rosy legends about this Republic—a free country, plenty of work, large wages, fine climate. So he came here in 1908, expecting a welcome, but found the government officials in New York rough and overbearing. . . . A townsman who was chef in a club got him a job as a dishwasher. "I work many hours, with little rest," Vanzetti recalled. "We have attic room, very hot; insects buzz, no sleep; many nights I escape to the park."

Soon there was no work. "Three months I walked New York its whole length and breadth." He learned to line his clothes with newspapers when he slept outdoors in cold weather. He saw men farther down fumble in garbage cans for cabbage-leaves and half-rotten apples. "I got very discouraged."

After New York, stone quarry jobs in Connecticut; railroad construction in Massachusetts, labor on an aqueduct, in an iron foundry, in a cordage factory. Hard work, long hours, low pay. "Always, everywhere, I read books about labor, about history and science. Books are harbor for me in storm." All this he related simply. The grim walls enclosing us were forgotten; he was tracing for me the tangled path

of a wop laborer's weary Odyssey. For eleven years he had known the rocky road and the treadmill, broken shoes, caloused hands; he had felt the withering contempt of the old Yankee stock for the newer alien. "But," he said, "I could not turn back."

Nineteen twelve found him active in strikes, Nicola Sacco likewise; Sacco also had come to the States in 1908, to Boston, had labored variously in New England, and had known hunger there. They were branded as agitators, blacklisted. . . .

With shame Vanzetti remembered the night of their arrest in Brockton. "The police ask many questions: 'Are you anarchist? Are you Socialist? Are you I.W.W.?' Nobody say that night we are bandits. Later they ask about hold-ups. Witnesses come and look. Police say: 'This is Vanzetti; this is Sacco; see, they are dark Italians like the hold-ups.' They say, 'Crouch down like a bandit,' and we do this because we do not know our rights.

"I have never hurt any living creature. Why should I kill? I did not need money. When those crimes were done I had a business in Plymouth. I was almost happy, with a little fish store I had bought for love of independence. Always I am for peace, for kindness. If I were greedy, or lazy, I could live good without work. My father would have me oversee his land, if I would go back to Italy when I am free."

But that Summer, as the trial progressed in Dedham, with Judge Thayer reminding the jury how Our Boys had done their duty "on the blood-stained fields of France", Vanzetti lost hope of going free. Day after day I watched his face from the press-table; ineffable sadness was written there. Only once did his composure desert him, as he cried out to a witness, "You're a liar!"

That last terrible night, when the verdict of guilty was brought in, I stood close to the defendants' cage. Sacco cried out, "*Sono innocente!*" But Vanzetti spoke quietly. "They kill innocent men," he said.

IV

When Terror Ruled Chicago

Lucy Parsons is the widow of one of the Chicago anarchists who were hanged in 1887 for the bombing near the Haymarket. All these years she has been striving to vindicate their memory. Until 1922 she traveled about the country lecturing, but this had to stop because her sight was failing. Since then she has gone on with the speaking in Chicago.

Invariably dressed in red, she is a familiar figure at labor conclaves, in open forums, and wherever working people gather to discuss their wrongs. She has never ceased excoriating those who sent the four anarchists to the scaffold—the venomous Judge J. E. Gary, Police Captain Bonfield, the hand-picked jurors; Melville E. Stone, who wrote the coroner's verdict though he was not a member of the inquest jury; and the other newspaper editors who colored the news to turn public opinion against the accused.

One evening in Chicago she told me the story of the Haymarket tragedy as she knows it. We were in her neat old-fashioned flat on the West Side. Photographs taken in her youth show Lucy Parsons as a dark beauty; Spanish and Aztec blood flow in her veins. Gray now, she has beauty still.

On the night of May 4, 1886, came the climax of a desperate struggle to establish the eight-hour day in the Illinois metropolis. A group of anarchists including Albert Parsons held a mass-meeting in Desplaines

street, half a block from Haymarket square, to denounce the killing on the previous day of six workers by policemen who had fired on men locked out of the McCormick harvester works. Parsons was then editor of a propaganda paper called the *Alarm*. Mayor Carter Harrison Sr. attended the gathering, and testified subsequently to its orderliness. Rain drops began to fall, and the mayor and two-thirds of the crowd left. Immediately 200 policemen headed by Captain Bonfield appeared and ordered the meeting to disperse. At this point a bomb was thrown. It killed seven policemen and injured sixty persons. Who threw that bomb was never shown.

"The rain drops came just after my husband had finished speaking," Lucy Parsons related. "He tugged at Samuel Fielden's coat-tails, and suggested that the meeting be adjourned. Fielden said he wanted to say just a few more things. We then went to Zepf's Hall, a beer-garden and meeting place in Lake street, a half block north. There we joined friends at a table. Soon our talk was interrupted by a great detonation nearby. There was something ominous about that sound; it turned me cold. We all became silent and looked at one another wonderingly. My first thought was that soldiers had been brought in, and were using cannon against the workers. But there was only that one blast.

"One of our comrades hurried in. He spoke in low tones to Mr. Parsons: 'They're arresting everybody in sight. Better get out of town.' My husband turned to me. 'Go ahead,' I said.

"I didn't wait to find out what had happened. For a long time the officers had been inhumanly brutal to the workers at every opportunity, and I knew it was wise to leave the neighborhood. I heard shouting and turmoil in Desplaines street, and got away from there as fast as I could.

"Our home was then on Fifth avenue, now Wells street. As I crossed the Milwaukee avenue viaduct, two men passed. One said: 'I wonder if that's one of the bomb-throwers.' That puzzled me. Strangely, I didn't connect the idea with the detonation I had heard while in Zepf's. I went to bed, anxious, but glad that Mr. Parsons had left town.

"Not until morning did I learn what had happened. Newsboys were shouting it on every corner. The police came and questioned me, insolently, accusingly. They raided workingmen's headquarters and homes, arrested thousands of men and women connected with the eight-hour day movement, third-degreed numberless innocent people. And day after day the newspapers printed lies about it all—whipping the public fears into flames of hatred."

Weeks passed, and the police could not find Parsons, who had been indicted with others picked from among those in custody. Disguised, he was working as a carpenter in a Wisconsin town. But on the day the trial opened he walked into court to be tried with his seven comrades. Convicted by a sure-fire jury on circumstantial evidence, with the judge leaning backward to favor the prosecution, Parsons and six others were sentenced to be hanged, the eighth getting fifteen years in prison. Governor Oglesby would have commuted his sentence to life-imprisonment if Parsons had been willing to ask for commutation. Louis Lingg died horribly in his cell; was said by the police to have exploded a bomb in his mouth. Oglesby commuted the sentences of Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab to life terms, but let Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel go to the gallows.

As the execution day approached, Chicago was virtually in a state of martial law. Several militia regiments, with cannon,

were camped near the City Hall. The whole city was tense. Wild rumors circulated, the police "discovered" numerous bombs, the public was panicky with fear. Afterward it developed that Police Captain Shaack "wanted bombs to be found everywhere" because it meant glory for him.

Some of the women relatives of the condemned men were admitted to the jail on the eve of the hanging for a few seconds of agonized parting. They had waited outside all day. Lucy Parsons was denied admission.

"In the morning I went again, with our two children and a woman friend," she said. "I wanted the children to have their father's blessing. But we could not get within a block of the jail. A great cordon of police armed with Winchester rifles kept everyone away; the newspapers had printed baseless tales of a rescue plan. To one policeman after another I appealed for a last word with my husband. They were obdurate and ugly. Finally one of them said, 'Come around the corner and I'll let you in.' We followed him trustingly. But he had lied. In a moment we were hustled into a patrol wagon and hurried to a station-house, where we were stripped naked, searched, and locked up until three that afternoon. The executions took place at noon. Most of the police were drunk; it was a day of celebration for them.

"The hangmen worked swiftly, the rope cutting off our comrades' last words. Chicago's organized passion killed four human beings that day, but it could not kill the movement for the eight-hour day."

She took from a portfolio a yellowed newspaper clipping, and handed it to me; a news story published locally on an anniversary of the hangings. "Five Haymarket jurors died in insane asylums," the headline read. She made no comment.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Language

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE IN THE UNITED STATES¹

BY H. B. WELLS

IT is commonly assumed that there are great numbers of Russians in this country, and it is true that many millions of immigrants came to the United States from the Russian Empire between 1890 and 1910. Most of these, however, were Jews, principally Yiddish-speaking, though some of them spoke Russian as their native tongue; many of the remainder were Poles, who of course do not permit themselves to be confused with Russians of any sort. Only a minority were really Russian, Ukrainian, or Ruthenian Christians. Even of these, during the pre-war period, the Ukrainians and Ruthenians were the more numerous.

Since they had been prevented from using their own regional branches of the Russian language while still within the Empire, it was natural that upon arriving in this country they should throw overboard all their artificial allegiance to Great Russian. For this reason the Ukrainians and Ruthenians in the United States use

¹In the system of transliteration adopted for this article, the vowels *a*, *é*, *i*, *o*, and *u* have the Continental values; *e* has the sound of *ye* in *yes*, and *y* is always a vowel, its sound resembling that of *i* in *hit*. *j* has the value of English *y*: thus *aj* equals *i* as in *fight*. *Ij* and *yj* are the same as *i* and *y* respectively, but longer. *L'* is the soft (palatalized) Continental *l*; *l'* (palatalized *l*) is a sound halfway between *t* and *ch*. *Zh* is the French *j*, or English *z*, as in *azure*; *dzh* is the English *j*. *Sh* and *ch* are pronounced as in English. *Kh* (unvoiced palatal fricative, never guttural) is somewhat like the German *ch* as in *ich*. The remaining letters are pronounced as in English.

it neither in their press nor in their conversation, but because their languages are so intimately related to Great Russian I have chosen, without too great a strain on fact, to treat them as coming under the general classification of Russian.

The fact that only a few decades have passed since these immigrants began to arrive in this country has not deterred them from adopting many appalling Americanisms. The barrier of a different alphabet prevents the introduction of great numbers of borrowed words into their newspapers. Yet even here the surrounding influence of English shows itself in the greatly increased use of good Russian words of English origin, such as *lider* (leader) and *bil* (a legislative bill). Many words, particularly verbs, of Latin derivation are used with far greater frequency than in Russia, and sometimes practically displace the synonymous words of purely Slavic antecedents. For example, *importirovat'* and *eksportirovat'* contend with *vvozit'* and *vyvozit'* for the privilege of representing to import and to export; *annonsirovat'* and *objavljat'* represent to announce; and *registrirovat'* and *zapisat'sja* represent to register, to sign up. Such a combination as *annulirovat' naturalizatsionnye sertifikaty* (to annul naturalization certificates) would be rare, to say the least, in Russia, though the writer has here obviously struggled for correctness; otherwise he would have written *sertifikejty* instead of *sertifikaty*.

Since in conversational speech the difference between the two alphabets plays no part, the imagination of the Russian-

American is here left unchecked. If uneducated, he borrows freely and almost unconsciously, but if educated he seldom uses English words voluntarily save with humorous intent. But educated or not, he is unable to preserve his speech from corruption, for many of his borrowings are so necessary to the expression of purely American conceptions that he would be seriously hampered if he renounced them.

The Russian-American New Yorker lives *v optaune* (in the uptown), but has a *dauntaun ofis* (downtown office). His apartment is on the *topnyj flor* (top floor) of a *desjat'famil'nyj dom* (ten-family house) at *67 Vest 123 strit, ist of Brodvej* (67 West 123rd street, East of Broadway). There is an *élevator* in the building. The apartment is very *ap tu dejt* (up to date)—it is furnished with *rejdiejtory* (radiators) and a *refridzhirejtor* (refrigerator). Several of the rooms have *okna na front* (windows on the front); these he calls *frontovye komnaty* (front rooms). In the living-room there is a *vik* or *viktrola* (phonograph), and in the kitchen a *garbich kén* (garbage can).

On the same *blok* (block) are a *groseri stor*, a *stejshoneri stor*, a *dregstor* (grocery store, stationery store, drugstore), and a *sténd* (stand) where he buys his morning paper—the *Russkij Golos* or the *Novoje Russkoje Slovo*, depending on his politics. In the *bejsment* (basement) of the building where he lives there is a *spikizi* (speak-easy) or *salun* (saloon), where he drops in when he wants to *imet' gud tajm* (have a good time). The proprietors get their liquor from a *buttleger* (bootlegger) who is also a *gengster* (gangster), and the *polis-men* (policeman) on the beat must be fixed.

The Russian's wife is also quite *ap tu dejt*. When she wants to *imet' ljonch* or *ljonchevat'* (have lunch), she calls up an-

other *lédi* (lady) and they go to the *dregstor* and consume *séndvichi* (sandwiches), *kejķ* (cake), and *ajsķrim* (ice cream); smoking *sigarety* (cigarettes) furiously the while and discussing the cost of *potata* (potatoes, neuter plural) per *bushel'* and whether to *muvoovat'* (move) in view of the unsuitability of the neighborhood. She boasts of her *boj* (boy) in *ķhaj-ķkul* (high-school) who plays football and made a *tochdaun* (touchdown) last Thanksgiving Day; but who is nevertheless distraught because he has had a *fajt* (fight) with his *giorla* (girl). The *giorla* is *ķu-ķu* (cuckoo) anyway, and the mother thinks of advising her son not to mix himself up in any *monķi biznes* (monkey business).

Her husband, when he leaves for his *biznes* in the morning, takes the *élevejted* or *L* (elevated), or else the *sobvej* (subway), paying a *niķel'* (nickel) in either case. If he takes the *sobvej*, he changes to a *ķross-taun shottl' trejn* (cross-town shuttle train) at Times Square, to an express at Grand Central, and a *loķal'* (local) at 14th street. He is in the *ril istejt biznes* (real estate business); often he must call on a *lojer* (lawyer) to see about a *bilding permit* (building permit) or to swear out an *affidejvit* (affidavit). As a *sejlesmen* (salesman) he frequently takes a customer to see a *lot* on the Jersey side, crossing on the *feri* (ferry).

On the 1, 2, or 3-*akrovij lot* (1, 2, or 3-acre lot) a *bom* (bum) approaches them and asks whether they know where he can find a *dzhab* (job); this leads to a discussion of the *dol'* (dole) and the *junion* (union), but both agent and prospect doubt that such *stjupid i igrorent pipl'* (stupid and ignorant people) would come to any good, no matter what might be done for them. They sigh, wish *prosperiti* were back, and talk over their terms. The Russian says the *lot* is a *bargejn* (bargain),

and offers a good *morgedzh* or *morgich* (mortgage). The prospect says *okéj* (O.K.) and they return to the *ofis*.

In the evening the Russian comes back to his *flét* (flat). Things are looking up; he has made a sale and his *shery* (shares) of stock are rising. He has a bad tooth, but he will have an *éksrej* (x-ray) made. This evening he owes himself a little entertainment. Shall he go to the St. Nicholas Rink, buy a *ringsajd sit* (ringside seat), and watch Kirilenko and Zarynov try out *flejng tékli* (flying tackles) and *khéd loksy* (head locks) on each other? or to a *burlesk*, or maybe to a *dans khol* (dance hall)?

His wife might have something to say about that. Perhaps he had better take her to a *muvi* (movie) if there is anything worth while on the *skrin* (screen). After all, if they don't decide to go into the country for the *vik-énd* (week-end), he has promised to take her to "*Pechal' Stanovitsja Élektroj*" (Mourning Becomes, i.e., turns into, Elektra); so she shouldn't kick.

He has a *kara* (car) and the way it eats up *gazolin* (gasoline) and *ojl* (oil) is frightful; you'd think he was driving a *trok* (truck). A dark interlude in his life was the time he had a run-in with a *kop* (cop); he was driving through a *uan-vej strit* (one-way street) in the wrong direction, and was exceeding the *spidlimit* (speed limit). Moreover, he had left his *lajsens* (license) at home on the piano. The *kop* gave him a *tiket* (ticket), but he didn't have to go to *dzhejl* (jail); he got off with a *fajn* (fine), but of course some *reporter* put it in the paper.

Plurals are formed either regularly or by the insertion of the English *s* before the most frequent Russian plural termination *-y*. Thus *chil'dreny*, *chil'drensy*, or even *chil'drentsy sikujut* (the children are sick). The American *l*, which is very close

to the Russian hard *l*, is still often represented by the soft continental *l'*, which is customary in Russian transliterations of English, French, and German words, but our *h* is much more often represented by *kh* (*khól*, *khéd lok*, *khaj skul*) than by the Russian *g*, as would be customary in Russia. (The *g*—Greek gamma—is pronounced as *h* by most South Russians and all Ukrainians; the sound *h* does not appear in North Russian, the principal literary dialect.)

I have heard *okolo dorogi* (a literal translation) used for "by the way", properly *kstati* or *mezhdú prochim*. *Shpelirovat'* (to spell) had to be invented; correct Russian can say only "to write correctly". *Aktsija*, which is the Russian word for a share of stock, is sometimes used in this country in the sense of *postupok* (an action). *Farma*, with its necessary adjunct *farmer*, replaces the infrequent *ferma* of French origin for farm. *Armistis* (armistice) replaces *peremirie*; *téksido* (tuxedo) replaces *smoking*; *tennisnyj kort* (tennis court) replaces *tennisnaja ploschadka*. *Modernyj* (modern), even in old Russia a common name for motion picture theaters, but never correctly used as an adjective, is sometimes substituted for *souremennyj* and *novejsij*. But *domping* (dumping), *kornkab* (corn cob pipe), and *monej order* (money order), like most of the words used by the Russian-American, are new.

Russians err most frequently in using translations of English expressions employing *had*, *made*, and *got* instead of the less simple correct forms. Such are, for example, *on imel gud tajm* (he had a good time), *on imel zavtrak* (he had breakfast), *on sdelal séndvich* (he made a sandwich), *on sdelal 30 mil'* (he made 30 miles), *ja poluchil tiket* (I got a ticket). Russians often say *O, ja vizhu* for Oh, I see! Correctly *O* is used only in poetical invoca-

tion, and its use in conversation was formerly one of the surest signs of an Englishman or an American speaking Russian. *Ja vizhu* was also once the mark of an English-speaking person. A Russian uncorrupted by English influences would say *Akh, ja ponimaju!* (Ah, I understand!)

It should be noted that this stock of borrowings is generally accepted also in the closely related Ukrainian and Ruthenian languages as spoken in America, though of course these words in that case are

spelled somewhat differently when they appear in print. Ukrainian, particularly as spoken around Winnipeg, has a very extended agricultural vocabulary from the English, but I have noticed only one remark in Ukrainian which showed distinct individuality and even audacity: *Koman, tut je horlatso hardogiv, chip, tyl'ko niklja.* (Come on, here are whole lots of hot dogs, cheap, only a nickel.) But this is hardly Ukrainian—it would be better described as the missing link.

Pathology

THE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO SMOKING

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

SOME years ago I became interested in the effect of tobacco on the blood-pressure, largely because of the widely different opinions expressed by various authorities. In an effort to settle the question for myself I began recording the blood-pressure of all the adult white male non-smokers I could find, and comparing their records with those of an equal number of smokers. After more than two years' effort, I had 150 of each, so uniformly distributed as to age that there were at least twenty in each decade from twenty to sixty, and above sixty. All of them, so far as I could tell, were free from any acute disease, valvular heart disease, syphilis, tuberculosis or deformity.

As I have never smoked myself, and yet live in a city built primarily upon the tobacco industry, I have at least some claims to impartiality. In making up the two groups, I tried to be as absolutely fair to both sides as possible. Only those were listed who smoked regularly, or not at all. The men who smoked two or three times a week were not counted either way.

I found that with almost identical ages—42.63 years for the smokers and 42.41 for the non-smokers—there was only a negligible difference in the average blood-pressures for the two groups: for the smokers, 128.23 systolic and 78.87 diastolic, against 129.64 systolic and 79.23 diastolic, for the non-smokers.¹

While the study was begun primarily to determine the effect of smoking on the blood-pressure, a number of other observations were made incidentally. One of the most interesting contradicts the popular idea that smoking will keep the weight down. In my series, while the heights tallied almost exactly—69.24 inches for the smokers, and 69.23 for the non-smokers—the average smoker was more than three pounds heavier than the non-smoker—164.4 against 161.08 pounds.

Another study concerned the tobacco habit as a factor in angina pectoris. Most authorities take it for granted that tobacco is a potent cause of this malady, and advise its withdrawal as part of the treatment. In

¹ It is perhaps elementary to say that the systolic pressure is recorded as the heart contracts, the diastolic as it relaxes. While the systolic is the one usually given, the diastolic is perhaps the more important, as representing the minimum load against which the heart must work.

order to determine, if possible, just what proportion of angina victims are smokers, I have collected all possible fatal cases of this disease, and divided them according to their tobacco habits. Altogether, I have data on sixty fatal cases. Since they were fatal, it may be assumed that they were genuine. Women have not been included, for the reason that the proportion of women smokers in the older generation is small.

Of these sixty cases, forty-two, or 70%, were smokers, who died at an average age of 61.31 years; eighteen, or 30%, were non-smokers, whose average was 62.5 years. As seven-tenths of these men were smokers, it would appear at first glance that tobacco does play a part in causing the disease. In order to get some sort of control group for comparison, I chose the method of listing from my telephone directory the first two hundred men whose habits I knew. Of these, 168, or 84%, smoked. Then I asked friends in four other North Carolina cities to do the same thing. Of the thousand men thus tabulated, 818, or 81.8%, smoked. Comparing the proportion of smokers among angina victims—70%—with that among the male population of the State in normal health—81.8%—it would seem that smoking confers a slight immunity against angina. I think, however, that the proportion of smokers is rather higher among the younger men, which would explain the apparently favorable showing made by the older smokers in the angina list. While figures are deceptive, it would seem that in this most distressing form of heart disease, tobacco surely does not play the part of the villain it is usually reckoned to be.

It is interesting to note here that Sir Armand Marc Ruffer, in dissecting a number of Egyptian mummies, found arteriosclerosis as common among them as

among Europeans of today. He remarks that whatever it was due to, it was not due to tobacco.

It is only fair to say, however, that now and then a physician encounters an individual in whom immoderate smoking seems to cause painful attacks resembling angina, and that the patient is relieved upon giving up the habit. Personally, I have had one such case—a man who was having angina-like pains almost daily, who was relieved within three months after giving up tobacco, and has had no recurrence for four years.

The statement is often made that the blood pressure rises immediately after smoking, and a most plausible explanation of the habit has been constructed upon this belief. It is argued that when an individual once smokes, this rise of pressure produces an exhilarating effect. When the pressure falls, the feeling of depression that ensues demands another smoke to boost it again, and so a vicious circle is established.

But in a series of twenty individuals tested, I found that five of them showed no change at all, but that the others showed a *fall* in systolic pressure of from four to fourteen points, and in diastolic of from two to twelve points. The average drop for the whole group was 4.9 systolic, 3.4 diastolic. The group included cigarette, pipe, and cigar smokers, the form in which tobacco was used apparently making little difference in the results. When one considers that smoking in the average individual has a soothing effect, is it not natural to suppose that the relaxation produced would bring about a slightly lower rather than a higher pressure?

A phase of tobacco smoking worthy of more than passing notice is its effect upon women. Direful predictions and melancholy statements have been made about

the effect of maternal smoking upon the offspring. One physician once went so far as to object to the father's smoking in the presence of his wife during pregnancy and the nursing period, lest she absorb enough nicotine to affect the baby unfavorably. A year or so ago a small sensation was created by a statement issued by an anti-cigarette conference to the effect that there were forty babies in one ward of a New York maternity hospital suffering from tobacco heart caused by the cigarette smoking of their mothers. In the same publication, three months previously, was a statement attributed to a Dr. Charles D. Barber that "sixty per cent of all babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers die before they reach the age of two, due primarily to nicotine poisoning." Yet in the most extensive research of the tobacco habit ever undertaken, Professor Schrumpf-Pierron sets forth the conclusion that "smoking . . . by women has no apparent effect over the functions of the genital system."

My own experience is too limited to be worth much, though I know of several women who smoked freely through pregnancy and afterwards, yet nursed their babies successfully for several months. One was the mother of three splendid specimens. I have no statistics available, but my impression—perhaps a dangerous guide to follow when accuracy is wanted—is that the proportion of smoking women who nurse their babies is smaller than of non-smokers; that smoking in itself is not responsible, but that nowadays women smokers are apt to be society devotees, who have neither time nor inclination to nurse their offspring. Another impression, which is also without positive proof, is that women are more apt to go to excess in smoking than men.

Dr. M. J. Chiasson, of Lyons, Ill., has

given me permission to quote from a personal letter which contains some interesting data. It was written to me after the publication of an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in which I admitted to having little first-hand information on the subject. He says:

My people migrated from the coast of Normandy in the early part of the Seventeenth Century to what is now known as Nova Scotia. . . . My paternal grandmother had seventeen children and my maternal grandmother twelve. All the children were healthy, physically and mentally. Practically all the women of that generation smoked and had large families.

My mother has been smoking since she was a girl. She will be eighty years old next Winter. She had fifteen children; nursed every one of them and reared twelve, all of whom are living and well. The fact that both my father and my mother were heavy smokers did not impair the physical and mental faculties of any of the children . . .

All of my mother's sisters smoked. They were five. Each had a large family, ranging from eight to fourteen. They all nursed their children. In fact, it was a rare thing to see a woman of French origin who did not smoke, and as for an artificial nursing bottle, it was unknown among them.

These women were not the type of women pipe-smokers that one meets among the poor class of Americans. They were bright, alert, hard-working, thrifty, commanded the respect of their children and taught them to be self-reliant, honest, and charitable toward their fellow-men.

The effect of tobacco upon the digestive apparatus of a novice is too well-known to need description. But after tolerance is thoroughly established, so far as I can learn, its effect is slight, if any. The prevalent belief that it interferes with the appetite, and thus keeps the weight down, has already been discussed.

Another popular belief is that tobacco has a laxative effect. Of fifty individuals questioned concerning this, thirty-five

thought that it had no effect; eleven thought it slightly laxative, and four thought it constipating. Most of these men were physicians, who should naturally be observant. It is interesting that one of those who found tobacco laxative also said that it stimulated his appetite.

As to its effect upon the nervous system, I am inclined to believe that the average highly nervous individual smokes to excess because he is nervous, rather than that he is nervous because he smokes to excess. Upon the average man the effect of a smoke seems to be more soothing than stimulating.

Dr. Emil Bogen of Cincinnati has done some very interesting work on the chemistry of tobacco smoke. He found that the smoke given off from the burning end of a cigarette—the so-called side-stream—is more irritating than the main-stream smoke drawn into the smoker's mouth, so that an innocent bystander is apt to suffer more discomfort than a smoker. The most practical of his observations are that the faster a cigarette is smoked, the more nicotine is absorbed; and that the nicotine becomes more and more concentrated toward the end, so that if a smoker discards the last third of a cigarette, he escapes perhaps nine-tenths of the nicotine.

As a result of more than three years' clinical study of tobacco-smoking—admitting all the ignorance possible on the laboratory side of the question—I am convinced that its chief effect is a local one, exerted upon the mucous membrane of the pharynx, less frequently upon the larynx and windpipe, and exceptionally on the bronchi. Most inveterate smokers show some congestion of the pharynx, and many either clear the throat or cough habitually,

regardless of the brand of tobacco smoked. But that this irritation seldom if ever affects the lungs, and that there is little foundation for the once-popular belief that smoking predisposes to tuberculosis is evidenced by the fact that coincident with the tremendous increase in the use of tobacco during the past ten or fifteen years, there has been an equally striking decrease in the occurrence of tuberculosis.

It is true that in contrast to the decline of tuberculosis generally, there has been an increase in its occurrence among young women from fifteen to twenty-five, and that such an eminent authority as Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf attributes it largely to the increase in smoking among them. But he gives as other causes the fad of dieting to keep thin, the scarcity of clothing worn, and "too much night life combined with the drinking of bad liquor." To the physician who has to argue in vain against the idiotic fad of deliberate starvation, it would seem unnecessary to look for any other cause.

My friend Dr. John Berry made an interesting observation during the World War. Of 1768 American soldiers sent to him in France suffering from pulmonary physical disability, most of whom were tuberculous, 532, or a fraction more than 30 per cent, did not smoke. Assuming the present ratio of about 82 per cent of smokers to have held good during the war—and I am assured it was no less than that—it does not seem that tobacco played much part in pulmonary tuberculosis among these soldiers.

As the conclusion of the whole matter, there is little real evidence that smoking in moderation has any seriously harmful effect upon the average individual.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BARD

BY HAZELTON SPENCER

WHEN Vachel Lindsay died last December, worn out by the economic necessity of reciting "The Congo" to the nation's high-school kids, candidates for the bachelor's degree, and the nice boring people who frequent poetry societies, the American scene became the poorer, both as a show and in the loss of its chief poetical interpreter since Whitman. That is not saying that Lindsay was the greatest performer since Whitman, though I think he was. You can't rank the Twentieth Century Americans by a vertical scale unless you graduate it according to some definite conception of what you want from an American poet. We have with us always the dulcet warblers in Israel, the amiable obligers with epics by special request, the acidulous etchers, the stuntists, and, least deserving of respectful mention, the super-orthodox academic tortoises inching along well-worn trails. Trail-breakers and national star-reporters are not so common.

After the disappearance of Whitman and the New Englanders, American poetry lay in the doldrums. Lindsay had begun to write before the turn of the century, but no one knew about him or had heard of a New Poetry Movement till Harriet Monroe printed "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" in *Poetry* for January, 1913. Then we learned that a new wind was blowing, and that one poet at least had been swept into an unploughed sea. Lindsay was the first to feel

the breeze coming—that is a mere matter of dates—and as soon as he sniffed it he cracked on all sail. Of all the captains of the New Poetry Movement he was the real "driver" from first to last. Since that group revitalized the whole of American letters and gave our poetry the second of its great epochs—second chronologically but by no means certainly second in artistic achievement or social significance—his passing requires a salute from all who care about American art.

Lindsay's training for his unique function in the life of the Republic was not consciously undertaken with a poetic career in view. His suffering parents had little sympathy with his juvenile inclinations to artistic expression, which were at first directed less toward poetry than toward drawing, design, and painting—he studied at the Chicago Art Institute and later with Henri in New York. Still less were they pleased by his outspoken contempt for the smugly "Christian" and *bourgeois* standards of the Illinois town in which he was born and reared. The lover of Lindsay's verse who is unwise enough to visit Springfield will find the usual congeries of genially predatory State politicians, which gives it a slightly tarter flavor than most of the Main Streets, and there is of course the ever-green and ever-growing Lincoln legend there; but he will not be arrested by visible tokens of the reasons why Lindsay could write such lines as

Let not our town be large, remembering
 That little Athens was the Muses' home,
 That Oxford rules the heart of London
 still,
 That Florence gave the Renaissance to
 Rome.

The mere juxtaposition of this prairie capital with those imperishable names has a grotesque effect on the visitor, till he recalls that Lindsay was a prophet and a bard, as critical in his way of the civilization that produced him as Sinclair Lewis has been in his. I am writing of Lindsay as I knew him and as he poured out his heart in numberless confidences which I have no intention of violating, at any rate not yet. But for anyone who can keep his feet against the knockdown surge of Lindsay's rhythms and the dazzling torrent of his imagery and allusions, his critical point of view is implicit in the poems.

II

Emerson thought of poets in two great classes, the versifiers and the bards. "For it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem—a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own and adorns nature with a new thing."

Poe belongs with the former group, a magical spinner of shining and multicolored yarns, an artist in the sense that a versatile and infallible juggler is an artist, or a pitcher like Walter Johnson in his prime. Emerson and Whitman were bardic. That is why Emerson was one of the first to hail "Leaves of Grass." The dramatic poets, like Chaucer and Shakespeare, are not amenable to this classification because objectivity is indispensable to the painter who wants to fill a large canvas with sharply distinguished characters. But Mil-

ton was a bard and so was Wordsworth, and Browning, who, for all his powers of characterization, lacked the dramatist's detachment.

Now, you will not find in American poetry anything more stinging than "If the Red Slayer Think He Slays" or "Voluntaries," or more musical than "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"; but mere excitation or music-making is not enough to satisfy man's deepest poetic need. If it were, Herrick might stand beside Shelley, and "Helen, Thy Beauty Is to Me" or "Tears, Idle Tears" might be taken for great poetry. Sheer music-making is done better by the musicians than by the poets, just as opera handles romance on the stage better than drama does.

But the converse is also true. Does anyone seriously suppose that the finest measure in Beethoven, while it may move more people than, say, the final speech of the "Ædipos Tyrannos", can possibly move any one person as deeply as the most terrible speech of Sophocles, spoken at the close of a perfect production of the play, can move a thoroughly sensitive spectator? Both expressions, as sound and as exaltation, are titanic. But the summation of the greatest of all plays is charged with *thought*, to which even the most lofty page of pure music can never aspire. The intrinsic emotional content of both may be equal. But, in the case of the drama, as soon as thought comes into play the emotion is intensified to a point music cannot reach.

Moreover, the greatest poetry does not stop there:

Unless to thought be added will,
 Apollo is an imbecile.

Thus Emerson, who was capable of incredible cacophony, but smote the bard's harp, not the lute, though he could subdue the former, on rare occasions, to a fine

lyricism. It is not, then, their great lyric gifts alone that make his poetry and Whitman's so rich. There is a resistless power in it that sweeps us along with them because they are noble chanters much more than they are sweet singers. Where most poets tickle the ear pleasantly, they frequently stun, not always pleasantly, by the impact of their thought-laden, passion-driven lines. Their best stuff leaves you breathless and weak. Who drinks them burns his throat. The difference between Whitman at his best and Tennyson at his best is the difference between a shot of pre-War Haig and Haig and a perfectly engineered vanilla ice-cream soda.

Lindsay clearly belongs with Emerson and Whitman. None of his contemporaries, not even Yeats and Masefield, could write occasional single lines of more ravishing beauty than the poet of "The Chinese Nightingale," although so dominated were most of his readers and still more his auditors by the terrific vitality and racket of the great set-pieces that the more decorous poems were often ignored. If it is the sweet singers who give you chills up and down your spine (to borrow the æsthetic yardstick of the new chairman of the Metropolitan Opera), if you prefer the tootling flute, with Mr. Barrère most exquisitely and commendably kissing an air of Gluck (or Massenet) through his whiskers, to the full orchestra thundering Beethoven or Brahms, if you put Longfellow before Emerson, a Poe before a Whitman, you can find much in Lindsay that will please you but you are not likely to perceive that the charming little lyrics you approve of are quite of a piece with "Bryan, Bryan," "The Santa-Fé Trail," and "The Kallyope Yell." And you will certainly be disconcerted by the blunders that no one who loved the man this side idolatry would wisely attempt to explain away.

The major poets have to be forgiven appalling errors which the cautious minors never make. The man who lives or composes in constant apprehension of committing a breach of good taste may succeed in going to his grave with impeccable correctness or in writing a shelf of flawless verse. But he is not likely to have a very rich life; and, though his books may win him an honorable place as a minor poet, he will never be a great poet. It is desirable to revert to these truisms—they have been recognized as such since the days of Longinus—in reviewing the work of Vachel Lindsay. To the genuine bard every fragment of his art is a piece of his thought—even by-products are sparks from what Emerson called "the burning core below." To you or me they may seem ashes; we may wish the volcano had never spewed them up; we may even applaud the shivering rhymster who, standing at his domestic hearth, but more conscious of his audience than burning with his Idea, exhibits his artistic conscience and social tact by giving such productions to the only flame they have ever known.

God forbid that I should seem to insist on anyone's printing anything, to say nothing of everything. I am describing, not what ought to be, but what has been and is. A poet's poems are like an ordinary man's children: to hear a reflection on even the least attractive is unutterably wounding. There is much to be said for the craftsman who destroys an imperfect thing. But a reputation that rests more on the rejection of the imperfect than on the forthright, even if occasional and uneven, creation of the sublime, while it is one that merely talented men must rest content with, is not, in the eyes of an authentic artist, a reputation very much worth having. God is doubtless comforted by this reflection as He surveys the world He

made. But the mortal artists whom I have observed at close range do not appear to derive much solace from it.

I heard once of a poet who boasted of the reams of never-to-be-published poetry that had gone up his study's fireplace. And a good thing too, no doubt. But he did not realize that he was giving his game away. Unfortunately, but in fact, the real bard seems rather to feel that all he writes is part of the record. He does not "release" his poems, as books, motion pictures, and interviews are said in the current jargon to be "released." He conjures them from the vasty deep, hammers them into publishable shape, and hurls them full in the face of the congregation. For the true bard considers his readers a sinful lot, desperately in need of his regenerating ministrations. "To believe that what is true for you is true for all men—that," said Emerson, "is genius." Lindsay belongs with the Yankee Merlin among those who exhort, prophesy, promulgate fearful curses, and play curious tricks with Gadarene and other breeds of this world's swine.

III

The New Poetry Movement was chiefly distinguished by the productions of six or eight highly remarkable poets. A slighter but no less real distinction resides in the appearance of scores if not hundreds of not so eminent but indubitably genuine poets, who put such pressure on the existing publishing mediums that little poetry magazines mushroomed up over-night throughout a land supposed to be indifferent to poetry. The N.P.M. was no Mexican army, and if we count the rank and file as well as the generals it is plain that the second great period of American poetry was incomparably the superior of the first. Even if we stick to the generals,

though the margin decreases, the conclusion is probably similar.

As one star is held to differ from another star in glory as well as in magnitude, the chiefs of the N.P.M. differed. We are here of course more concerned with the nature of glories than with the extent of magnitudes. Miss Lowell was preëminently the critic of the whole affair. Not that her poems are to be minimized; a few of them seem likely to retain a permanent place in all anthologies of poetry in English. But she made her most effective contribution in her critical harangues and her gallant championing of the new styles.

Robinson hardly calls for mention. A survivor from the era of the poetic depression, he was less spiritually than chronologically a part of the Movement, and he is more the New Englander than the American anyway. So is Frost, who is the Whittier of the N.P.M., a poet of gentle genre studies rather than a voice of These States. Miss Millay, for pure concentrated passion perhaps the greatest poet who has yet appeared in this country, was never actually a part of the New Poetry group. Her art is timeless and unlocalized. She might as well have turned up in England as in America.

But there were three who could have appeared nowhere else. Perhaps the most remarkable single volume of the N.P.M. was "Spoon River"; but Masters remains a one-book man, though it is a very great book—both intrinsically and for its incalculable effect on subsequent American letters of every description. Nor did either he or Sandburg succeed in nationalizing themselves as Lindsay did. Sandburg seems consciously to have tried it in "Good Morning, America," but he is at his best when he deals with his Chicago's hog-butchery and the rootabagas of the ad-

jacent plains. To speak with the American voice a poet must be an all-American. Some of our most distinguished practitioners are as alien to parts of the continental United States as Masfield presumably is to, say, Bohemia or Sicily.

A terrifying hardship that confronts every artist in Mr. Hoover's America is the necessity of winning a national reputation, since a merely local one, unless achieved in New York, is not taken seriously except in a few of the most complacent cities of the Eastern seaboard, Boston and Baltimore, for example. The actual difference between the English and the American artist's plight may be grasped by a simple geographical comparison. It is easier for the new English genius to make himself known than for the new American genius. He has fewer miles to go.

Another physical handicap for the would-be all-American artist is the almost insurmountable difficulty of grasping the forty-eight Commonwealths and finding any unifying principle deeper than their common consumption of standardized, nationally advertised machinery, general merchandise, and light entertainment. With the possible exception of Mark Twain, no American writer of importance has ever geographically experienced the United States so thoroughly as Lindsay did. Even Whitman's adventures were less extended horizontally, though his thought, at least, ranged far up and down the elevator shaft of society.

Bound to escape his parents' determination to force him into the mold of the local Babbitts, Lindsay sadly thumbed his nose at the Springfield gods and took to the road. His wanderings are described in "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" and "A Handy Guide for Beggars." Sometimes he tackled the corner grocer on some little Main Street and of-

fered to swap a broadside of his poetry for a tin of sardines. Sometimes he begged. His expeditions were renunciations and they were also austere and bitter protests. In the end he won, and no one dared gainsay his devotion of his life to art. Lindsay's tramping and begging corresponded in his inner life approximately to Whitman's abandonment of plug hat and frock coat in favor of flannel shirt and sombrero, and precisely to Emerson's resignation of his pulpit.

We who have nothing that would kill us if we did not say it, we whom fear holds back from the good life, who are we to sneer like M. Michaud at Emerson's blend of passionate idealism with Yankee common sense, like Professor Wendell at Whitman's sartorial gestures, like some contemporary Pharisees at Lindsay's occasionally uncouth gambolings or his tactless introduction of his eccentric opinions into his poetry recitals? Lindsay was always at white heat, intoxicated and boiling over with what a cool observer could see was his own genius but he regarded as a Message. He was an Ancient Mariner if there ever was one, and he held the wedding guests in droves. Saul slew his thousands and David his ten thousands, but Lindsay fixed them with his glittering eye and recited, by modest computation, to at least a million auditors. That alone was a stupendous achievement, probably never duplicated in the history of poetry. It took its toll.

In this fat land, now getting a well-deserved taste of what most of the world has always known, there was no one to stake its greatest living poet to food and shelter. And so, though he was burning to write new songs, Lindsay had to keep on the road all his life, harder spurred than ever during the last few years by the increasing needs of his family. Only now it was not

the open road of high adventure beside the springs of new creation; it was the dreadful trail of the national lecturer. Back and forth from Maine to California Lindsay drove himself, reciting, reciting, reciting—shrinking from the crowds with a sensitiveness incredible to those who did not know him—hoping with a childlike pathos that they would accept him as well as his act—trying to preserve his temper when silly committee-women insisted on hearing the old set-pieces he had become so weary of performing.

Some day an artist will accept martyrdom for all his brethren by rising and slaying the next person who demands the thing he did years before and has repeated a thousand times. What does Mr. Rachmaninoff think of the audience that will not go away till he has played the C# minor *prélude*? I know what Lindsay thought of the fools who had to be placated with "The Congo." It was iron in his soul that he was required to pronounce on every platform the thoughts he was thinking in 1912 instead of the new thoughts he was thinking in 1930. If most of his recent poetry is inferior to his earlier work, the decline must be attributed to the sapping of his creative strength by his having to live by chanting and dramatizing instead of composing. He had never run dry, was still full of ideas, and had a great deal he wanted to say about the contemporary circus. He had no desire whatever to lie back on his past. The anti-saloon campaigner of the old days was still a Prohibitionist, but he was an ardent advocate of Al Smith in 1928.

The "road," then, was where Lindsay lived, and it seems indisputable that no other member of the N.P.M. had equal opportunities for laying his ear to the ground. He not only heard "the whisper of the prairie-fairies"—for his sensitiveness

to Nature see "The Santa-Fé Trail"—but talked face to face, formally and informally, with all sorts and conditions of men from coast to coast. He knew the capitals well, but he never neglected the way-stations. I usually found him at least one jump ahead of the newspapers when it came to noticing political and social trends. All his colleagues of the N.P.M. were local reporters; Lindsay was a national star-reporter, with a sixth sense for being on the spot when the big news broke.

IV

Some of the journalistic obituaries laid great stress on his refusal to fly the house-flag of post-War pessimism that every sophisticated artist is now supposed to nail to the masthead. There is no denying that Lindsay was an optimist. So were Emerson and Whitman. Much of the cheap depreciation of the former now current ignores his savagely critical attitude toward the pursy materialism of Nineteenth Century America. He saw no hope of destroying it, but he thought it might be harnessed for culture. Similarly, Whitman is derided for a simple faith in democracy by those who, never having read his prose, are ignorant that he was keenly aware of its failures, and that the political idealism of his poetry was a conscious protest against political reality.

Both Emerson and Whitman looked out upon a Republic highly cultivated in the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial arts, and relatively uncultivated in the fine arts. Was their optimism about the latter's American future unwarranted? There is no evidence that America has yet saved her soul, and precious little that she has one to save. But both our literature and our fine arts now stand as high above their zenith when Emerson was fulminat-

ing as the tall buildings of Al Smith's Manhattan do above the rathskellers of Bayard Taylor.

Now, the optimism of Vachel Lindsay was exactly the same brand as Emerson's and Whitman's. Like them he saw boundless possibilities in an American able to start at scratch, without the shackling handicaps of outworn European institutions and cults. His gospel of the New Localism was merely a more specific prescription for the same ills they prescribed for. Lindsay's Main Street, utopian as it may be, is certainly laid out on a more rational programme than either Emerson or Whitman offered:

Now let each child be joined as to a
church

To her perpetual hopes, each man or-
dained:

Let every street be made a reverent aisle
Where Music grows and Beauty is un-
chained.

At any rate, beauty *is* being unchained—wherever a specialist in acquisition bequeaths his loot to a public art museum or a library or an orchestra; or a park is laid out; or a campaign is won against noise; or a monument is unveiled that is not a monstrosity; or a contractor employs a real architect for a new row of houses; or a public building turns out to be something more than a feat of engineering.

The beauty of a materialistic civilization will never come out of acquiescence, nor from the brushes of those artists who have gone over to the enemy by trying to mechanize their work. If it comes, it will be out of rebellion, and chiefly from conscious and determined assaults by individuals on the depravity of the racketeers, standardizers, and advertisers, and on the inertia of the politicians and boosters. If this is true, gentler souls must be willing to accept a little stridency in the voice of

the American artist, remembering that he purveys a man-made testament of beauty. Where the natives sit back to contemplate the beauty of God as expressed either in the wide open spaces or in the placid backwaters of the East or South, the result is on the one hand that the frantic mouthings of the Rotarians are confused with progress, and on the other that the world is complacently allowed to go by with only an occasional lynching to bear witness to the town's spiritual alertness.

In the old *Village Magazine* these are the mottoes on the banners of the Village Improvement Parade:

Fair streets are better than silver; green
parks are better than gold.

Bad public taste is mob law; good public
taste is democracy.

A crude administration is damned al-
ready.

A bad designer is to that extent a bad
citizen.

Let the best moods of the people rule.

A hasty prosperity may be raw and ab-
surd; considered poverty may be exquisite.

Without an eager public all teaching is
vain.

Our best pictures should be good paint-
ing; our best monuments should be real
sculpture; our best buildings should be real
architecture.

Ugliness is a kind of misgovernment.

To begin, we must have a sense of humor
and learn to smile.

Lindsay's optimism, then, was not the God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world variety. He was far too sensitive for that; he had suffered too much; he had been too lonely. Above all, he was too constantly in a state of rebellion, breathing fires and slaughters, and never was he, up to the last moment, really reconstructed. Such poems as "Three Hours" are statements of aspiration, not accomplishment:

The moon was like a boat one night,
And like a bowl of flowers;

Three butterflies were riding there,
Named for three lovely hours.

The first hour was the hour the night
Was a great dome of peace;
The second hour was when the night
Gave my heart release

From all old grief and all lost love.
And the third hour was when
I found that I was reconciled
To Heaven and Earth and men.

Lindsay could not feel that way very long at a time, not with the populace watching the Village Improvement Parade from the curb instead of joining it. There are a few socialist poems, but the tin-pot radical will not find a great deal of direct and vulgar denunciation of individuals in Lindsay's pages. He was too much the lover of a serene beauty for that, and he realized that conversion is not a matter of signing on the dotted line of a church or political party, but must come from within.

Here, again, he is like Emerson, who, regarding even the issue of Negro slavery as a minor and surface manifestation of a deep-rooted evil, did not leave it to the Southern orators to denounce alone the *exploitation of the Northern wage-slaves*. Beside his writings, and the best of Whitman's, stand Lindsay's, to point the unpleasant contrast between the America that might be and the America that is.

V

In the introduction to his "Selected Poems" I enlarged upon Lindsay's lyric gifts because they had been neglected in critical discussions of his poetry. They were of the highest order, as those who heard him chant "The Chinese Nightingale" well know. My suggestion that the poet's vocal performances ought to be preserved met with general approval, and

thanks to the zeal of Professor Cabell Greet the library of Columbia University now contains records of slightly more than half the book. I now offer the further suggestion that some phonograph company proceed to make them commercially available. A market awaits them in the schools, as well as among poetry lovers in general.

The records were made only in the nick of time; but they were made, and the voice survives the bard. There is no use, I suppose, in speculating about the poems he wanted to write. After an interim, during which it looked as though Lindsay were through, he seemed to have caught his second wind and become again the incarnation of creative vitality. He was one of the most alive things I have ever had dealings with, so fiercely alive that I find it even now hard to accept his death as real. But that terrific energy had to be applied to the recitals instead of to composition. To do both meant shouldering a double load. Whether he could have sustained it is doubtful. The old rhetorical pieces demanded by recital audiences kept him vocalizing in a groove that led away from the kind of music he wanted to make. He was himself fully aware of his predicament and faced it for the most part courageously; but he was sometimes profoundly depressed by it, and the consequent strain undoubtedly contributed to his death at fifty-two.

No man ever loved the American people more than Vachel Lindsay did, and no man ever had a loftier vision of his country or tried harder to help his fellow-citizens realize it. But his death was front-page news because he was known as a jazz poet, and because when he harangued the poetry circles about his deepest convictions, they seemed and he seemed a motley to the view.

AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS IN RUSSIA

BY RUTH KENNEL & MILLY BENNETT

The Promised Land

ON THE through train to Moscow from Kuznetskstroy, the great metallurgical plant under construction on the Siberian plains, I met an American engineer and his wife returning from a year's sojourn in Siberia. At one station the passengers formed a long queue before a stall selling *pirozhni*.

"Better stand in line," I advised the engineer, who stood eyeing the showy cakes hungrily.

"Not on your life!" he replied. "I'd not get that close to a Russian!"

His attitude, while not typical, was indicative of the fundamental difference between the present American immigration to Soviet Russia and the old European immigration to the United States. The American in Russia is recognized as socially superior to the native. Instead of meeting with the brutal hostility, neglect and contempt which Russian and other immigrants encountered in the United States during our industrialization period, he has been treated as an honored guest. The Soviet authorities have shown a pathetic eagerness to create for him a special environment which will approximate as nearly as possible his material conditions at home.

Like the Pilgrim Fathers, the men and women who went to Russia in 1918-1924, the forerunners of the present American invasion, formed colonies such as Kuzbas

in Siberia; many, such as Bill Haywood, were idealists who had been oppressed at home for their opinions. But by 1926 these political exiles had become inadequate to the needs of the Soviet government for American technical aid, and by 1929, with the launching of the Five-Year Plan, a concerted effort to bring so-called *bourgeois* specialists and workers from the United States was adopted into the national economic programme.

The Bolsheviks no longer asked, Are you in sympathy with the Soviet power? and then as an afterthought, What are your technical qualifications? Instead they put qualifications first, and set about making the newcomers contented with fat salaries in foreign *valuta* and living conditions superior to those of the rulers themselves.

In practise, however, the official purpose has not always been carried out. It is impossible to protect Americans wholly from discomforts and irritations, from the national disease of bureaucracy, and from the natural jealousy and hostility of the Russian engineers. Many a conscientious worker has wasted months before he was discovered by the proper authorities and assigned to work.

Serious mistakes have been made in selecting specialists. Particularly during the early romantic period many bluffers slipped in, and the disgruntled and unfit still return home to vent their spleen. At the present stage many of the earlier mis-

takes are being corrected. The hiring of American engineering firms on contract, rather than individuals, has grown in favor, although it is still opposed in Russian political circles, where it is thought the firm on the job remains too isolated from Soviet life.

There is an undercurrent of conflict between the Soviet technical directors and the political leaders in the handling of foreigners, the former group being interested chiefly in industrializing the country, the latter in building Socialism. American specialists look to the technical men for support and with characteristic indifference to politics, resent the efforts of the political leaders to convert them to Communism.

At the end of 1931 American emigration appeared to be entering upon a new era. As hope for better times in the New World waned, applications for admission to the U.S.S.R. increased. During the year the contracts made with American workers and specialists reached several thousand, and many thousand more were working without contracts. In the Fall, Amtorg, the Russian-American trading corporation in New York, reported that sometimes applications reached a thousand a day.

Anyone doubting the reality of this new and strange emigration should step into the Amtorg headquarters in Fifth avenue any week day. Crowds of workers, especially miners and unskilled laborers, with their wives and children, are sitting about the corridors awaiting their turn at the information desk. Perhaps a boat leaves that night for the Promised Land, and they are frantically trying to reach a last-minute agreement, or get some assurance that they will be welcomed.

The total number of Americans hired through Amtorg during 1931 reached nearly 10,000. Many paid their own expenses, and are now working in Russia

under the same conditions as skilled Soviet workmen, with the additional privileges still accorded their nationality. Besides, there are the hundreds of stray jobless who slip in as tourists, hoping to find employment before their visas expire, and facing expulsion from the tourist hotels with the optimism (considering the desperate and universal shortage of housing) of the traditional pioneer.

"So far as government policy is concerned," said Laurens of the Foreign Section of V.S.N.H. when I talked with him in November, "the hiring of American specialists and workers has reached its peak. Due to unfavorable credit conditions in the United States, we are now buying our machinery in Europe, and it logically follows that we are hiring European workers who are acquainted with those machines. In the smaller countries especially we can get good workers much cheaper than in America, and what is more important, for Soviet money. But this does not mean that Americans who choose to come on their own responsibility will not be welcome."

II

Moscow Caravan

The long, narrow room crowded with ugly, black wooden furniture gathered some warmth, some comfort, even some elusive loveliness, with the growing hours of the night. Smoke clouded it now, and the clear, sharp licorice smell of Dubrovka vodka spilled and soaking into wood. Voices clamored, rose, and figures clung and wove in the rapid rhythm of a phonograph foxtrot. From the dining-room came the husky yawp of Emma tuning up, Emma breaking into the velvet

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' foh to carry me home . . .

Emma Jackson, from Atlanta, Ga., Russia's first American specialist. "Altogether black," as the Russians have it, she invaded Moscow twenty years ago with the first American minstrel show. When the company pulled up stakes, Emma, to quote her, was in the arms "of a great, big, handsome, blond Rooshian". Unfortunately, for it deprived her of her American citizenship, the Russian married her. Now she wanders from American kitchen to American kitchen, cooking for a few weeks, cheering along parties with her apple-pie and coffee, trying to persuade each newcomer to help her get back her American passport.

A farewell party, this was, for Tom Scanlon, an engineer who was going home. Tom's tremendous bulk was sunk a foot into the leather couch in the living-room.

"I love these babies!" His face, red and shining, a cerise moon of a face, nodded in the vague direction of the thundering project he had been forced to abandon. "That's what we call the Russians on a big construction job—just babies." He brushed down a tumbler of stinging vodka. "Breakin' poor Tom's heart. Sendin' him home. But I'm comin' back . . . I'm being quiet, lady? I'm not makin' too much noise?"

Tears splashed down his coat, into his vodka. An American engineer, the host, passed, pressing a brimming glass into Tom's hand.

"Get good and tight, Scanlon. You got it coming to you. You got a tough break, I'll tell the world."

The engineering company for which Tom worked was having trouble. The Soviets claimed that the Americans had failed to deliver certain plans on time, and threatened to cancel the contract. The company picked Scanlon to be the goat.

"We'll send you home, Tom, and tell

the Bolshies you're being disciplined. That'll satisfy them."

Scanlon protested. He didn't want to go like that. He liked his job. He liked the Russians. He wanted to help them put over their Five-Year Plan. But now he was on his way home.

In pioneer eras, the men who are building are happy. There is zest in achievement.

"I don't give a damn about Communism," says Scanlon, "but building the biggest blast furnace on earth—that's a job!"

However, it is not enough for the Bolsheviks that the American does his work. He must also drink the heady wine of salvation, be incarnadined with revolutionary glory. He must go home with the vision of World Revolution.

To this purpose, the government sponsors two clubs in Moscow and two newspapers.

Let's drop around to the plushy elegance that is the Dzerzhinsky Club, organized, the Russians tell you, to make American and German specialists feel at home, and improve their technical usefulness. The lofty halls are banked with red propaganda banners. A few Germans linger over the pool-tables. Room after room spreads, empty, desolate, rows of gilt chairs pushed neatly along the walls.

A bulletin announces that Boris Snerogov will discuss "America, the Bankrupt", and that Ludwig Weismuller will conduct a programme of music, with colored lantern slides. Also, there are Russian lessons free for all.

The Dzerzhinsky Club sends out invitations for a meeting of English-speaking specialists to discuss future organization. Forty Americans appear. They sit around in a draughty hall, plush curtains swooping over long windows, a room with the dispassionate bleakness of a funeral par-

lor. A Russian is chairman—he speaks no English. The main speaker has the same handicap. Sherover, an American, is assistant chairman, and speaks no Russian.

Tom Halcro, an American bricklayer, asks if he can get help on technical problems. “The Russians where I work fight modern methods and I have no one to help me.”

He is told that the club is not for workers, only for engineers.

“In America we don’t make such class distinctions,” objects an engineer. “If the Dzerzhinsky Club is only for engineers, isn’t there some other club where all who talk English can meet and help each other with their work?”

Applause, and a stout, blond fellow, who hoists himself to the floor with a crutch, bawls:

“Don’t you despair, comrade! I’ll start out tomorrow early and organize a real American club in this town, where everybody can get together.”

It is McLeod, one of the Kuzbas pioneers, now chief accountant at Torgsin, the foreign store, a former wobbly converted to Communism.

Anna Louise Strong, editor of the *Moscow News*, adds her voice to the protest.

Thus the Anglo-American Club came into existence. McLeod took over the quarters of the old German Club in Gertzena street, once a great merchant’s palace, now fallen into dreary decay. Entering it is like plunging into a vast, chilly cave. One forges up the broad steps of the ancient ruin, and there at the top is the bluff, radiating, backslapping McLeod.

“Hello there, comrade, coming to hear Comrade Lefkovich talk on the Coal Strike? Afraid he won’t be around this evening. We’ll have to find a substitute. Hi, there, Charley! You’ve just come over. How about a few words?”

In harmony with the proletarian nature of the club, there is no ceremony. American workers come and bring their wives and children, despite the lack of comfort; few engineers, however, for they seldom venture far from the warm glitter of the Valuta Circle, where Soviet money is not accepted—the resplendent dining-room of the Metropole Hotel with its gleaming mahogany—the first American bar in Russia. But many Americanized Russians haunt McLeod’s democratic halls—the very Russians who fled religious and political persecution thirty years ago, now returning, fleeing joblessness, their mother-tongue half forgotten, their old friends long scattered, to find the homeland strange.

The two English newspapers, the *Moscow News* and the *Workers’ News*, have a definite function in the Soviet life of the Anglo-Americans. The *Moscow News* stresses its service to the specialist, striving to solve his problems, improve his technique, encourage his participation in the Five-Year Plan. The *Workers’ News* aims to do the same for the worker. Both are published by the Ogonyok (Little Flame) Publishing Co., a Soviet concern, and both are, of course, subject to the same censorship as the Soviet press.

A technical aid committee has been organized by the *Moscow News* to bring the American specialist nearer to his Russian comrades. Americans who come to the meetings are urged to teach classes of young Russian engineers, write technical pamphlets for young workers, lecture to groups of young technicians. One night Neil H. Ness, a specialist on refrigeration for the Meat Trust, responded to a rousing speech urging coöperation.

“I’ve been here only a month and I find lots of theory and not enough respect for practical experience. When I make a suggestion the Soviet engineers ask why.”

Ralph Valtier, an elevator expert, was not discouraged. He volunteered to lecture on mathematics any day after four if furnished with a technical translator. Valtier maintains a jocular manner, although after he had worked a year for the Elevator Trust at \$350 gold a month and 500 rubles, they tossed his designs in the files with the comment, "too expensive". His two-year contract with Amtorg, however, was iron-clad. He took a stroll around Moscow's cobbled streets and picked another job—at the State Watch Factory, where he now designs cases for Soviet timepieces.

Every day the train from Berlin brings from twenty to a hundred and fifty new Americans. One day there is the entire faculty of a Middle Western barber college; another day, two slender, flippant maids from the Duncan School in New York, with a letter to Semionova, *première ballerina* at the Bolshoi Opera House. "She'll get us a room when she sees this letter."

Forty miners, with their wives and children, from a little coal town in Pennsylvania, are the fruits of another day. And eighteen stalwart Swedes from a Pacific Coast lumber-camp. Two plumbers drift in from Peru, Ind., and fourteen shoemakers from Los Angeles. They all go to Intourist on Theater Square, the official Soviet tourist agency, which sold them tickets to the New Jerusalem. "We want work."

An Intourist guide leads them to the Foreign Bureau of the V.S.N.H., where English is spoken and most of the jobs are listed.

"Barbers! We've got too many in Moscow now, taking up rooms needed for industrial workers. Sorry, not a chance."

If he is a skilled worker, brings good recommendations and knows how to display his wares, the immigrant gets a con-

tract guaranteeing him a job for one year, adequate housing, and a food book on the Tverskaya closed-ration store. His salary averages 300 rubles a month (about \$150 at the official rate of exchange), but adequate housing in a city where 3,000,000 are squeezed into space barely sufficient for 1,000,000, may mean anything from two rooms, bath and kitchen in a modern, steam-heated apartment to a vermin-infested bunk in a barrack.

Three hundred American miners went out to the Leninsk, Siberia, coal pits with their families and came to grief. No housing had been arranged for the immigrants. They were dumped into rough log barracks. The men were handed tools which were, to quote one of them, "like those hanging on the wall of that museum on Red Square", and were expected to outstrip the Russian miners. Their passports were mislaid by a clerk and the *kulaks* in the market place murmured to the complaining wives:

"Don't you know Siberia is the place of exile? Of course, you'll never see your passports again. The Reds have destroyed them and you'll stay here for the rest of your life."

The frantic wives stormed the office and the clerk, shaken into action, found the precious documents in a drawer and returned them. Half of the Leninsk colony fled the rigors of approaching Winter and returned to America.

And what of the fourteen shoemakers who came to show the Russians how to repair shoes? They were housed temporarily in a hotel, in rooms costing their trust twenty rubles a day. The trust hastened to find a house for them, furnished it and invited them to move in. But the boys from Los Angeles decided that they liked the hotel better, and refused to move. That story is not yet ended.

Then there are the two plumbers who threw up their hands at the Moscow plumbing supplies.

"This junk's twenty years behind the times. You don't expect us to work with it, do you?"

The Soviets did, and the plumbers returned to Peru, Ind.

Not all stories of the American immigrants are so dark, but life in Russia is difficult at best, and the worker who goes to Moscow with American ideas of making his fortune must be disappointed. It is a life for the true pioneer, for the fellow who gets a kick out of hardship, who understands clearly that he is going to a backward, Asiatic country where the standard of living of the laboring population is perhaps as low as that of the jobless in the United States.

Yet there are Americans who would rather have jobs in a land where poverty is general and hope is boundless—even standing in long lines to receive the food they pay for—than be idle in a land of plenty and despair.

III

Two Americans

Charles A. Gill is an Irishman with a waggish gleam in his eyes and a tough jaw. He came to Moscow to coördinate and Americanize the Soviet railroad system. Gill roared over the Metropole bar as he told how the Bolsheviks moved his office overnight, forgot to tell him, and let him wander around town all the next day looking for his desk—but you knew he didn't like it.

"Don't let them down you. Stick it out," was his slogan.

For the first six or seven weeks after his arrival, although he had the send-off of a special ambassador in New York, he was shifted from one department to another.

Nobody seemed to know where he belonged or what there was for him to do, though the Soviet government had solemnly borrowed him at \$30,000 a year from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, where he was superintendent of motive power.

Gill was finally named chief consulting engineer for Vorz, the All-Union Combine of Railroad Shops. He was given charge of 17,000 locomotives, 400,000 cars, 119,000 workmen and 49 railway shops. One August day he rolled down to the locomotive repair-shops at Voronezh, the biggest in Russia, stepped from the ease of his private car, and for six days and six nights "tore hell out of the place", to quote him. He ripped the old hit-or-miss system of repairing to pieces, substituting the American system. Last September the Voronezh shops increased production by 33%, without adding to the staff or spending a ruble. Now Gill is home again.

Tom Halcro came to Moscow without a contract. He had only a deep-seated desire to take part in the Communist experiment. A tall, wiry fellow, he looks every inch the Yankee that he is. He had been a member of the American Socialist Party, and more recently of the I.W.W., but quit the latter to go into the construction industry as a foreman.

"I figured somebody ought to learn the game from the executive standpoint, so that when capitalism is overthrown in the United States there will be trained men to take over."

Mrs. Tom, a spirited, handsome Scots-woman, set up housekeeping in the Moscow suburbs, in the new apartment allotted to them. Tom had to travel on the overcrowded trams three hours a day to and from work. He was employed on the construction of the agricultural university, where he attempted to introduce the American method of bricklaying, 100 per

cent more efficient than the Russian. He demonstrated in a test that he could put in 1000 bricks a day to any Russian's 500. But he was no Gill. No power had been delegated him to storm a job and turn it upside down. He was a worker, on an equal basis with other workers. The Russians were hostile to his system, threatening to walk out unless he quit, and the director backed them.

Halcro began to lose weight. The hardships and his defeat were too much for him. We didn't think he could stick it out. But one day I ran into him and his wife in the green marble, gilt and cut glass ostentation on the Tverskaya that was once the toniest grocery in old Moscow, and is now the closed-ration store where American specialists' and workers' wives battle over the last bottle of vinegar in Russia and the first tray of lemons.

Tom's lean face was actually rounded, and his eyes flashed with good humor. Mrs. Tom smiled rosily out of her Russian furs.

"I tell you, I got a job now," Tom boomed. "I'm putting up a brick and concrete job for the OGPU. The officer in charge talks American like a native. He lived in the U. S. for seven years, five of 'em in 'Frisco. I'm bossing the job. If anybody balks, I just go over and tell Andy, that's the OGPU officer, and he strolls over and reminds the boys who's running the place."

The Halcros live in a log house, in two rooms, each room fitted with a Russian wall stove.

"I never thought I could face a Russian Winter," said Mrs. Tom. "But Tom's so happy in his work and the peasants bring milk and vegetables right to the door—we can see the vegetable *kolhoz* out of the window. And I never felt so well in my life."

IV

Ford in Russia

At Nizhni Novgorod, where wheat fields and dark fir forests crowded to the edge of the Oka river two years ago, a steel and concrete city now stands in the sun—the Soviet Union's \$125,000,000 Ford plant. Ford trucks and touring cars, 150,000 strong, built from stem to stern in the Soviet Union, are scheduled ultimately to rattle out of this plant every year.

The Austin Company of Cleveland drew the plans. Twenty-one engineers of the company lived in the Russian hinterland for more than a year, supervising construction. On December 1 last they finished their job as far as it was humanly possible, with the plant already turning out bodies for trucks, received the blanket approval of Dybetz, the Russian chief of construction, and returned home.

George Bryant, executive vice-president of the Austin Company, says that the project would have been a large undertaking in any man's country, under the best conditions.

"These Bolsheviks started all of their vast schemes at once, with no way to provide the tremendous supplies."

From the beginning the Nizhni job was beset with difficulties: surplus of one kind of material, shortage of another, lack of trained labor, friction between the American and Russian engineers, inefficient interpreters, saboteurs, stupid bureaucracy, constantly changing managements.

There were, during the hectic months of construction, two American settlements in Nizhni. The red flag floated over one, the village where eighty-six workers still live with their families in true communal life. The stars and stripes rippled above the Austin settlement.

In the Soviet Union, any laborer who

has worked in the United States and uses American methods and tools is called an American. His nationality or citizenship does not enter into it. The men and women in the American Workers Commune at Nizhni Novgorod are really Finns. Once immigrants to the United States, now immigrants to the Soviet Union, they sold their cottages, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, Fords, cows and horses in America, pooled the total product, \$17,000, bought American small tools, and brought them to Nizhni for distribution among the Soviet workers. They live in a two-story, box-like community house, eating at a common table, all paying equally and sharing the expense of the wives and children. The wives divide the household duties on a careful schedule.

There have been many setbacks, but the commune rolls sturdily along, the patient Finnish wives, accustomed to five-room cottages with vegetable gardens and Fords, grimly adjusting themselves to one-room quarters and the shortage of the necessities of existence.

The Finns resented the aloof attitude and indifference to politics of the Austinites. Willie Suikanen, head of the commune, superintendent of construction, told how at a meeting in which all of the workers took part,

"I got up and challenged the Austins to Socialist competition, to organize a shock brigade in competition with us. They were in the front row. They sat like blocks of wood. Not a move out of them."

Suikanen was interrupted by wild shouts from the back of the commune.

"They're putting up the pig-pen!"

A hilarious scene in the yard, which ran to a tiny creek. Twenty robust Finns, pushing a moveable pig-pen into place, while the women, flushed from the kitchen, aprons flung over their shoulders, cheered

and laughed. The porkers stormed and grunted in ropes.

The Austin village, built along the dirt road leading to the plant, had a well-bred, suburban air. Five neat plaster cottages, with pink drapes at the windows, lined American Row, along with the square tidy pile of the Austin Club House, where the men-without-wives lived. There were no red flags, except over the Soviet coöperative store where the seven Austin housewives bought supplies.

I stepped into the living-room of the clubhouse, a long, comfortable room, with that air of genial untidiness and comfort which is truly American. Deep, overstuffed chairs, a great silk American flag blazing across the bricks of an open fireplace, a victrola, a powerboat shoved off into the alcove, half built (the crisp curly shavings littering the floor), the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* dangling off a chair.

Two young engineers trooped through for tennis with their brides, fair-haired with the pretty, sleek faces of American magazine-cover girls.

The Austin tennis court was level and perfectly kept. I was reminded of the Russian engineer's wife who nodded to the rough dirt court assigned to the Russians: "You might know this was for us. The Austins came and asked us to build their court—they always come to us when they want anything—and then they keep it private."

Mr. Bryant told me that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to mix the American and Russian engineers socially. "We have enough difficulties with our own colonies, although we've been unusually fortunate here," nodding to where the growing group of wives stood chatting. David Kempler, the auditor, expressed the belief that the presence of a model American community among them had a whole-

some cultural influence on the Russians. The Austin Company has been one of the most successful American firms in the Soviet Union, and is expected to get a new contract to handle the construction of landing fields, a project even vaster than the Ford plant.

V

On the Siberian Frontier

I stepped off the train at Kuznetskstroy in the cold, wet darkness, after a five-day journey from Moscow. In the distance rose the brilliantly illuminated outlines of the metallurgical plant, a chain of coke ovens, blast furnaces, open hearth and rolling mill rising out of a mudhole, a community of nearly 100,000 souls, where two years ago there had been a wild steppe. The big Russian who met us with a truck peered suspiciously at the Russian commissioner and interpreter accompanying the American coke consultant.

"I take only Americans," he announced haughtily.

An argument followed which ended in all, including the Russians, climbing into the truck. After a ride through the darkness, up and down ditches, reeling over roadless stretches, past the brightly lighted center where thousands of workers poured in and out of deep excavations, we turned up a hill and stopped before a large, two-story log house—the American Hotel.

Steam heat, hot water on tap, two bathrooms, a dining-room serving meals American style, a store on the spot selling such luxuries as soap and lemons, and cosy single rooms for the engineers who left their wives back home. On the second floor there is a big fireplace in the corridor and a social hall where rubber plants touch the white-washed ceiling; a grand piano and upholstered furniture appear incongruous. At the long table ten men were playing

poker by the light of an oil lamp; the electric current had failed. Each was a different type of American: a broad Swede from North Dakota, a lanky Westerner, a weatherbeaten seaman, a dapper young engineer just out of Ohio University, a seasoned, slightly bald New Yorker, a shrewd, dried-up Yankee—he was winning. They were jocularly betting rubles, to them of little value. Three-fourths of their salaries are paid into the home bank, and one-fourth in Soviet money, a sum more than adequate for their living expenses.

In neighboring log houses are the three- and four-room apartments of the married couples—freshly tinted walls, white enameled woodwork, logs crackling, coffee percolating, and a cricket singing on the hearth.

"The cricket means you won't find a cockroach in my house," declared the hostess. "I don't see how the men at the hotel can endure those nasty creatures running over everything."

Several neighboring couples had dropped in and the conversation turned from cockroaches to motoring experiences back home. The hostess served fresh fudge and I forgot I was in a raw industrial town in Western Siberia—until the lights failed. Then the coffee had to be transferred to the faithful *primus* and a flashlight used to watch it.

These are the forty-five American specialists of the Freyn Engineering Co., of Columbus, Ohio, in charge of construction at Kuznetskstroy. A sturdy lot of Americans, inspired by the size of the job and appreciative of their special favors.

E. P. Ogden, in charge of construction at the great refractories plant, with the good common sense of the Middle Westerner, remarked that "only men who have had little experience in construction camps

would complain here. Our living conditions are as good as could be found on a new job anywhere."

The dugout, as in frontier days in America, is today the universal dwelling on the Soviet frontier. The slope above the American hotel is uprooted as if by prairie-dog holes, several families crowded into one sod-house or partially underground hut. It is true that the American settlers do not live in such dugouts, as did their fathers in America. Compared with the sordidness of the Russian mass life, their standard of living seems luxurious. Yet theirs is no easy lot either, set off in this isolated place and up against, as their senior engineer, Everhard, admitted, a bigger job than most of them ever tackled, with the difficulties peculiar to the country repeated here: good interpreters scarce, opposition to their plans from Russian engineers . . .

Young Deere of the blast furnaces came in, discouraged. "The whole day is lost because someone left a piece of iron too near the track and several cars overturned. It's chaos there and they won't let us

straighten it out. They won't take orders from us and yet they hold us responsible."

Another group of nineteen Freyn engineers is working on projects for metallurgical plants in Leningrad. Following the street skirting the broad Neva and commanding a view of the fortress of Peter and Paul, I easily located their community apartment house by the screens on its windows. A genial Scotch housekeeper led me to L. E. L. Thomas, senior engineer. From the community kitchen came the aroma of dinner cooking. Someone was whistling "A Little Kiss Each Morning".

"So you think we look happier than most Americans working in Russia?" Thomas remarked, inviting me into his sitting-room. "Well, I'll tell you why. We are on projects and not actual construction, and that goes a long way in creating harmonious relations with our Russian colleagues. Beside, we came as a unit, sent by a responsible company, and are not exposed to the troubles and misunderstandings which badger the men on individual contracts."

HEEL, TOE, AND A 1, 2, 3, 4

BY GEORGE MILBURN

ONE night Joe had been staring at the white paper in his typewriter so long that he thought he would go snow-blind. Finally he let his tilted chair down and began writing.

The types did a tap dance on the platen and words marched across the page: "*Wife*: Henry, have you got everything shut up for the night?"

Joe doubled spaced and wrote "*Hubby*;" but, before he could finish the line with the good one he had thought up for *Hubby* to say back to *Wife*, he heard a scratching on the iron grille of the basement window. He turned around in his chair and saw two hands gripping the bars and a twisted monkey-face squeezed between them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Say, buddy, how do you get down to the Lake from here?" the monkey-face said without moving its lips.

Joe got up and went over to the open window to see how anyone could talk without moving his lips. He said, "You follow this street right on, and it'll take you to the Lake. It's only three blocks on over."

"What street is this, buddy?"

"This is Superior street,—East Superior street," Joe said.

The stranger took his hands away from the window bars and sat down on the basement steps so that his head was level with the sidewalk and the window. Joe could see now that when he talked his lips

did move a little. They jerked down on one side like those of a man rolling a cigar in the corner of his mouth.

He didn't make any move to go. Instead, he began explaining, apologetically. "Well, I know Chi' pretty good, but I ain't never been down to the Lake. I thought I would go down to the Lake tonight. Reckon is there any benches a man could sleep on down there at the beach?"

"Sure, you can find plenty of benches if you'll walk on up the shore a ways, up about Oak street."

Joe turned around and went back over to his typewriter again. But the bum kept on sitting there, hunched up on the basement steps. It annoyed Joe to have him sitting there looking in, and he was about to tell him to move on, when the bum said. "What're you doing, buddy? You writing a story book?"

"No, I'm writing two-line jokes," Joe said. "I make my living writing two-line jokes." Joe was proud of making his living by writing jokes.

The bum commenced talking again without paying any attention to what Joe had said. "Listen, buddy, you let me come in there, and I'll tell you some good stories you can write."

"What kind of stories?"

"Oh, all kinds of stories. Any kind of story you want to hear."

Joe got up and walked out into the hall and turned back the snap-lock on the basement door. The bum had moved quickly,

because he was there at the bottom of the steps waiting when Joe opened the door. When he stepped inside he put his foot down on some plaster that had fallen and it made a loud gritting noise on the concrete floor.

"Sh-h-h!" Joe said. "Don't make so much noise. The landlady lives right back there, and if she caught me letting you in she'd throw me and you both out in the street."

The visitor, stepping high, walked on past quickly and stood in Joe's room under the electric light, blinking. When Joe saw him in the light he knew that there wasn't any danger. The bum was a kid about sixteen years old. He looked tough, but not hard to handle. His back was twisted and he held his elbows out from his sides as if he had boils in both his armpits. His marmoset's face was broad and pleasant, but one of his eyelids drooped halfway shut. His other eye was as black and lively as a beetle.

II

"Start in," said Joe, sitting down in his chair.

"Well, what kind of a story would you want to hear?" the little bum asked, seating himself nervously on the edge of the cot.

"Just use your own judgment," Joe said. "You were the one that suggested this."

"Well, I can tell you about when I was handling greyhounds for the races out in Tia Juana and one day Roman Queen broke her leg and they give her to me to shoot. So I took her and set her leg and fixed it up and cured her. That dog sure did love me and I sure did love that dog. So one day Mr. Rambo, that was my boss, seen that Queenie was up and getting around again without much of a limp, and nothing would do him but he should run

her. Well, she wasn't much account for running, the bone in her leg wasn't good and knit yet, but Mr. Rambo took Queen and shot her full of dope, and that day she run and win the race and Old Man Rambo win six grand. I sure did love that dog. But that last race tore her leg loose again and the dope and all was too much for her and I had to shoot her after all. How is that for a story? Is that the kind you like?"

"That's all right," Joe said. "Go slower and talk so as I can understand what you're saying."

"Well, I've been all around. All over this country, Canada, and Mexico. I've been to Havana and Bonus Airs. I've just got out of a turpentine camp down in Florida. When the boom bust down there me and another kid was riding out in a Studie that was hot—that we had stole. We was almost to the line when the law caught us, and the judge shipped us off to this turpentine camp. They used to whup us regular, whether we'd done anything or not. But that turpentine gets into your hide and it gets so they can't hurt you so much when they cut you up with a cat-tail whip. I've got a back like a washboard. Here, let me show you something."

The little bum unbuttoned his coat and slipped his arms out of it gingerly. He bent his naked back over under the light bulb. The close, narrow welts on his back made it look like a piece of tan corduroy.

"Just feel that," the kid said. "Go on, just feel it."

Joe ran his finger tips along the leather colored welts.

"That's what them cat-tail whips they use on you in a turpentine camp does to you," the boy said proudly.

"Well, me and this other kid was in there, and this kid was a wop kid from Chi'. He said that if ever he could get

back to Chi' ever'thing would be jake for him and me both, because he could get me a job driving a beer truck for fifty bucks a week. He was a good kid all right. I sure did like him. So after a while he gets out and comes back to Chi' and before long he sends the money to get me out and sends me an address to come to here in Chi'. I didn't lose no time.

"I was riding the blinds out of Atlanta when a railroad dick come climbing down over the tender. She was hitting around seventy. I steps around on that little ledge out of sight, and when this yard dick sticks his beezzer around trying to see where I had went, I lets him have it, and he goes over, squealing like a stuck pig.

"I got into Chi' this afternoon late, and I went around to this tobacco store on North Clark street, this address this buddy of mine had give me. When I got there they told me that this dago buddy of mine had been put on the spot day before yesterday and they had a big funeral for him yesterday. I sure liked that kid. Kid by the name of Liberatore. Old Vic Liberatore.

"Well, here I am now. That's the breaks. The next time you see me I might be wearing a silk shirt and smoking a two-bit cigar. That's the breaks. That's what they call the lawr of averages. I've had it to work out for me before. I've had the bucks before this, plenty, and I spent 'em, too. Say, buddy, you ain't got another Lucky there, have you?"

Joe pulled a package of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket and handed them over to the little bum. The kid took one, lighted it, and sent a blue veil eddying up around the electric light. He stood there, naked to the waist. Joe was looking at the bum's arms. From wrist to elbow they were splotted with livid scars. Some of the places were unhealed and they were open wounds.

"How did you burn your arms like that?" Joe asked.

"Them blisters? Buddy, if I told you how I got them, I'd have to tell you about Heavy Henderson. I don't know if I can tell you about Heavy, exactly. I ain't right in my head yet about Heavy. You see how I walk? Sort of on my heels? Some thinks I'm punch-drunk, but I ain't punch-drunk. I never have talked to anybody about this before, but I'll try and tell you about it.

III

"I wasn't more'n ten years old when I first started on the road. My old folks used to live in a little town in Missouri. I guess they still do if they ain't dead. That's been six or seven years ago. My old man always said that if ever I run off, I could just keep on a-running, because he never would send after me. So I run off.

"Well, I hadn't been out long before I met up with Heavy Henderson. It was in the jungles near Boise, Idaho. I had been having a pretty tough time of it, and I sure was needing somebody who was big enough to stand up for me.

"Heavy was a big, fine-looking man, and he was looking to get a good punk to do his moochin' for him. So when I come along Heavy and me joined up. Heavy was a good guy at heart; they don't make them no better than Heavy was. He'd 'a' done anything in the world for me, but I have to admit that Heavy did have a mean temper. Part of it was my fault, though. I was always kind of headstrong, and that made it hard for him to keep me in line. So Heavy used to have to put the bug on me pretty often. That's what made them burns."

Joe said, "Oh, I see!"

"You know what the bug is, don't you?"

"Well, it seems to me like I do, but I'm not quite sure," Joe said. "What is it?"

"The bug is what they call blister beetle, a sort of a little bug. The juice of it on you blisters to beat hell. Heavy nearly always used some kind of acid on me, but he called it the bug just the same. Ever'time I got so I wouldn't do like he said, or when I helt out something on him, Heavy would catch me and take and blister my arms. That worked two ways. For one thing, it hurt me a whole lot more than a whupping, and for another thing, the next day when I went into town to batter back-doors, why I could show the woman that opened the door the sores on my arms and tell her I had got scalded in an accident and that I was trying to get back to my folks. That always worked, and sometimes it paid off in money, too.

"I used to try to fight Heavy off, but that didn't do no good. That was one strong man. He had a big heart, and I bet that'd he 'a' gone through Hell for me, but, like I say, he did have a quick temper. When he got mad, he'd just burn the hell out of my arms. I guess I needed it sometimes. But Heavy sort of overdone it. Some of them sores ain't never healed up yet, and that turpentine I been working in is a quick healer.

"But I never could find it in my heart to anything else but respect Heavy. I sure did like him. He was as good a jocker as any kid could want. Wasn't scared of nobody, and I seen him mash a bird's face in for just grabbing me by the neck. I sure did like Heavy, but I never did know how much I liked him until after it was too late.

"The way it was, one night Heavy tanked up on white mule out in a place in Dakota. Man, talk about your raw liquor, that stuff was *raw*. I seen one guy take a snort of it, and an hour later he was hav-

ing a hem'rage. But stuff like that didn't bother Heavy. He was a *man*. He had a set of cast-iron guts. We was waiting for a train, and Heavy was feeling good.

"I remember just as well. It was moonlight, and we was laying around a watertank waiting for the flyer. The drip from the tank made a funny sound where it splashed in the white chat down below. The moon made ever'thing look kind of like silver, except in the shadows. Old Heavy was propped up again' one of them watertank posts singing just as loud as he could sing. He was singing a song he knew about a bum that was one hell of a liar, and one day while he was setting there telling these lies a fly crawls up him and tickles him to death. It's a kind of a dirty song in places.

"Pretty soon we could hear a train working steam away off down the track. I don't know if you know how it is out there on the prairies, but the first thing you see is this long white light come shaking down the rails. It don't make no noise at all, just white and still. It sure is pretty. It puts me in the mind of one of them stories my old woman used to read out of the Bible. Then after awhile you begin to hear the drivers, away off across the plains. Pretty soon, when it gets nearer, it seems like the dark is just alive and beating with that sound.

"Well, this here was a manifest coming, a hot-shot freight. Heavy and me was passenger stiffs and we never did ride nothing slower than a fruit express. It was two hours yet before the flyer was due, but Heavy took it into his head that he was going to ride this rattler. Nothing would do him but we had to ride that manifest freight out. He got stubborn spells like that when he had been drinking.

"I thought he was too lousy drunk to even get on, and I tried to talk him out of

it. But he slapped my jaws, and nothing else would do him, so we walked on down the track a ways, and when she stopped for water, I got Heavy on.

"After we was on, Heavy took a notion that he would ride the bumpers. You know how the bumpers is on a box car: there's a block where the coupling pin is fastened on, and it sticks out far enough for you to sit on it. Heavy was riding down there between two cars, sitting on the bumpers with his feet propped up over the coupling pins.

"I was riding the tops right above him, where I could keep my eye on him, like I aimed to do. I guess I must of drowsed off, though. I never will get through blaming myself for what happened anyway. Pretty soon something woke me up. It was old Heavy screaming. I climbed down to where he was. He had went to sleep and let his foot slip down between the coupling pins. The cars had jostled and the coupling pins had jammed together and it had smashed Heavy's heel off. I felt of it, and it was all bloody and mushy there in his shoe.

"God, I was scared! I knew that I had to get that train stopped. Old Heavy was just like a daddy to me. I was so scared that I didn't want to think about what had happened.

"I climbed back up on top, and I begin to run over the tops toward the engine. It was funny, but you know something popped into my head about that time, and I can't get shut of it yet.

IV

"How I happened to run off from home: the Spring I run off they was learning us kids at school a dance for some kind of a doings they was having. I mean they *tried* to make me learn it along with the others,

but I never did like any sissy business like that, and I wouldn't learn it. So they whupped me. My old man always said that if ever I got a whupping at school I'd get one twicet as hard when I got home. And when my old man set out to whup me, he would just about half kill me. So I just didn't go home that night. I left out of there. Well, of all the crazy things, this tune they tried to learn me to dance to back in the fourth grade at school popped into my head, and it kept running in my head all the time I was high-tailing it down toward the engine acrost them box cars.

"'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four,' it went. 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four!' I got so I could make it come out even, and when I got to the 'four' I would be at the end of a car and I would have to jump acrost to the next one and begin all over again, 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four!'

"That seemed to me like the longest rattler ever I rode, and I thought I never was going to reach that engine cab. Finally I did, and I crawled up over the coal and jumped down into the cab, screaming and bawling and carrying on. They couldn't make out what I was saying, but they stopped the train. The head-end shack got off and run down the track with me, and finally we found the car where Heavy was, cussing and groaning. Ever'time old Heavy groaned, it was just like someone had slit me with a shiv. We got him off of there, and they carried him back to the caboose. I plugged along behind the con and the shack that was carrying him, and ever' time I took a step one of them words, —heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four— would snap into my head. It just kept running through my head.

"And when the train started up again, it seemed like the wheels was clicking, 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four!'

"They put us off at a little town about fifteen miles up the line so as I could get Heavy to a doc. I don't know how I ever did get that croaker out of bed that night, because I must have been crazy in my mind. Anyhow, the one I got must of been a horse doc, because he just looked at Heavy's smashed heel once and says, 'Um-mmm. Iron rust in it. I'll have to cut it off.' He fixed up a little frame over Heavy's face, and he showed me how to drop the ether. I let the drops fall, and as they dropped this 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four' jerked through my head in time to the drops.

"After a while the croaker started sawing. I could see the bone show white through the raw meat. Zup! that saw would go acrost, and I would think, 'Heel!' and Zup! it would come back, and I would think, 'Toe!'; and then it would go zup-zup-zup-zup, and I would count, one-two-three-four.

"Pretty soon I passed out myself. I was awful sick that night, but I went to sleep there in the croaker's office on a couch he had there, and when I woke up the next day the doc told me that Heavy was dead. They claimed he died of lock-jaw. I don't know. I didn't cry or anything. All I done was lay there with that crazy dance tune running through my head.

"They buried Heavy that same day. They had him a coffin made out of a goods-box and they loaded that in an old wagon and hauled him out to the graveyard. I walked along behind the wagon. I remember how the dust let my feet go down in it easy like I was walking on clouds. And the wagon wheels was warped and they clocked back and forth, making a kind of a hollow sound in a regular beat, and that 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four' kept time to that beat the wheel hubs made.

"I sure did hate to see old Heavy go. Nothing never has meant anything to me since then. I didn't take on or nothing, but I don't have no memory of what happened at the grave or how I ever got away from there. I get that way ever' onct in a while now. I'll be walking along and that 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four' will start up in my head and I take to walking in time to it. Some thinks I'm punch drunk, walking like that, but I ain't punch drunk.

"And sometimes I have dreams at night. I drempt that I was running along the tops of a long string of box cars that seems like it hasn't got no end, and the cars is swinging and swaying and I'm screaming and screaming, but the engine whistle up ahead is blowing so loud I can't hear what I'm screaming. Only I know what I'm screaming. It's that 'Heel, toe, and a one-two-three-four!'"

V

The little bum stopped talking and peered at Joe with one bright black eye. "You think I'm as full of nuts as a peach-orchard boar, don't you? Crazy as hell, ain't I?"

He stood up. "Well, I guess I'll try and see if I can't get on down to the Lake," he said briskly.

Joe said, "No, you don't need to do that. You can sleep here tonight if you want to. I've got me a shower bath fixed up back there. You go in and take a good bath, and you can sleep here."

The little bum said, "No, I'll find me a bench down on the beach somewheres. You don't want me sleeping here. I'm crazy in the head."

Joe stood watching him get into his coat. The kid slipped his arms tenderly into the sleeves. When he had reached the door, Joe called, "Well, so long, then!"

"So long, buddy. Did I give you any ideas you could use for stories?"

"Sure, you gave me some swell ideas," Joe said. "I can get a whole batch of stories out of what you told me. Much obliged!"

"Well, so long then, buddy. You're O.K."

The basement door slammed. Joe heard a footstep on the bottom step. There was a pause. One on the second. Another pause. Then, in quick succession, four that brought his departing visitor to the sidewalk level.

Joe walked over to the typewriter and ripped out the sheet that had his half-finished married-life joke on it. He crumpled the paper and threw the wad on the floor. Then he sat down, fed in a fresh sheet, and tapped the space bar nervously.

He started writing rapidly, "*Kind Old Lady*: My poor man, what brought you to this miserable state?"

Joe double-spaced and wrote "Hobo." He paused to phrase a snappy comeback for *Hobo*. Off down the silent, lamp-lit street he could hear the footclicks growing faint.

THE FOREIGN BOND BUBBLE

BY MAX WINKLER

THIRTY billion dollars of contractual obligations of governments, states and municipalities are in default today. More than \$16 for every man, woman and child now living on earth, regardless of color or creed. Of the total, two-thirds represents principal, and one-third interest in arrears. Back interest is accumulating at the rate of at least \$600,000,000 a year, or \$50,000,000 a month. Reduced to simpler terms, it is growing at the rate of about \$70,000 for every hour of the full 24-hour day, or at the rate of more than \$1,000 a minute.

Those who have been identified with the origination and distribution of these staggering debts today view their handiwork, for the most part, with a certain measure of complacency. It is the ultimate consumer—that is, the individual who was prevailed upon to buy and pay for allegedly sound securities—who is the loser.

It is he who will go down in history as the unknown soldier who died, not on the field of battle, but on the field of economics. But no tombstone will be erected in his honor. There will be no monument which will commemorate in adequate form his gullibility. He will die friendless and forgotten. No tears will be shed on his behalf. A victim of circumstances, people will say. His work, however, will be carried on. His species lasts forever. It may be likened unto the flies: one is killed, but ten come to the funeral.

So long as he is still classified as a pros-

pect—that is, as one who may be induced to buy more securities or, rather, insecurities—he remains in demand. He is overwhelmed with literature, supposedly descriptive of what he is to purchase. By means of charts and graphs and other statistical implements, concocted in the all too numerous economic laboratories, he is convinced of the desirability of the purchase. But once the sale is effected he is dropped mercilessly. He has what may be euphemistically called an investment. Analysis reveals it to be rather expensive.

On the basis of prevailing quotations, America's stake abroad, aggregating approximately \$18,000,000,000, exclusive of so-called political or inter-governmental debts, has a value hardly in excess of \$8,000,000,000. A shrinkage of ten billions! A high price for the privilege of becoming the world's leading creditor!

How was it possible to emerge, within less than a decade and a half, as the world's banker after having been indebted to the rest of the world to the extent of about \$5,000,000,000 only fifteen years ago? How was it possible to interest hundreds of thousands of American investors, to whom the mere term foreign was anathema, in bonds and shares of practically every country, state, city and corporation throughout the world? By what means did the underwriters of foreign issues convert the American investor, to whom everything beyond the confines of his own country was inferior; to whom even today Czecho-

slovakia is the same as Jugoslavia; who still confuses Bucharest with Budapest; who places Carlsbad in Germany; who regards Porto Alegre as a suburb of Berlin; and to whom Santa Catharina is a former Empress of Russia, canonized by posterity because of her piety and virtue?

It is this incomprehensible investor who heeded the call when invited to invest in Albania and Abyssinia; to help finance coffee plantations in Colombia; cotton growers in Ceara; banks in Iceland; mines in Jugoslavia; public utilities in the Canary Islands; power companies in Mallorca; silver mines in Greece; oils in Mesopotamia; railroads in Persia; mortgage banks in Bulgaria; sugar and rubber plantations in the Dutch East Indies; quebracho developments in Paraguay; and babassu nuts in Brazil.

Knowing little or nothing about the place in which he was asked to place his funds, his curiosity was aroused. His eagerness to buy was in direct proportion to the extent of his ignorance. It is indeed amazing to find that, to date, not a single loan has been sold him on behalf of a non-existent foreign borrower. In the great days even such bonds could have been easily disposed of.

It was the Golden Era which Ovid so eloquently describes in his *Metamorphoses*. An era in which millions, tens and hundreds of millions were offered to whatever governments and enterprises asked for them. In typical American fashion, we aimed at achieving over-night what it had taken our European friends decades to accomplish. It seemed as if we had set as our goal the creation of a record in the investment of capital abroad. The desirability of such investments was rarely questioned. The principal object, on most occasions, was simply the extent of the underwriting profit. The ultimate consequences of such

policies did not concern the American bankers.

That they did not concern, either, most of the politicians in the borrowing countries should occasion no surprise, for politicians always regard their position as ephemeral. They live for the day. Their philosophy of life is *carpe diem*, enunciated by Horace 2000 years ago. They do not think of tomorrow, for tomorrow they may be swept out of office. Today they live by yielding to the multiple undertaking of expenditures proposed by themselves and their temporary adherents, who violate with silent complicity the weak sense of decency, and exchange favors by the misuse of the public treasury. In order to enjoy the present, they cheerfully mortgage the future and, in order to win the favor of the voter, they launch costly and often sterile public works which exceed the taxable possibilities of the country.

Après moi le déluge, said a King of France who saw a flood coming—which, to use the words of Luzzatti, was a necessary catastrophe as an atonement for all the ignominy which the monarchy had produced. *Après moi le déluge*, said the Sileses and the Leguías, the Irigoyens and the Washington Luises, and the flood they invoked came with bankruptcy and default. Realizing that their days were numbered, they often authorized the spending of public money without restraint, either of decency or patriotism. When subsidies were requested, they were readily made, and those who furnished the funds rarely cared to inquire into their use.

So long as the golden stream was flowing in, respect and gratitude filled the hearts of Argentineans and Brazilians, Bolivians and Peruvians, Chileans and Colombians and Uruguayans, and of many nations on the European Continent, for the manifestation of good will and con-

fidence on the part of the United States. Thousands of young men from those countries came here to learn our language and commercial methods. Our engineers and business experts journeyed south by invitation. Presidents of the United States exchanged visits with Presidents of Latin-American Republics. Good relations and mutual confidence became firmly established.

America's leadership in the field of international finance was undisputed. The center had moved to the banks of the Hudson from the banks of the Thames, whither it had moved a century earlier after the Napoleonic wars. Americanization and American methods were the goals of every nation across the Atlantic and south of the Rio Grande. Americans were indeed the chosen children of God. It was suddenly discovered that the United States abounded in experts in practically every field and was at all times ready to lend American wizards of economics and finance to whoever was anxious to borrow them. Of course, each time an expert was dispatched to a foreign land, the American investing public began to be prepared for a loan to that country. The expert's advice was invariably followed or accompanied by the flotation of issues on behalf of the nations which he had been called upon to advise.

II

It was a time when everything a bond circular contained was readily believed. It was a time when foreign loans of all types and categories could be easily disposed of. One concrete example will illustrate:

Toward the end of 1929 a banking syndicate headed by a prominent New York banking house, and including one of Boston's leading investment firms, agreed to

underwrite an \$8,000,000 issue on behalf of the Province of Buenos Aires, Argentina, which had previously been financed in the American market by the same firms. A public offering was scheduled, but on the very day on which the bonds were to be sold to the public the Argentine government abandoned the gold standard, with the result that Argentine exchange dropped precipitately, inducing the bankers to postpone the offering for the time being.

However, the engagements on the part of the Province were so urgent and the bankers were so heavily involved in the situation that they were apparently obliged to grant a \$4,000,000 six-months' credit to the Province, though no public offering of this short-term note issue was made. With the return of enthusiasm on the part of American investors for bonds of all kinds, the bankers underwrote the above-mentioned \$8,000,000 issue, and offered it to the public, paying back to themselves, as one of the first steps, the \$4,000,000 which they had apparently been obliged to advance. The bonds bore a $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ coupon and were offered at $95\frac{1}{2}$, to yield 6.85% , or appreciably below the yield on some already outstanding Province of Buenos Aires bonds.

The circular descriptive of the bonds and the advertisement relative to the issue carried the following statement:

For over thirty years, with the exception of two years during the World War, the Province has never failed to provide funds for the interest payments on its external debt. The Province funded the 1915 and 1916 interest payments at the time, and sinking fund payments were resumed in 1919 and 1920.

This doubtless conveyed the impression that, among borrowers, Buenos Aires occupied a very high position. But let us compare the statement with these facts:

1. In 1891 the Province of Buenos Aires defaulted on all its external obligations. In the same year it defaulted on all obligations issued by the provincial Mortgage Bank, responsibility for which the Province had assumed. Moreover, in addition to this default, it passed laws which were a distinct violation of the rights and privileges of the holders of those bonds. Even though it is true that they were styled internal obligations, large amounts were held abroad, and one of the issues even carried a stipulation that payments were to be made in gold. The reason for believing that these bonds were widely held abroad resides in the fact that when the agreement was reached regarding settlement in 1906, it was done through the London firm of Baring Brothers.

2. In 1898, when the Argentine government assumed the external obligations of the Province, the bondholders were asked to convert their bonds, most of which bore interest at the rate of 6% *per annum*, into an Argentine government bond bearing interest at the rate of only 4%.

3. In 1906, when an agreement was made in reference to the bonds of the Mortgage Bank, all of which bore interest at rates varying from 6 to 8%, it was provided that the bondholders should exchange their bonds for a new sterling loan bearing interest at the rate of only 3%, increasing to 3½% after five years. With regard to the principal, it was provided that about \$40 par value of mortgage bonds were to be exchanged into the new issue at the rate of about \$33 par value; while \$40 of mortgage bank certificates were to be exchanged at the rate of \$16.50 par value of new bonds.

4. In 1915 payment of interest and sinking fund on all external obligations was suspended once again, wholly or in part, with the exception of the 4½% loan of

1910, which was originally underwritten by a syndicate headed by German bankers. Interest on the 3½% loan due in 1915 was paid at the rate of 10 shillings in cash and £1/5- in 5% bonds. The interest due in 1916 was paid at the rate of 15 shillings in cash and £1 in 10-year Province of Buenos Aires certificates. Interest on the other loans was funded into 5% bonds at par, and the sinking fund was suspended for two years to January 1, 1917.

5. In 1917 the sinking fund payments were not resumed as provided in the 1915 agreement.

6. The sinking fund on the 5% Consolidation bonds of 1915-16, scheduled to commence in 1918, was not resumed until November, 1920. In the same year interest was suspended on the 4½% loan of 1910 referred to above, and payments were not resumed until May, 1924, on which date the sinking fund was also brought up to date.

7. In 1919 sinking fund payments on the loans, the interest on which was funded into the 5% Consolidation loan, were resumed, with the exception of the 1910 loan referred to above.

In view of the above "impressive" fiscal record of the Province of Buenos Aires, it is somewhat difficult to understand the foregoing statement made by the syndicate of prominent banking institutions.

III

But this case was one of the mildest. The statement contained in the prospectus was, at least to a certain extent, technically accurate, and the authors could readily defend it.

But how about the statement made by a prominent Stock Exchange firm which sold to the American investor Chilean bonds, stating with emphasis in the cir-

cular descriptive of the loan that "Chile has been borrowing for ninety-five years and has never defaulted on any of its loans"? This was simply not true. Chile has, during that period, defaulted more than once on all her loans. She is in complete default today.

One recalls the lurid literature descriptive of German and other Central European paper, known at the time as government, state, city and corporation bonds and as currency. One also remembers how huge were the transactions in these so-called securities, which American dealers and brokers offered to the unsuspecting and gullible public as "long term" investments. They have turned out to be very long term investments. They are, one might say, permanent—nay, eternal—investments.

While this almost fraudulent trade was carried on, no one raised his voice in protest, not even the wall-paper concerns who must have felt the competition very keenly. Where were the McFaddens and the Johnsons then? Were the interests of the American public less dear and near to their hearts when millions of good American dollars were converted into paper which was destined to become absolutely worthless? The Hon. Louis T. McFadden may be interested today to learn that among those who warned the public against the speculation in marks the late Paul M. Warburg ranked foremost.

Is it possible that the gentleman from Pennsylvania and his colleagues farther West took seriously the assurance of a so-called specialist in German issues that a purchase of mark bonds would result in a profit of 2,500%? Why did they keep silent when another "expert" advised his followers that "the purchasers of [such] bonds have the absolute knowledge that they are buying them at one-seventh the former

price in dollars, and that they are in a position to make a large profit on the bonds that will in that event return them over 50% *per annum* on their investment?" Another enterprising dealer felt that "German city bonds—universally considered the safest securities in the German market—are the greatest investment opportunity of the day. It is only because an American can buy temporarily marks so exceedingly cheap [*sic*] that he is enabled to obtain these securities at such bargain prices." "Profits 150 to 1,200% possible, account the present low foreign exchange rate," was the laconic recommendation of another.

Those who heeded the above enticing calls have today little outside of memories. They have not even fared so well as did the purchasers of the Russian loan which has the distinction of being one of the first foreign loans to be admitted to the New York Stock Exchange. It is said that in connection with the listing the Exchange was presented by the Russian Finance Minister with a most exquisite vase, which adorns today the Governor's Room. On visiting days the holders of Russian bonds are presumably privileged to behold the gift.

The dubious pleasure derived from this sight, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1% of the original cost of the investment, is all that is left to those who bought the bonds despite the warnings against investing in Russia, issued especially by European economists who directed attention to the unstable conditions in the country, and who openly doubted the continuance of the service on the bonds.

These warnings were more than neutralized by the impressive information given in prospectuses and circulars. The investor was told of the vastness of the country, the richness of the soil and the smallness of the debt, reduced to a *per*

capita basis. This method of computing debt figures is a favorite one with all those who design and prepare foreign bond circulars. One recalls the prospectus descriptive of a loan sold on behalf of a Latin American Republic whose *per capita* debt was given as "less than one-twentieth" that of the United States. The prospectus did not, however, say that about 90% of the people of the country in question were living in hovels, paying an annual rental equivalent to about \$2, and being about ten years in arrears on their payments. And yet the statement concerning the *per capita* debt made in the prospectus was accurate.

IV

When the stream of gold ceased and bankers could no longer underwrite new issues, the proceeds from which could be used to meet old debts, our neighbors were quite bewildered. There developed an undercurrent of resentment, particularly on the part of governments with unfinished roads and public works for which funds were actually promised.

Unemployment set in. The demand for native products decreased. Governments were found wanting because they could no longer keep promises. Discontent grew, and so did the desire to change conditions, not through the ballot but the bullet. It was discovered, however, that a mere change in government could not alter appreciably the price of copper and tin, of silver and nitrate, of coffee and sugar. Governmental treasuries were empty; trade was falling; reserve ratios dwindled; and the inevitable happened—suspension of payment on all contractual obligations.

What about the investor now? He

learns through bitter experience that the idol he worshipped had not only feet of clay, but was entirely compounded of clay. He realizes that he was an easy prey to the liberal yield afforded by foreign bonds, backed by countries whose past fiscal record he was led to believe to be perfect. He begins to appreciate that the circular upon whose contents he based his purchase was prepared solely with the idea of selling the bond which it described. He discovers that a "balanced" budget means little if anything unless one learns how the balance is brought about. He learns how a city which had not borrowed in twenty years found it easy to claim a perfect record covering the twenty years. He begins to appreciate the reason for the default, on the part of a South American province, with respect to a loan of \$1,500,000 which netted the province about ten cents on the dollar. He understands why a Latin American Republic defaulted on a loan of \$3,800,000 which yielded it the impressive sum of \$190,000. He comprehends why another borrower defaulted on an issue of \$10,000,000 which yielded only \$3,200,000.

He will perhaps also appreciate the fact that governments rarely resort to default when accorded fair and honorable treatment, but that defaults are inevitable when attempts are made by underwriters to take advantage of temporarily embarrassed borrowers, by exacting all sorts of concessions and imposing all sorts of impossibly harsh terms.

He will, above all, discover that he has learned little, if anything, from the experience of his British cousins, and that, after all, Hegel was right when he maintained that "We learn from history only that we learn nothing from history."

UMPIRE

BY HUGH BRADLEY

His word is law. He averages 120 decisions a day for 154 days of the year. The careers of scores of other men and the interest of millions can be swayed by his judgment. His decrees must be delivered instantly. He has been doing it for twenty-eight years. I ask him:

"Bill, do you honestly believe that you never called one wrong?"

The man leans forward. He wears a lavender shirt with a collar to match, a blue tie of quiet pattern, blue suspenders, white socks rolled in collegiate fashion, low tan shoes, and a blue serge suit.

A heavy, almost pudgy, hand beats twice against his left breast in the approximate neighborhood of his heart. He speaks earnestly, slowly.

"No, never have I missed one *here*."

I try again.

"Bill, don't you think that it is possible that you *could* miss one?"

Again the man leans forward. His eyes are small, of a faded blue. They are not eyes that flash danger signals nor eyes that warm you with their glow. You might call them expressionless, yet somehow they express the intensity of the man, his calm certainty.

Once more the hand is raised against the left breast.

"I could miss one, *maybe*. But never from *here*."

The hand remains upon the breast.

The man is William J. Klem, the veteran National League umpire and generally

credited with being the best in the business. A few days previously I had mentioned to a fellow umpire of the league that he claimed never to have erred on a decision.

"That so?" said the other umpire. "Then Bill makes up for the rest of us. I know that I miss plenty."

This is repeated. The expressionless eyes never waver, but now the right hand is extended in front, with the fist clenched.

"I defy any man to prove to me that I have ever called a foul ball fair."

A pause.

"I defy any man to prove to me that I have ever called a fair ball foul."

Another pause. The hand is opened and then clinched again.

"I defy any man to prove that I have ever called a fly-ball catch wrong."

Braggadocio? Vanity? A Gilbert and Sullivan character? No, not if you see the man and talk with him. It is the terse, simple challenge of one who is right with himself.

"Bill, how do you know that you never missed one?"

"If I missed one I would know it here."

The hand comes back to the breast.

II

William J. Klem was born in Rochester, N. Y., where his father, a man of German descent, ran a cooperage business. While a boy he was a good semi-profes-

sional ball player, his position being first base. He went to Berwick, Pa., and became time-keeper for a bridge building company.

One Saturday he played first base for the Berwick team. They wanted him again the next day. He countered with an offer to umpire. It was the first game that he had ever umpired. Two and a half years later he started his long period of service in the National League.

"Why did you become a professional umpire?"

"I knew."

"Had you ever thought of it before that day?"

"Tom Burns, he used to manage the Cubs, had been talking to me about it."

"How could he tell that you would be a good one?"

"He knew."

For the first time he volunteers a remark.

"You can say that I never would stay in any minor league for more than a year."

"Why?"

"I knew what I wanted to do."

That must be explained. In the early days of the present century umpiring was a hazardous, poorly paid profession. At times the umpires were in actual peril of their lives. Their league presidents and even the law gave them little aid.

Naturally, it was difficult to obtain good men. But now conditions are much different. Only steady men who seek a life work are hired.

Klem spent a half year in the Connecticut State League, a year in the New York State League, and a year in the American Association. Sixty umpires were employed by the New York State League during the year he was in it.

But the hardships of his work did not cause his refusal to stay in a minor league

more than a year. It was simply that when he quit that job as timekeeper for the bridge company he knew that he was going to be a major league umpire. Calmly, inexorably he pursued his plotted course, by sheer force of will making other men agree.

Piece by piece he is not impressive. He is a stocky man of slightly over medium height, but his bowed legs and dangling arms make him seem smaller. His head is round, the bullet type. The forehead is of average height. His ears are large and stick out a trifle. Ball players call them loving cups, referring to the handles on such trophies. But they never call them that in front of Bill.

His hair is light, with signs of gray, and is fading away. He parts the strands in the middle. There are wrinkles under the expressionless blue eyes. The nose is large, rather flat, with wide nostrils. Two deep lines descend from it to the mouth. It is a wide mouth, slightly drooping at the corners. The lips are heavy, with the lower one the heavier. The jaw is short and wide. It seems almost part of the thick neck.

Not an impressive figure, piece by piece. But watch him out on the baseball field as he works. There is a stubbornness, a dogged certainty, a sincerity about that rigid frame that is compelling.

"Bill, they say that you are the best umpire in the business."

He nods. He knows. And he believes.

"But nevertheless there are arguments at times. Some of the players must really think then that you have missed one. What about it?"

The man leans forward again. He points with a stubby finger.

"Right here on this field"—the interview is in Brooklyn—"I said that a player who made a dive for a ball in the outfield

didn't catch it. But he came up with it in his hands. He said he caught it. They believed him."

There is a pause.

"But two months later he told the truth."

Nothing more.

Klem umpired in his first World Series in 1908. He has been in fifteen of them in all during his twenty-eight years in the major leagues.

"No other umpire has ever been in as many. No other man connected with baseball has ever been in as many. No one ever will be in as many."

He is not boasting. He is stating a fact.

"Bill, what is the toughest decision you ever had to make?"

The heavy shoulders tighten.

"They are all tough."

"But some must be tougher. Some may decide a pennant or a World Series?"

"They are all tough."

He is not overestimating his work. You know that, to him, the job is all deadly serious.

"Bill, suppose another umpire overruled you?"

For the first time he is almost startled. The question is repeated.

"They couldn't do it."

"Suppose a manager disagreed with you and thought that another umpire was in better position to see the play?"

"He could ask, but only if I gave him permission."

The inference is that the permission would not be given lightly.

"Suppose you have some doubt about whether a ball is fair or foul? Suppose another umpire is in better position to see it? Wouldn't you ask?"

"I never ask. I know."

Tim Hurst, Silk O'Laughlin, Hank O'Day were famous umpires when Klem became one of them.

"Bill, when you started umpiring did you ever model yourself after anybody else?"

"What?"

The question is repeated.

"All that I have is myself." The hand is lowered on to the chest. "My umpiring is me."

III

When Klem was a young minor league umpire the star of one of the teams was known as an umpire-fighter. One day Bill made a decision which went against the star's team. The star came running over wrathfully.

Bill walked forward a few steps. Then with his spiked toe he drew a line in the dirt, directly in the path of the star. He stood behind that line.

There was a hush. The crowd knew that something was about to happen. The player halted. Klem stood there calmly a moment. The player returned to his position.

All umpires do that now when forced to extremes. Perhaps it was Bill's move that marked the end of the umpire-fighters.

"Why did you do that, Bill?"

He gazes steadily.

"I don't know. It was the most natural thing that I ever did."

"Players are better now, aren't they?"

"Yes, the crowds are better, too. When they used to spend their time wrangling with the umpires, 10,000 was a tremendous crowd. Now look."

"But you still get arguments?"

"Yes, but most of them are nonsensical."

That is the closest he will come to a discussion of the players with whom he comes into daily contact. He keeps them at a distance; he is aloof, solitary. Other umpires may joke or chat with some veteran

among them. Klem never. His austerity is part of the man.

"Bill, who starts the arguments?"

"I never speak to a player unless he speaks to me. They have said that I started arguments. It would be impossible. I never speak to a player unless he speaks to me first."

He carries that out off the field. All umpires, of course, keep apart from the players except during working hours. But they will exchange greetings if they happen to meet on the street or on a train.

A player who has been in the National League fifteen years told me, "I see Bill around Florida often during the Winter. But unless I say hello the son-of-a-gun passes me without a tumble."

This is repeated to him. He gives no visible sign, yet I feel that he is pleased.

"I am an umpire, morning, noon and night, Winter and Summer."

Some umpires have side lines during the Winter. Klem was asked about this.

"I don't know about anybody else. I tried it and couldn't. I was in the movies when they first started and I was in real estate. But baseball is my job. I am an umpire."

He originated a new school of umpiring. Each decision is made clear to the crowd. There is an emphatic wave of the right arm to denote a strike, a toss of the left arm for a ball. Hands are spread palms down and moved parallel to the ground if the man is safe. An upward jerk of the right arm indicates that the man is out.

"A man is safe or he is out. It's a ball or a strike. The players should know. The people who pay should know. When it started we had a lot of trouble getting some of the old-timers to do it. They thought it was showing off."

Klem knows nothing of psychology as it is taught in text-books, yet those ges-

tures, quick and forceful, satisfy the mob and halt an irate player in his tracks. It is the majesty of the law.

"Are umpires better now?"

"Yes, they are better and they study the game more than they did in the old days."

"Do they copy after you?"

For once I make him hesitate. Then he replies:

"I am the most successful umpire. That is proven."

In another man it might be conceit. In Klem it is simply the uttering of an inexorable truth.

"You play bridge and golf?"

"Yes, and I also like the races."

"I wasn't going to mention that, Bill."

"Mention it?" The hand is gesturing again. It is Klem the umpire, the supreme, on or off the field. "Specify it. Say that I like to see the horses run. But —"

The fist is clinched.

"Tell them that I never see them run or have anything to do with them during the baseball season."

"How about bridge?"

"No use mentioning that. Anybody can play that."

"Do you play golf during the season?"

"I have played at night after a game when a course was close by. But I never play before I am to work."

He pauses. Then continues.

"I did it once. I found myself loafing during the game."

"Did anyone notice it?"

"I knew it."

IV

He has umpired games in every State and Territory except Alaska. He travelled around the world with the Giants and White Sox on one of their tours. He gets hundreds of letters every year from fans,

asking him to settle some dispute as to the baseball rules. He answers every letter. His salary is \$12,500 a year. He is the highest paid umpire on record.

"Would you become an umpire again if you had it to do over?"

There is a moment while he squints those faded blue eyes. He has thought of this, but he must consider it again.

"Now, yes. But if I had it all to go through again, no. It wouldn't be worth while." He seems to be thinking of those early struggles and of the comparative ease which has come into the game in later years. Then he continues, a trifle bitterly.

"I take a pride in my work. It is not appreciated by anybody. Not by anybody."

"The players say that you're good, Bill. They think that you're the best."

It is the truth, even though it is flattery. His heavy lips move in what might be a smile. He takes the words as a matter of fact but there is a trace of pride in his tone as he answers.

"I have received more compliments of late than ever before."

Apropos of nothing he tells me a story.

"Umpires used to be scared about their eyes. They would be afraid to be seen wearing glasses even when reading. One year the league president told us all to go have our eyes examined. I was asking for a thousand-dollar raise that year. The oculist had never seen me before. Didn't know who I was. After he got through he said, 'It's not often I see a perfect pair of eyes. You have them.'"

Bill paused as if to see that I appreciate it.

"I told him thanks, that I was an umpire and to put it into writing. Then I went back to see the league president. We argued about that raise for quite a while. Finally, I produced the paper from the oculist.

"Don't that mean anything to you?" I asked.

"Not a damn thing," he replied.

A pause.

"But I got the raise."

"Then perfect eyesight is not the main attribute of a good umpire?"

A gesture.

"No. Of course, a blind man couldn't be an umpire, but —"

His tone has risen a bit.

"The main qualities of a good umpire must be good judgment, nerve, and the ability to handle a crisis."

Some umpires stand with military erectness when they are behind the bat.

"Why do you crouch down and peer over the catcher's shoulder, Bill?"

"I defy any man living to judge a low ball accurately unless he gets down."

Again the hint of implacable certainty.

"Umpiring behind the bat is the hardest work an umpire has to do. I defy any man living to prove that I have ever misjudged a ball or a strike when it meant anything."

Umpires, like other men, do not want to be considered old. They guard their ages jealously, lest advancing years be considered a sign of infirmity and they be retired from duty. Klem spoke.

"Do you know how old so-and-so is? Don't mention his name. . . . Well, neither do I. . . . But I was born at Rochester on February 22, in the year of 1874, at seven o'clock in the evening. I am in perfect health and condition."

"You say that you have never missed one? Do you believe in the doctrine of divine infallibility as applied to yourself?"

"What! No. That would be sacrilegious. It would make me out an atheist!"

I had one more question, a stock one.

"Do you consider your life a lonely one?"

But I did not ask it. No need.

MY BROTHERS WHO ARE HONEST MEN

BY ALBERT HALPER

IN THE SPRING, when the grass comes up in little tufts between the ruts of the dirt roads in Southern Pennsylvania, I walk along outside this town and sometimes think about my brothers.

I think about them in a curious way. They, who have never known the loneliness of small towns or the bare walls of Manhattan rooming houses, write me two or three times a year to ask me how things are, and if I'm making any money.

Here in Southern Pennsylvania the dirt roads are dusty on dry days and a thin haze hangs over the fields. Every so often a Ford truck goes by, bumping as it hits the hollows, but there are no dogs that rush out snapping or cows that swing their heavy tails at flies. The road winds, climbing toward the hills. Near the first sharp turn are small trees, bare and black, with scratchy looking branches.

My brothers, who are city men, are honest fellows with honest hearts. Three of them are married; the fourth is studying to become a dentist. The dental student, who is the youngest, is about twenty-three and once upon a time wanted to become an actor. Tall, loose-jointed, good looking and with a fine, strong head, he became a trifle sullen and my older brothers had a hard time changing his mind. They had to talk to him for almost two years and finally he went back to school and now is studying dentistry. In another two years he will be graduated, will borrow money to open up an office, have his name let-

tered on the door, and begin cleaning teeth and filling cavities. My brothers feel he has forgotten all the amateur theatricals he has taken part in, and that short Summer season when he was playing stock with a traveling company on the road.

Now when he writes, this younger brother of mine, he tells me of the scraps he has with my father and how the Old Boy is getting harder to live with every week.

This Fall it will be three years since I have been away and though I grow mellow about the whole business every so often I have no urge to return home. Knocking around has got into my blood and I have always been able to manage, by a job here and a job there, to keep myself going. In a way I feel that I am fairly happy. The days go by and the weeks go by and I make a few friends in every town. Not having been in the war, because I was only fourteen when it was over, I have never felt that I belonged to a lost generation, and if I am "detached" in any way at all, it is a different sort of separateness and not an empty feeling that leaves you hollowed out.

For that matter, none of my three older brothers is "lost." They were in the war, came back to their jobs and got married. They seldom talk about the Army. They were drafted men and did not care to go, but they went, and now they are not bitter about the business. They do not belong to the American Legion or any other organi-

zation of that nature, and yet they have nothing against such affiliations. The fact is, they aren't interested, that's all. They're married men now, young American fellows, and sometimes they take a ride out in the country on Sunday afternoons when traffic is heavy, and their wives and kids have to wrinkle their noses at the strong smell of gasoline.

In Chicago and vicinity Sunday driving is not very pleasant. In the Spring and Summer the highways are jammed and toward evening the cars crawl back to the city at about eight miles an hour, waiting for slow freights to pass at the crossings, helping wrecked autos out of ditches and seeing the evening sun go down. It's a sweaty, monotonous business.

My father, whom we call the Old Boy, hates that kind of driving, but sooner than stay alone in the flat all day Sunday he sometimes goes out in a car with one of my brothers. The Old Boy is a small, fat-tish man with short thin legs, is heavy around the shoulders and has a large head which is bald and shiny. His cheeks are loose and when he becomes angry they shake a little and the small veins near his cheek bones grow purplish. Since my mother died he has been having a tough time with my brothers, especially with the youngest one, the kid who wanted to become an actor. There have been arguments over petty matters, and like most old men, my father has become very sensitive and cranky.

He and my younger brother live alone and of course my kid brother goes out by himself on Sunday: he puts his hat on and leaves the flat without a word, and the Old Boy doesn't like to be left alone. He reads three or four newspapers a day, but reading is tiresome, and beside, his eyes are not so good now. Once, just before I left home, when I came into the flat

he was sitting near the front windows and as he heard the door shut he hurriedly picked up the paper from his lap and when I passed his chair I noticed that he was holding the sheet upside down, and he didn't have his glasses on either. He knows I know that time hangs heavy on his hands and yet he tries to hide little things that in themselves are unimportant.

When I went away from home about three years ago he was sitting in the front room staring at a newspaper; and after I had put on my hat and coat and cleared my throat a few times he didn't get up to shake hands or wish me luck. He sat looking at the newsprint, frowning a little, and grunted something while my younger brother, who was seeing me off at the bus terminal, stood holding my suitcase. When we got outside it was starting to rain a little and as we began running to make a street car my kid brother said, "The old buzzard!" and swore a bit, but by the time we reached the corner both of us were breathing hard and laughing.

II

All this seems a long time ago, but I understand my father and I know he thinks about me once in a while and hopes I get along. He never had the habit of writing letters and I haven't heard from him since I left Chicago, but I am convinced that he thinks of me now and then.

He must be about sixty-eight now, and is fairly healthy. A great deal of the time he feels sorry for himself and my brothers grow a bit tired listening to him. They bring their kids over to his flat once a month or so and the kids play noisily and my father pretends he likes children and forces a grandfatherly glow into his eyes, but the children are shrewd and frankly

say at times that the Old Boy is a great flop. My father feels bad about it and after everybody leaves stands looking at the photograph of my mother for a long time, his short chubby arms clasped behind, his big head hanging a little. Sometimes he goes out walking in the neighborhood and if it's windy he returns with watery eyes and it looks as if he had been crying to himself.

Yes, I know how he spends every hour of the day, even though I am not at home now. I know because just before I left I had a job working nights and so was in the flat most of the day. Sometimes it was embarrassing for both of us. My father did all sorts of things to make me believe he was busy. At that time he owned a small two-story building on the West Side and was always calling up a painter or carpenter or going down to the City Hall to inquire about the taxes or something. And when that business would be over he would look busy and worried, but it would only last for fifteen minutes or so, and once again the house would grow silent. Working nights gave me a dead, flat feeling and while I sat in the flat during the afternoons, reading, my father would pace the rooms slowly for hours, cracking his fingers behind his back until they made sharp noises, his eyes staring at the carpets.

The furnishings of the flat were old and the patterns of the carpets had faded long ago. For a while, once a week a German woman, a big, good-natured soul, came over for a half a day to clean up the flat. She used to sing at her work, but my father couldn't stand it and went out for walks when she came and in the end she sensed it and did not come any more. After she was gone other women sent by an agency came up, but after working a few times would not return; most of them

were incompetent and my father would hang around the flat because he thought they might want to steal something, though there was nothing of value in the flat.

Yes, even now, when I'm away from home, I still know how he spends each hour of the day. In the morning he goes out for half a dozen poppy-seed rolls and makes coffee for my kid brother and himself. He makes very good coffee because he was once in the grocery business and so knows which blend is the best. It's hard for him to get up at seven-thirty because for over thirty years he used to get up at five o'clock to open the store and I know that he lies on his back staring at the ceiling for a few hours and then finally gets out of bed.

He always had his stores in poor, run-down neighborhoods and just about managed to make a living. Toward the end, at the last few stores, the whites began moving out and my father, who did not care for Negro trade, began muttering and cursed the day he was born. The Negroes who came into the store hemmed and hawed as they asked the prices, and wanted bargains, and because they had little money they would stand undecided for a long time, trying to make up their minds about a twenty-cent sale, and my father, who is rather short tempered, grew so boiled that he would turn his back on them and would have nothing to do with the trade. Once or twice he chased them out of the store.

Then one day he bought a few empty lots out on West Madison street, bought them cheap, and in one year's time sold them at a profit of several thousand dollars. He got rid of the store soon afterward and for the past seven years hasn't done a thing except live on the interest of his money and eat away small bits of the

capital. He lives very closely and my younger brother complains in his letters to me that the Old Boy is getting stingier every day.

The kid's letters make good reading. In some of them he takes a dig at our father now and then, but most of the digs are unintentional, and if they weren't, you couldn't blame my younger brother very much, because the Old Boy refused to put him through dental school. He said he couldn't afford it; he was an old man and said he had to look out for himself in his old age. The kid argued that it was merely a loan, but my father wouldn't listen. So one of my older brothers, who is not well-to-do by any means, is financing my younger brother.

He's a traveling salesman, a quiet fellow, and is married and has two children. He's the tallest one of the family, about six-feet-two, and sells men's clothing on the road, traveling from Texas as far north as Minnesota. A few times, before I left home, I accompanied him on short trips and went inside the stores while he displayed his samples and talked to the merchants. He did not say much to the buyers and yet I saw they were impressed. He has a certain sincerity that is convincing and he represents a large, reliable concern.

In the smaller towns, where the hotels were small, we used to register at the desk together and he paid for double rooms; but in the cities, at big hotels where people came and went and the room-clerks did not remember faces, my brother registered alone to save the extra money, while I stayed outside on the sidewalk or took a walk around the corner. It was an old salesman's trick, my brother told me. At first I felt sensitive about it, standing outside while he went in alone with the grips, but he merely laughed and told me to for-

get it. He said a lot of small-time drummers worked the trick when their expense accounts were running low; it was old stuff. After my brother went up with the bell-hop and the grips, he'd come down right away, meet me on the corner, we would eat some place, and then return to the room together. It was very simple.

From this brother, who is six years older than myself, I get letters while he's traveling and sometimes I am able to read between the lines. He tells me that I'm no kid any more, I'm twenty-six now and ought to be thinking about the future; he'll get me a job traveling, if I want to try my hand at it. These letters come from the small towns and cities of the South and Middle West. They are written after the day's work, after the day's grind of fighting for orders and arguing with merchants. They are written on hotel stationery when he sits alone in his room and thinks about me in a rather sentimental way perhaps.

III

All of my brothers are honest fellows with honest hearts. They want me to settle down and start making money and also think about getting married. If I were home now they would argue with me as they argued with my younger brother who once wanted to become an actor, and all their arguments would be logical and meant for my own good. I am certain of that. They would talk to me in the Fall and in the Winter. They would talk to me in the Spring and in the Summer when they would take me out driving, and as the smell of gasoline from other cars would reach us—causing the noses of their wives and kids to wrinkle—they would also talk to me, urging me to settle down and think about the future.

Here in Southern Pennsylvania no one bothers me about my future and I myself seldom think about it. I've got lots of time, I tell myself, and there's no harm thinking about my family. I think about my oldest brother, the one who is about to become divorced. He's the brother of thirty-eight or so, the one who once was the handsome boy of the family. He was my mother's favorite. He married a girl from a wealthy family, has a few kids and last week my younger brother wrote me that in the Fall a divorce will be arranged. The kid did not give any reasons but wrote that the thing has been brewing for some years.

This oldest brother, this one-time handsome man about town, also was a traveling salesman and once startled the neighborhood by walking with a cane on a Sunday afternoon. At that time I was five years old, and we were living on Fulton street behind the Northwestern tracks. Of course the folks in the neighborhood were not accustomed to such sporty things as canes. My oldest brother's friends had always been young fellows from the wealthier South Side families, fine young men who used to come over to our flat above the store every so often to get a kick out of the tough neighborhood and the noisy saloons on the corners. They would lean out our front windows on Summer nights and listen to a gang of fellows in front of Mickey's pool-hall down the street and would be moved by the really fine voices of the singers, who liked old-fashioned ballads and the sound of harmony floating up the hot, dark street.

My oldest brother writes to me less often than the others. Before I left Chicago he took me aside and gave me a talk, but when I had nothing to say, merely keeping quiet, he changed the subject and said he wished he were going away him-

self. He told me that to make me feel good. Now when he writes he feels he has to write like an older brother and consequently his letters are often sentimental. He writes that the home is not what it used to be, that the Old Boy is getting older and touchier, and that the family seldom gets together like in the old days.

In every letter he has a sentence or two about our mother. She has been dead about four years now and never was really happy. At the funeral my father cried very hard and the tears ran down his wide, heavy cheeks and every so often he raised his head to see if people were watching, but we five brothers merely stood silent and in the end my father was very hurt because the neighbors and relatives at the grave had seen five stony-hearted sons of his standing with dry eyes.

Afterward my oldest brother said he felt like crying, but something held him back. He was the idol of the family a long time ago. When he was hardly eighteen he went out on the road selling and because we had a grocery the whole neighborhood talked about it. And when he came back from his first trip he had made good, and a gang of young fellows from the block came up to the flat that night to talk to him about it; they asked him all about the towns he had visited and how it was, going into strange stores and selling merchandise. He brought me small bars of soap from the different hotels and I remember how I smelled them all, looking at the various wrappers. I saved them for a long time.

Beside being a handsome-looking young man my oldest brother was a good dresser and liked to live well and make a good appearance. And just before the war, when he began making real money, he went to live in a hotel on the South Side because he had become accustomed to a

shower and lots of service and other things. At that time our home was on Walnut street near Ashland avenue, also near the Northwestern tracks—a big, dark, six-room, draughty flat with coal stoves in the kitchen and parlor and a gas connection to the tank for hot water.

He lived in the South Side hotel until he left for the road again. My mother bragged a little to the neighbors about it, but I believe she secretly felt bad because he was living away from home while in the city. But one night, just before he left, he came over with a few small presents and everything was forgiven. He also brought a young fellow home for supper, a fraternity brother of his, and after the meal the whole family sat outside upon the front stairs because it was Summer and the night was hot and close.

A few Negro families had moved in across the street and about a half a dozen colored men were drinking beer from a can in front of one of the houses. They passed the tin pail from man to man, taking turns. Then they began rolling dice and the one who lost had to go to the corner and buy another can of beer at the saloon there. We could hear them laughing, we could see them bent over as they rolled the dice, talking to them, and their shadows danced on the street under an arc lamp.

That night, that hot close night on the front stairs, the whole family seemed closely knit. It was easy to feel it as we all sat there. My brother's fraternity brother must have enjoyed it; he shook my mother's and my father's hand as he left and tried to say something about it. A week later he paid us another visit, bringing two friends along, but the spirit wasn't the same, my oldest brother was out on the road selling, and the young men did not stay long or come over any more.

In my oldest brother's last letter he referred to the good old days once or twice. He said again that things were not the same back home and also wrote that his hair is thinning out on top. He has put on weight and though he still makes a fine appearance his eyes are often clouded when he speaks to you, and he likes to smoke good cigars in silence and flick the ashes absently with his little finger.

IV

He and the next-to-the-oldest brother, whom I have not told about yet, were always good friends and this friendship is perhaps the finest thing in my oldest brother's life. For a while he and Ben went out with the same friends because there is only a year or so difference in their ages, but when they were around twenty they began traveling in different circles.

Ben, who is next to the oldest, looks something like me, only his hair is dark. For a long while he had a tough time getting started. After he graduated from high-school he held down many petty jobs and was always broke and downhearted. My oldest brother used to help him out often and never asked for repayment. And even when he was in the Army, Ben got the dirty end of it. He was quartered at a Southern training-camp that was very swampy; many fellows died there and he himself was sick for a long time, and even now he still has nasal trouble during rainy weather.

As soon as he came back he married and things slowly changed for the better. Now he's an advertising man, makes a good salary and has two children. His letters to me are in the businesslike vein—clear-cut and concise. Some of them are dictated at his office. Twice a year he

comes to New York on business and on his last three trips I happened to be in New York when he came in. I went up to his hotel and he was glad to see me and we sat on the bed talking a long time; then he remembered that I was the drifter of the family and felt it was his duty to talk to me like a brother.

He talked to me about my future. He said the family knew that some day I would crash through in a very big way. The family couldn't just figure me out, he said, but I was a steady fellow and they all felt that eventually I would top them all. Each time in New York when I came up to his room he said the same thing. In the end he took me out to a dinner and a show, asked me if I needed any money and when he left I saw him off at the station.

Before the train pulled out we stood on the platform and he kept looking at me when he thought I wasn't watching and toward the end I had the feeling he wanted to say something to me. Then the locomotive up in front let out steam, he shook my hand briskly, gave me a smile and waved to me just as he was about to go through the doorway. I don't know yet if I'll be in New York or not when he arrives there in another month or so.

Well, these are my brothers, my four brothers, three older and one younger than myself. They write letters to me two or three times a year and I know they want me to be successful and happy. They are honest fellows with honest hearts, I tell myself, but I have no desire to return home, though sometimes I feel I would like to see my younger brother. After all, I am the next to the youngest, we grew up together, fought a great deal and swore at each other a lot.

And still, maybe that is not the real reason I would like to see him. The real rea-

son, perhaps, is that once he wanted to become a great actor and my brothers talked him out of it. He and I used to make the rounds of the West Side dance-halls and because he looked older than his years I did not mind having him along. It was I who told him the so-called facts of life when he began asking questions as a kid, and I also tried to inform him about other things. His letters to me are the longest of all my brothers' and are very slangy, with freaky twists of speech. In a few of his sentences I get the whole picture of the family back home and the fights he has with the Old Boy.

If I had money to spare I would pay his fare East just to have him here for a few days. I know the change would do him good. He never writes to me about my future and he has never told me that he believes I will crash through in a big way some day.

Back home when we were together we talked about baseball or women, and sometimes killed an evening by taking a long walk through a far-off section of town, finally ending up in some ten-cent movie-house. Toward the end, just before I went away, we did not go out together much but preferred to go out alone. Neither of us had many friends and though we felt we could get along better that way I really think there was something detached and lonely about both of us then.

And now that my younger brother is in school I suppose he has plenty of friends among his fellow students. But on the other hand, I am not so sure. And though he says nothing about it I know he would like to come East and see me if he could afford the trip.

If he came here I could take him walking outside this small Pennsylvania town. There's a mining settlement down in the

valley and from some of the higher hills you can see the tops of the shacks and a few of the bigger shafts. We could follow one of the dirt roads and I imagine that after a while, maybe after two or three miles of walking, he would begin swearing, using the foulest words he could think of, spitting occasionally from the corner of his mouth. But there would be something fine in his loose way of walking and his quiet, sullen way of swearing, and anybody listening would

not feel offended very much. If he came out here we could talk together for a few days. Probably we would not talk very much, though.

The chances are that if he came here we would merely walk along this dirt road and see the little tufts of grass coming up between the ruts. The chances are that if we did talk he would swear and I would probably swear, and in the end we would look across the fields where a thin, grey haze hangs over the rolling land.

THE MUSIC ROOM

BACH AT BETHLEHEM

BY ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

MAY is the month for music festivals. Throughout the length and breadth of the land amateur choral societies in colleges, churches, and industrial organizations hire orchestras and halls and achieve their season's culmination with somewhat excited performances of "Land-Sighting" or "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" or "Elijah." Professional musicians, vocal and instrumental, wind up their year's work with appearances in the auditoriums of small-town seminaries. Elderly professors of harmony become conductors for a day and their fugal overtures at last are heard. Then the tumult and the shouting dies, and the long silence of the hot American Summer is upon us.

These May festivals do no one any harm. The chorus is always their backbone, and since they permit hundreds of vocally inclined individuals to give vent to their vocal inclinations in concentrated masses before audiences made up of their families they probably do a distinct social good.

But as contributions to our cultural history they accomplish little. There is an amazing uniformity and sameness about them. With one or two exceptions the repertory of the May festival is drawn from the conventional, the facile, the musically meaningless. One of the greatest of these exceptions, perhaps the very greatest and most important, is the annual festival of the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The Bach Choir draws America to

it, and when America goes to a steel town in the Lehigh Valley to hear music one may be sure that someone in that steel town has accomplished something.

The musical potency of the Bethlehem Bach Choir is no freak or accident. Bethlehem, more than any other city in America, is the proper frame and setting for the choral music of Bach, for Bethlehem preserves in its choir the longest tradition of German provincial religious music-making to be found anywhere outside Germany itself.

The name of the town is revealing. It was founded in the Christmas season of 1741 by German Moravians under the leadership of the famous Moravian nobleman, Count Zinzendorf. There are many relics of the old religious commune in modern Bethlehem, but none more significant than the cemetery, in which the dead are buried under very small headstones so that they shall experience no difficulty in arising on the Judgment Day. It is an amusingly pietistic touch, but it also suggests something harsh and not at all amusing—the morbid preoccupation with death and dissolution that runs through all the more rigid Protestant art and thought, the music of Johann Sebastian Bach himself not excepted.

But where you find Germans you find music, and music has been a distinguishing feature of Bethlehem since its earliest days. Raymond Walters, in his history of the Bach Choir, has a long and convincing chapter on the musical life of this Pennsylvania town in its first years. Symphonies of Mozart were performed there

during the composer's lifetime. From the very beginning of the colony there existed a Collegium Musicum devoted to the performance of secular as well as religious works.

In 1754 the Moravian Trombone Choir was founded, and it has persisted uninterruptedly to the present time. Nowadays the members of the organization climb the tower of the church where the Bach festivals are held, and with solemn and humorless slips and slides turn the chorales of Bach into macabre hymns of an unlovely Zion. Musical instruction of a thorough German sort has been a feature of the Moravian educational scheme since the beginning.

In 1820 the Moravian Collegium Musicum, which had given the first American performances of Haydn's oratorios and had presented regular series of concerts in each music season for years past, expanded into the Bethlehem Philharmonic Society. Thus it signalized the growth of the town from a religious colony into an American city. But the German Moravian tradition and influence, in the musical activity of Bethlehem and in the general aspect of the community, continued strong, and is still strong. The Philharmonic Society continued its activity for sixty years, and then John Frederick Wolle emerges on to the scene.

John Frederick Wolle is a product of Moravian Bethlehem. Ancestors of his were among the first settlers in the community. His father was a Moravian preacher who wrote books on botany and invented a machine for making paper bags. Frederick Wolle was educated in Bethlehem, played the organ in a church there, and in 1884, at the age of twenty-one, went to Munich to study under Rheinberger. Rheinberger and Munich together opened his eyes to Bach, and Bach's

prophet he has been ever since. It was only natural. The provincial pietism of Bach and the provincial pietism of Moravian Bethlehem are one and the same.

Granting all credit to Wolle for his achievement in making Bethlehem the Bach center of America, we must not forget the peculiarly fitting atmosphere in which he has worked. Had it not been for the provincial obscurity in which the work of Bach was almost lost in the century after his death Bethlehem would have given the first American performances of him a hundred years before Wolle was born. A German religious community that knew the music of Mozart and Haydn while Mozart and Haydn were yet alive would not have passed Bach by if Bach had been available.

In 1882 Wolle organized the Bethlehem Choral Union. In 1888, after his return from Germany, Bach singing on a grand scale began. In that year the Choral Union gave the "St. John Passion" for the first time in this country. In 1892 the "St. Matthew Passion" was sung. But the difficulties of the B minor mass wrecked the Choral Union, and Bach was not heard in Bethlehem, in the grand manner at least, for eight years. Wolle, in the meantime, trained the choir of the Moravian church. In 1900 this choir, augmented by other amateur vocalists and conducted by him, presented the mass in the Moravian church, and the era of Bach festivals at Bethlehem was begun.

It was a particularly fortunate year for such an undertaking. It was the year of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Bach's death. What is more important, it was the year in which the Bachgesellschaft completed its authoritative edition of Bach's works, which had been half a century in the making. And the mass had never been heard in its entirety in the

United States. The performance was therefore of particular interest, and when the second Bach festival was given in 1901 such a crowd of out-of-town critics and correspondents and listeners was on hand that it almost ousted the townspeople from their own festival.

The second was more ambitious than the first. It ran for three days, during which the entire "Christmas Oratorio," the "St. Matthew Passion" and the mass were given. In 1903 there were six days of Bach in Bethlehem. In 1904 and 1905 the festival became a cycle divided into three sessions, each running for three days, given in the Winter, Spring, and early Summer. No less than sixteen programmes of Bach were given in the festival of that season.

In 1905 Wolle was appointed professor of music in the University of California. He remained in the West until 1912, and while he was gone Bethlehem ceased to be a music center of national interest. When he came back the festivals were resumed on the plan that is followed today. They are given on a Friday and Saturday in May or June, the locale is always the chapel of Lehigh University, the instrumentalists are drawn from the Philadelphia Orchestra, the chorus is made up of residents of Bethlehem, and, most important of all, the Saturday programme is always the B minor mass.

That Wolle is a great Bach conductor goes without saying. If he were not there would be no occasion to celebrate the existence of his choir. In Bach the chorus is the thing, and no choral tone more beautifully shaded and modulated and controlled is to be heard on this continent. It is a far finer performance than Bach ever got at the Thomaskirche. But the feeling and atmosphere of old Leipzig are closely paralleled at Bethlehem. The Lehigh

chapel itself is like some German provincial religious building—not the exuberant Gothic masterpiece that tourists come to see, but an old and darkish small town house of worship. And at the Bethlehem festivals, as in the Thomaskirche in Leipzig, the chorales in the cantatas and passions are sung by the assembled congregation.

For the last few years Wolle has been digging into the less familiar cantatas for his Friday programmes. Here the utter provincialism of Bach is exposed at its best and worst. The composer who could not write recreations for the clavichord without catching something of a terrific Gothic vitality in his notes is here committed to texts that reflect Protestantism in its lowest intellectual and moral depth—the Protestantism of total depravity and infant damnation.

These are the depressing doctrines of the Moravians and Calvinists, but the spirit that dictates such notions is implicit in the Lutheran texts of the Bach cantatas. And many of the cantatas represent Bach, the musician, at his worst, the Bach who had to write music for a Sunday service, and who went through the motions of composing, and succeeded only in imitating himself.

But it is a distinct gain for a striving soul to submit itself to the boredom of nine cantatas in a row, particularly if the B minor mass follows. The Latin text of the mass is smooth and inevitable compared with the doggerel German of many of the shorter works. It has been worn smooth by a tradition and a faith far older than that of Protestant pietism. And Bach's setting of it is a monument to a power far greater than any worshipped in churches—the power in the mind of man to create things of high nobility and lasting beauty.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"TWO HEARTS" & "YOURS IS MY
HEART ALONE." *Tenor & Orchestra*
By *Stoltz & Lehar.* *Victor*
\$1.50 10-in. record *Camden*

Perhaps Mr. Crooks sings these tid-bits too conscientiously, with his rich voice that is more at home in oratorio and traditional recital. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to hear two such Viennese tunes done with artistic responsibility. The Lehar song ("Yours is My Heart Alone") is not of that composer's best. But the waltz from the German film, "Two Hearts in $\frac{3}{4}$ Time", somehow keeps fresh, despite a year's popularity along Broadway. It suggests, to those who mourn the decline of our musical films, that the real trouble lay, not in the film but in the banality of most of the music. One hazards the guess that we are by no means through with "musicals"; at any moment they may leap into new life, chastened by experience.

"SALCE, SALCE" & "AVE MARIA"
(From "Otello"). *Soprano & Orchestra*
By *Giuseppe Verdi.* *Victor*
\$2. 12-in. record *Camden*

In his setting of the Shakespearean tragedy, Verdi achieved a new intensity and concentration. Without losing his melodiousness (and what, *pace* the controversialists, would not one have given for a Wagner with the melodious sense of a Verdi?) he deepened his operatic technique and delineated character in tone. Miss Elisabeth Rethberg sings the "Willow Song" and the "Prayer to the Virgin" with her accustomed fineness.

SCORES

SECOND SONATA: "*The Airplane*".
For Piano
By *George Antheil.*

The New Music Quarterly
75 cents 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 14; 11 pp. *San Francisco*

Mr. Antheil is an exotic American, of Polish-Jewish extraction, who has lived abroad (*Paris, s'entend*) since 1921. Born with the century, he has made valiant attempts to translate its mechanistic fervors into tone. Two symphonies, a piano concerto, an opera ("Transatlantic") and two

string quartettes stand—not always, according to many critics—to his credit. "The Airplane" sonata carries within its structure no audible reason for its name; certainly, however, it meets with most variable winds in its brief flight. There are two movements; the first "to be played as fast as possible"; the second, *andante moderato*. The first is six pages long and has no fewer than eighty changes of time-signature; the second is three pages long and therefore has but thirty changes of tempo. Some of the fractions that thus adorn the bars are $\frac{7}{8}$, $\frac{5}{8}$, $\frac{8}{8}$, $\frac{10}{8}$, $\frac{14}{8}$, $\frac{16}{8}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{19}{8}$. Joyce, in his "Ulysses", was thought by some to be aiming at the status of music; perhaps Antheil in this attempt to astound the commoner desires to return the compliment. It is not a happy landing.

THREE SONGS. *For Voice & Piano*
By *Dirk Foch.* *Carl Fischer*
\$1. 9 x 12; 11 pp. *New York*
FOUR SONGS. *For Voice & Piano*
Ibid. *Carl Fischer*
\$1.25 9 x 12; 20 pp. *New York*

The texts of the songs come from Hafiz (through Daumer), Paul Heyse, Mosen, Daumer and Hebbel; they are given in the original German, with English translation. The composer, extremely sensitive to the word accents, attempts a psychological accentuation as well, thereby achieving some original effects in his melodic line. Indeed, there is nothing perfunctory about his workmanship. The accompaniment is so fused with the melodies as to become an organic part of the whole, underscoring the meaning and maintaining throughout a dynamic character. Singers and players in quest of novelty that possesses also solidity should hasten to acquaint themselves with these pieces, which are altogether out of the ordinary.

SHEET MUSIC

"CHANSONS ET RONDEAUX."
For Four-Part Mixed Chorus
By *Gilles Binchois.* *Carl Fischer*
15 cents each 7 x 10 $\frac{3}{4}$; 3 pp.; 5 pp.
New York

Binchois is a French master of the Fifteenth Century; he was the teacher, so

Louis Victor Saar informs us in his foreword, of such later Netherlanders as Okeghem, Regis and Busnois. Dr. Hugo Riemann, in 1892, discovered a fragmentary manuscript of ten chansons and rondeaux, and transcribed them in modern notation. Mr. Saar, arranging three of these pieces for mixed chorus, added to the tenor, dis-cant and counter-tenor of the original a bass part to fill out the harmony. He has preserved, however, the melodic leadership of the tenor. . . . The selections, "Farewell Until We Meet Again", "Nay, Thou Dost Displease Me" and "Dear Love Whom I Adore" should prove especially attractive to choral groups in quest of fresh material. The melodies have an ancient grace, with intervals to which the modern ear unfortunately has grown unresponsive; the harmonies, too, are piquant with modal suggestion. The words are given also in the original.

"WHEN YUBA PLAYS THE RUMBA ON THE TUBA." *For Voice & Piano Words & Music by Herman Hupfeld. Harms*
40 cents 9½ x 12; 8 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hupfeld came into the limelight—and the royalties—with "Sing Something Simple". His new novelty song, from "The Third Little Show", ought to keep him there. He has a flair for nonsense jingles, and for tunes that pair with them happily. The Yuba song, with the rumba rhythm (something imported lately from Havana, together with less intangible quantities) sings equally well on the stage and at the parlor piano. The sheet-music arrangement, too, is at once simple and effective. It has original rhythms, left-hand melodies to go with thumbled melodies in the right, and sonorous unison passages that flatter the home chorus. In all, an excellent production number. We need a few more Hupfelds in Tin Pan Alley.

SELECTIONS FROM "BILLY ROSE'S CRAZY QUILT." *For Voice & Piano Words & Music by Various Hands.*

DeSylva, Brown & Henderson
40 cents each 9½ x 12; 5 pp.; 7 pp.
New York

There's little to get excited about in the wordy-musical patches of this crazy quilt.

"To Think That Once We Were Sweethearts" (words by Leslie and Rose, music by Monaco) is a throwback to the dismal ballads of the 90's. "Crazy Quilt" (Green and Warren) is a conventionally hot dance number. "Have A Little Drinkie" (Eliscu and Lehak) is fair patter. "Sing A Little Jingle" (Dixon and Warren) is an apparent attempt to follow up "Sing Something Simple". "It's In The Air" (Rose, Harburg and Alter) is Yiddo-Gypsy smile stuff. The most civilized bit in the score is "In The Merry Month of Maybe".

"LITANIE DES FEMMES."

Voice & Piano

The Elkan-Vogel Company

By Lazare Saminsky.

10 francs. 7¼ x 11; 16 pp. *Philadelphia*

This is a version, for voice and piano, of a highly interesting series of songs written originally for a woman's voice and the accompaniment of a chamber orchestra. There is little in Saminsky's music to attract the suffrage of the crowd; but those who are alert to tonal subtleties and to unforced originality will find much to repay them in these litanies.

BOOKS

COLOR-MUSIC: *The Art of Light.*

By Adrian Bernard Klein. The American Photographic Publishing Company
\$10. 6¾ x 10; 287 pp. *Boston*

In the preface to this second edition the author (inventor also of the Klein color projector) makes it clear that he can find at present no scientific support for the supposed correspondence between colors and sounds. There are analogies, but they have their foundation "in poetry or fantasy". Discussion of the subject is confused, moreover, by the very term "color-music". Undoubtedly there is place for an art of mobile color; as, in lesser degree, there may be room even for an art of scent. But color-music, as an attempt to create an art of mobile color, really has nothing to do with music at all. It uses the word "music" by analogy, much as musicians use the word "color". This, then, for our purposes, we may at once dismiss. . . . The other notion, that a musical score may be trans-

lated, on intricately devised instruments, into its musical equivalent, is, as Mr. Klein declares, fantastic. It hardly appears, from the score of Scriabin's "Prometheus", that, with all his theosophical didoes, he really believed in such transcription. Light, to him, seems to have been an auxiliary circumstance—not so much a translation of color into music as another instrument, intended to suggest atmosphere. . . . Mr. Klein's treatise, illustrated with photographs, diagrams, colored plates and musical excerpts, deals with the subject historically, scientifically and imaginatively. There is a good index; the chapters are provided with bibliographical references.

GOETHE & BEETHOVEN.

By Romain Rolland. *Harper & Brothers*
\$5. 6 3/8 x 9 1/8; 254 pp. *New York.*

This is an important monograph, based upon assiduous study, and presented succinctly and concretely. Goethe and Beethoven met in July, 1812, at Teplitz, and never again. The potentialities of collaboration between Germany's greatest poet and her greatest composer were beyond words promising, yet something kept the geniuses apart. What was it? Could it have been because Bettina von Arnim, Beethoven's ardent advocate, had a falling out with Goethe just before he met Beethoven? Was it the antagonism of Zelter, Goethe's musical adviser, toward the new music? Was it Beethoven's aloofness, which later turned to all but supplication, answered by Goethean silence? According to Rolland, the enigma is solved by a study of the Goethean paradox. Goethe was all for order and classical reserve; Beethoven was Dionysus to this Apollo. More: he was an aspect of Goethe that the poet labored hard to control, to repress. He was Goethe's abjured *alter ego*. . . . It is a fascinating thesis, and Rolland seems easily to maintain it. Incidentally, he proves that Goethe was no mean musician, and that he was capable of understanding thoroughly the

musical modernism that he rejected. . . . The book is important to students of either genius. It is admirably printed and illustrated profusely and with fine taste, but lacks an index.

PAMPHLETS

AMERICAN COMPOSERS OF TODAY.

Compiled by Claire Reis.

*The International Society for
Contemporary Music*
6 x 8 7/8; 54 pp. *New York*

This is a useful service, the importance of which will increase with annual revision. Miss Reis catalogues in detail some fifty-five composers, giving a complete list of their works, the duration of performance, the publisher, the date of completion and a record of public presentations. Numerous important names are relegated to a secondary list; some of these demand amplification in later issues of the monograph. Also, more than one name in the body of the pamphlet fails to impress one as meriting the distinction. The purpose, however, is good, and the function of the catalogue will be admirably fulfilled when it is expanded.

AMERICA & HER MUSIC.

By Lamar Stringfield.

The University of North Carolina Press
50 cents 5 7/8 x 9; 74 pp. *Chapel Hill*

An introduction by the playwright, Paul Green, gives an outline of Mr. Springfield's career. Mr. Springfield himself, in a preface, emphasizes the importance of "the development of folk-music as being a sound basis for American composition". There are chapters on "The Social Use of American Folk-Music", "Language in Music", "Musical America", "The Negro in American Music", "Jazz", "Music in Schools", "American Nationalism in Music", and so on. There are also suggested programmes, topics for discussion, subjects for study, and full references, not overlooking the value of phonograph records.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Wells Completes His Magnum Opus

THE WORK, WEALTH & HAPPINESS
OF MANKIND, by H. G. Wells. \$7.50.
9 x 6½; 2 vols.; 924 pp. Garden City, L.
I.: Doubleday, Doran & Company.

WITH these volumes Mr. Wells completes that monumental treatise upon the ideas and aspirations, habits and follies of *Homo sapiens* which began with "The Outline of History" in 1920. It took him, altogether, eleven years to finish the work, and in the course of it he had to resort to the aid of various other sages. In "The Outline of History" he confined their contribution to footnotes, but in "The Science of Life" he was constrained to admit them to his title-page. In "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind" they linger in the twilight of the preface, but his debt to not a few of them, notably John Maynard Keynes, is heavy and obvious.

Nevertheless, the six volumes remain thoroughly Wells's and not anyone else's. He alone, of all the authors now in practise on earth, could have imagined so grandiose a work, and he alone could have executed it. Every page shows his extraordinarily wide reading, his insatiable curiosity about mankind, his heroic determination to penetrate the mystery of things. The old utopian Wells, with his eager belief in sure cures, has begun to yield to age, and in his place one now sees something not unlike a philosopher. He is no longer in a hurry for the millennium. Now and then, to be sure, reverting to his earlier mood, he remounts the soap-box and talks urgently and confidently—as in his chapters on money, for example—,

but in the main he shows a new patience and tolerance, and his last volume closes with the resigned admission that "there is more to be said; much still to be thought out."

The two volumes are full of brilliant merits and disconcerting defects. Wells's original plan for them was too vast to be executed, even by so prowful a performer as he is. As they stand they show many gaps, and those gaps are but ill stopped by outlines of what he would put into them if he had the time and the knowledge for the job, and enough white paper. The work, in fact, is in large part a mere sketch or syllabus, and as such Wells himself speaks of it more than once. In fundamental plan it is simply a dramatization of the Science Museum at South Kensington, London, and the Deutsches Museum at Munich, but with human beings manning every machine. But carrying out that plan turned out to be hopeless. Wells describes his attempts and his failures. What we have is thus not the whole story, but simply a series of specimen chapters, not too well connected. Not infrequently Wells stops to dally with some phenomenon or some personality that happens to interest him unusually, sometimes to the damage of his main argument. In one place, for example, he is diverted by Sir Basil Zaharoff, an odd and even fantastic figure, typical of little save Sir Basil Zaharoff. The result is a considerable spottiness. In places there is bold and original thinking and very effective writing, but in other places there is only a dogged killing of space.

Wells is at his best, perhaps, when he wanders furthest from the clatter of forthright and current events. What he has to say about the causes of the present world depression will certainly be challenged by the majority of competent economists, though he brings up Keynes as his authority, but what he has to say about the different kinds of minds that enter into the general mentality of mankind is pungent, instantly convincing and enormously exhilarating. Here, indeed, is the Wells without a peer—the publicist beyond all other publicists, the master psychologist of them all. When he gets upon such subjects his great skill at writing is apt to deceive. The thing seems too facile to be profound. Worse, it is not only facile; it is amusing. We are used to a more decorous dullness in the learned; we have come to believe that every professor must be a pedagogue, and hence an ass. But Wells, though he has no chair, is a professor too, and one of the subtlest and most sagacious in the whole fraternity. There are few men on earth today who know more than he does, and even fewer who can make what they know seem interesting and important. To be sure, some of the things he knows are probably not true. But that fact cannot be brought against him fairly, for truth is something very new in the world, and no man can say that he has a really reliable stock of it.

Quod Est Veritas?

WHAT IS THERE LEFT TO BELIEVE?

By Herbert Parrish. \$2.50. 7½ x 5; 277 pp. New York: *The Sears Publishing Company*.

THE CATHOLIC FAITH, by Paul Elmer More. \$4. 8½ x 5½; 312 pp. Princeton, N. J.: *The Princeton University Press*.

HAS SCIENCE DISCOVERED GOD? Edited by Edward H. Cotton. \$3.50. 8½ x

5½; 308 pp. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*.

JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES, by Shirley Jackson Case. \$3. 7½ x 4¾; 382 pp. Chicago: *The University of Chicago Press*.

THE GREAT AMPHIBIUM by Joseph Needham. \$1.75. 7½ x 4¾; 180 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

WITHIN, by Thomas L. Masson. \$2.50. 7½ x 4¾; 325 pp. New York: *The Sears Publishing Company*.

THE GROWTH OF THE IDEA OF GOD, by Shailer Mathews. \$2.50. 7½ x 5; 237 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

SOCIAL SUBSTANCE OF RELIGION, by Gerald Heard. \$3.50. 8½ x 5¼; 318 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

A RABBI TAKES STOCK, by Solomon Goldman. \$2.50. 8½ x 5¼; 247 pp. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

AS A JEW SEES JESUS, by Ernest R. Trattner. \$2. 7¼ x 5½; 232 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

SINCE CALVARY, by Lewis Browne. \$3.50. 8½ x 5½; 443 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

SCIENCE REDISCOVERS GOD, by Donald Campbell Macfie. \$3. 8¼ x 5¼; 275 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

EVOLUTION & THEOLOGY, by Ernest C. Messenger. \$2.50. 8½ x 5¾; 313 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

THE WORLD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, by T. R. Glover. 7¾ x 4¾; 233 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, by Ernest F. Scott. 7½ x 5; 197 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

THE DEVIL IN LEGEND & LITERATURE, by Maximilian Rudwin. \$3. 9 x 5½; 354 pp. Chicago: *The Open Court Publishing Company*.

THE STORY OF THE DEVIL, by Arturo Graf. \$3. 8½ x 5½; 296 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

With perhaps two exceptions all of these authors show a bias in favor of supernaturalism: either they are theologians expounding the arcana of their trade or pious laymen arguing that those arcana

are somehow superior to the demonstrable facts of the laboratory. It is curious to note that the theologians, who might be expected reasonably to strut and spout a bit, show a far more modest and engaging spirit than the laymen, and are at least ten times as persuasive. I pick out two volumes at random, and set them side by side. The one is "What Is There Left to Believe?" by Dr. Parrish, an Anglican priest and a lecturer on theology; the other is "Has Science Discovered God?" a symposium by a posse of scientists headed by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Sir Arthur Eddington, Dr. William McDougall, Dr. Edwin G. Conklin and Sir Oliver Lodge. The difference is enormous, and instantly apparent. Dr. Parrish presents his ideas simply, clearly and in a modest spirit, confessing frankly to dubieties when he has them, but yielding nothing of his basic *credo*. He is fair to his opponents, and does them the honor of assuming that they are intelligent, and deserve to be answered in a rational manner. Now turn for contrast to the tome of Millikan and company, and for example to an essay entitled "A Biologist's Religion" by Dr. Conklin, who pursues that art and mystery at Princeton. Thus:

No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to fatalism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope and love. . . . Science cannot solve the great mysteries of our existence—why we are, whither we are bound, what it all means. Faith alone assures us that there is a definite purpose in all experience. This knowledge makes life worth living and service a privilege.

This, remember, is not a quotation from the late William Jennings Bryan, or from Aimée Semple McPherson, or from Bishop Manning, or from any other such comic character; it is from the professor of biology at a great American university.

What could be more puerile? What could be more completely ridiculous? I'd like to have from Dr. Conklin a list of the other biologists who subscribe to his rubbish. And another list of those who, *disbelieving* in it, are plunged into "fatalism and despair", and hold that life is not worth living, and find it impossible to serve their fellow men. While he is at it, let him also send me something else, to wit, a clear statement, fetched out of that theism which leads to "faith and hope and love," as to "why we are, whither we are bound, and what it all means." I'd like to know precisely what "the definite purpose" is "in all experience." On this point, indeed, I have always yearned for light—so far in vain, but certainly without anything properly describable as despair. It would be immensely satisfying to receive a clear answer from a man trained to scientific exactness of exposition.

Dr. Conklin's thesis is so weak, alas, that he finds it quite impossible to stick to it. What I have quoted with blushes for him is from his last page; on an earlier page he admits naïvely that "neither Mark Twain nor any other philosopher of despair could avoid the instinct to work for human betterment." Certainly there is a discrepancy between this and the idea that only faith—in what? in whom?—can make "service a privilege." It might be well for Dr. Conklin to recall briefly a man of his own trade who had no faith whatever and yet labored through a long life for the enlightenment and betterment of the human race—a man who laughed at all the divinities, beginning with the Yahweh of the Old Testament and running down to General William Booth of the Salvation Army, and yet never yielded to despair, a man who confessed openly that he did not know and could not

imagine "why we are, whither we are bound, and what it all means," and yet did a man's work in the heat of the day and was probably more responsible than anyone else for enabling Dr. Conklin to do his. I allude, of course, to Thomas Henry Huxley. How he would have snorted over the stale camp-meeting bilge of the Millikans and Conklins! How he would have yelled with rage to see the logic of the backwoods evangelist invading the laboratory!

Dr. More, also a Princeton pedagogue, gives almost as sad an exhibition in "The Catholic Faith", though he is much more competent as an arguer. He has been one of the leaders of the New Humanist movement in literary criticism, now falling into decay, and gives away, somewhat innocently, its animus, which was and is mainly theological. Unless I misread him, the Inner Check which the sophomore Taines and Coleridges were lately talking of so shrilly is simply a check on logic, that godless art. One pursues the facts for a certain space, and then one suddenly hauls up and returns to the International Sunday-school Lessons. Thus Dr. More himself first proves elaborately that "the revelation, if revelation there be, in the Bible" is of a most "imperfect character", and then proceeds placidly to swallow it. But not, of course, all of it. There are parts of it that gag him, and there are implications of it that gag him yet worse. For example, he simply cannot get down the infallibility of the Pope, and so he finds himself a Catholic, not in the sense in which Archbishop Cannon and Cardinal Hayes alike use the word, but only in the sense in which it is used by High Church Episcopalians. Even so, his rejection of the papal claim seems to be grounded less upon a logical process than upon an instinctive fear of what he calls the Demon of the

Absolute. He prefers the twilight, where nothing is clearly defined, and even the awful truths of Holy Writ take on a pleasantly vague and literary character. The late Cardinal Newman, it appears, was an almost perfect Humanist, in the Harvard-Princeton sense, when he wrote "Lead, Kindly Light", but then "his courage failed him, and in his anguish for the perfect light he bowed down to the Demon," which is to say, to the Pope. Dr. More will have nothing to do with His Holiness. He plainly likes the style and appellation of Catholic, but he wants it to be understood that he is not that kind.

I am always shocked, reading the works of pious intellectuals, to discover how little humor they have. Dr. More exhibits that lack very painfully in a chapter discussing the relations between Buddhism and Christianity. It is full of solemn and approving quotations from the Buddhist scriptures, most of them sheer nonsense. I offer as an example the following from the 115th *sutta* of the Majjhima Nikāya:

From Ignorance spring the Factors of Mentality,
 From the Factors of Mentality springs Consciousness,
 From Consciousness springs Name-Form (mind and body),
 From Name-Form springs the Sixfold Seat (the five organs of sense and the central organ),
 From the Six-Fold Seat springs Contact,
 From Contact springs Sensations,
 From Sensations springs Thirst (craving, desire),
 From Thirst springs Attachment,
 From Attachment springs Becoming,
 From Becoming springs Birth,
 From Birth spring Old Age, Death, Pain, Lamentation, Sorrow, Trouble, Despair.

It is obvious that all this is no more than a banal juggling with words, signifying nothing. It has no sense as psychology, it has no sense as philosophy, and it is even

idiotic as theology. That New Thinkers should mouth such grandiose hooey is perhaps understandable, but that it should be soberly set forth and discussed by a professor at Princeton is surely most remarkable. Dr. More seems to be a glutton for it. A few pages further on he embellishes his book with another dose, this time the Eightfold Path to the Cessation of Sorrow:

1. Right opinion (otherwise translated views).
2. Right purpose (intention, aspirations).
3. Right speech.
4. Right action.
5. Right employment (means of livelihood, *Wandeln, vita*).
6. Right endeavor (effort, *Mühen, sforzo*).
7. Right mindfulness (*sati*, otherwise translated memory, conscience, attention, meditation, contemplation, insight, thought).
8. Right collectedness (*samâdhi*, meditation, ecstasy, *Einigung, Konzentration, raccoglimento*).

It is interesting to hear from Dr. More that right opinion is "otherwise translated views", but he neglects, unfortunately, to tell us what difference there is, if any, between opinion and views. Nor does he explain what the difference is between right action and right employment, or between right purpose and right endeavor. Nor how conscience and attention, by any conceivable aberration of translators, may be made equal to the same word, whatever it is in the original. Nor, indeed, what all this pompous rumble-bumble is about. Does anyone seriously believe that right speech can produce a cessation of sorrow? It should be added in fairness that Dr. More, as a good "Catholic", rejects Buddhism at the end, thus departing at last from the New Thinkers. He has an "admiring reverence", for its founder, but believes he failed because he missed hearing about "the dogma of the Incarnation."

Lacking that dogma, the religion he devised at such pains and with so brutal a torture of words remains no more than "the most convincing argument that truth to be clearly known waits upon revelation."

It is pleasant to leave this mooniness for the clearer thinking of the professional theologians. Dr. Parrish's perspicuous and perspicacious "What Is There Left to Believe?" I have already noticed briefly. Dr. Matthews in "The Growth of the Idea of God", Dr. Case in "Jesus Through the Centuries", and Dr. Scott in "The Kingdom of God" present interesting, dispassionate and well-informed accounts of the development of Christian doctrine. Dr. Glover in "The World of the New Testament" attempts successfully a useful historical reconstruction, and the three rabbis, Messrs. Trattner, Browne and Goldman, make ponderable contributions to an understanding of the position of religion in the civilized world today. There is merit, too, in the two studies of the Devil legend by Messrs. Graf and Rudwin, though neither is a theologian. And there is an instructive example of theological casuistry at its best in Dr. Messenger's "Evolution and Theology."

Dr. Messenger is one of those learned priests who have actually read the Fathers, and what is more, read them attentively. He gathers from his studies that there is really no reason why any Catholic, however pious, should doubt the main facts of organic evolution, even including the evolution of man. He holds, of course, as a dutiful son of Holy Church, that the creation of the soul was something else again—that it is impossible to imagine it developing out of the lowly psyche of orang-outang, baboon or gorilla. But when that concession is made to revelation, there is nothing left to upset a biologist. Adam was not confectioned by Yahweh as a sculptor

confects a clay model; on the contrary, he plainly developed out of the primordial slime by slow and painful stages, and there is nothing contrary to faith or morals in holding that, in the earlier of those stages, he was something less than human. The manufacture of Eve out of Adam's rib gives Father Messenger rather more difficulty, but he is still not quite daunted. Nor is he indisposed to admit that there may have been men before Adam, and that *Homo neandertalensis* may have been one of them. At the end, unfortunately, after filling 280 pages with impressive arguments that human evolution is probably a fact, he remembers that he is a priest, and resorts to caution. After all, no one knows precisely what Holy Church thinks on the subject. It has reprimanded a few scientifically inclined clerics for going too far, but it has never formally repudiated Darwin. But on some near tomorrow one of the Sacred Congregations at Rome, manned by Italian gentlemen hostile to Modernism in all its forms, may issue a blast against the evolutionary hypothesis, and so make believing in it a dangerous matter *post mortem*. Father Messenger therefore advises every good Catholic "to suspend his judgment on the matter at the present moment." But what he thinks himself is made very plain.

The remaining tomes are unimportant. Mr. Needham's "The Great Amphibium" consists of four lectures delivered before lay Bible students in England, and is far more literary than theological. Mr. Macfie's "Science Rediscovered God" is an effort by one who "does not believe in the theory of continuous evolution" to reconcile science and what remains of Christian theology. "Within", by Mr. Masson, is a sort of text-book of the New Thought, more frank than Dr. More's, but even more dubious. In one place Mr. Masson un-

dertakes to advise a friend who has succumbed to the filthy, immoral and un-Christian vice of smoking. He says:

We have no power in our human wills. When we understand that fully and that all power comes from God, why, then it is quite easy to stop smoking, for the reason that you cannot function from the Spirit and also smoke. The two things don't go together. To stop smoking cigarettes, therefore, Love God. The more you love Him, the sooner smoking will depart from you, and this without any backing and filling on your part.

Mr. Masson used to be editor of *Life* and later on was a member of the editorial staff of the *Saturday Evening Post*. His book seems to be intended quite seriously. I commend it as auxiliary reading to Dr. More's students at Princeton.

Finally comes Mr. Heard's "Social Substance of Religion". Mr. Heard sees religion as a sort of mediator between the sharply selfish interests of the individual and the larger interests of group and race. What he calls "charitic love" has always "ranged outward," he says, "desiring to embrace the infinite." This charitic love has been most evident in such sectarians as the Moravians and Quakers, but it will increase in the general population as man goes forward. "If," says Mr. Heard

a sound basic unit is first founded, if the individual is shown the first step out of himself (and it is certainly the most difficult), we may build up a hierarchy of wholes, a real feudal system of intense loyalties, not imposed, but built up by the imperative overplus emotional needs of each group for a wider compass, as inevitable and as natural, once the process has been soundly started, as are the precipitations of crystals, or the coral animalcules' accumulated rise of reef toward the surface of the sea.

It may be so, but I am constrained to add that I find myself doubting it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL is a native of Illinois. He has served in various editorial capacities on newspapers in New York City, Chicago, Boston and St. Louis.

MILLY BENNETT, née BREMLER, was born in San Francisco, and entered newspaper work on the News there. She is now in Moscow, where she is on the staff of the Moscow News, which is printed in English.

HUGH BRADLEY was born in Baltimore and educated at Washington College and the University of Maryland Law School, but instead of entering upon the practice of the law, he joined a newspaper staff. He remained in journalism until a year ago. Since then he has been writing for the magazines.

JACK CONROY was born in Moberly, Mo., in 1899, and has worked as railroad hand, surveyor's assistant, auto worker, carpenter, ditch digger, farm hand, and newspaper man.

FRANK CLAY CROSS was born in Kansas in 1893, and has an A.B. and M.A. from Denver University. He was national director of Americanism for the American Legion in 1925-1927. In November, 1929, he was made head of the Young Men's Auxiliary of the Loyal Order of Moose; he resigned in May, 1931.

ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN has served on the staffs of the Chicago Tribune, the Review of Reviews, and the Golden Book. He is the author of "Syncopating Saxophones."

ALBERT HALPER is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D. (Jefferson Medical College), was born at Riverton, N. C. After his graduation in medicine he served as interne in the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital. Since 1910 he has been in practice at Winston-Salem.

RUTH EPPERSON KENNEL was born and bred in Oklahoma. In 1922 she went to Russia and remained six years. After three years in California, she returned to Russia in 1931 as a correspondent for the NEA Service. For a while she was also a member of the staff of the Moscow News.

GEORGE MILBURN is the author of "Oklahoma Town" and editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."

HOFFMAN NICKERSON is now at work on a book to be called "The United States and the New Europe."

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER was formerly managing editor of the Messenger Magazine and columnist for the Pittsburgh Courier. He is now editor of the National News: the News Magazine of Colored America, the first issue of which appeared in February. He is the author of "Black No More" and "Slaves Today."

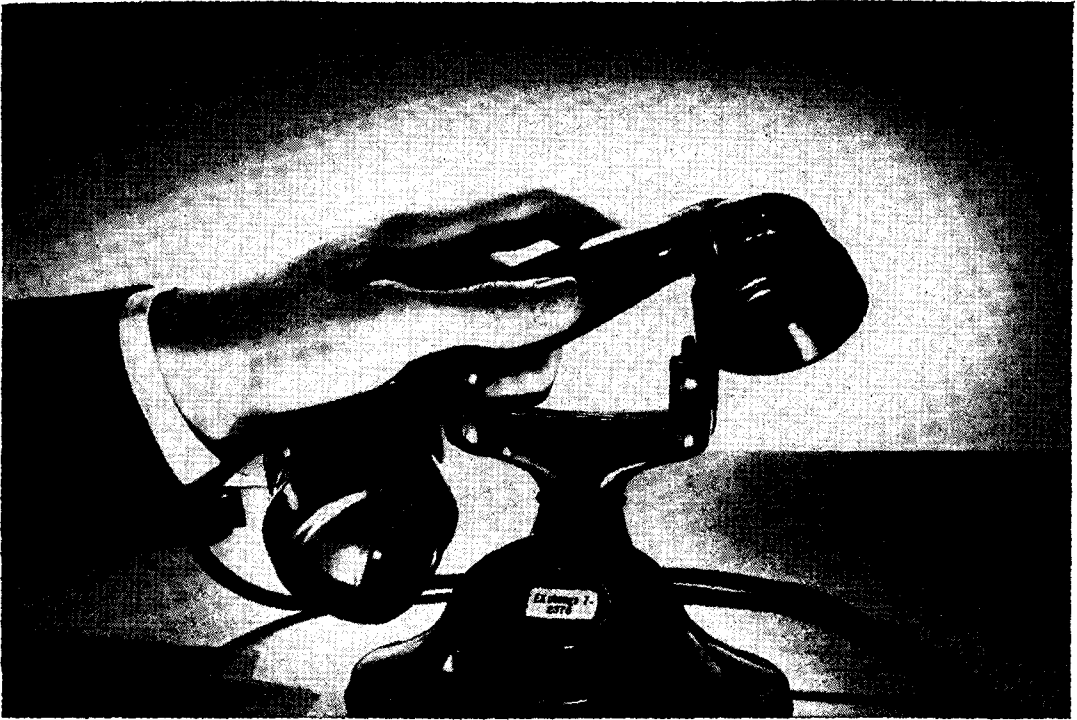
HAZELTON SPENCER, PH.D. (Harvard), was born at Methuen, Mass., and educated at Boston University and Harvard. Since 1928 he has been associate professor of English at the Johns Hopkins. He is the author of "Shakespeare Improved: the Restoration Versions in Quarto and on the Stage," and the editor of Vachel Lindsay's "Selected Poems."

H. B. WELLS was born in New Jersey in 1908, and was graduated from Harvard in 1929, and studied at the Caroline University in Prague in 1929-1930.

MAX WINKLER, PH.D., is a director and vice-president of the international banking firm of Bertron, Griscom & Company. His "Investment of United States Capital in Latin America" was published in 1929. He is special lecturer on international finance at the American Institute of Banking. His "Foreign Bonds: An Autopsy" will appear shortly.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXV

Allen, Robert S.: One of Mr. Hoover's Friends	53	Kennell Ruth: American Immigrants in Russia	463
Americana	63, 177, 289, 418	Liggett, Walter W.: The Plunder of Chicago	269
Aronoff, Jacob Broches: War in the Kentucky Mountains	226	Littell, Robert: A Day with the Radio	217
Arts and Sciences, The:		Malan, Jacques: The Possible Origin of Religion as a Conditioned Reflex	314
Architecture	310	Masters, Edgar Lee: A Democrat Looks at His Party	82
Criminology	79	Mencken, H. L.: The Library	123, 250, 379, 505
Farming	213	What is Going on in the World	1, 129, 257, 385
Language	211, 448	Milburn, George: The Fight at Hendryx's	152
Medicine	75	The <i>Menace</i>	324
Pathology	451	Heel, Toe and A 1, 2, 3, 4	473
Physiology	314	Miner, John R.: Do the Churches Prevent Crime?	79
Authors, The American Mercury	128, 256, 384, 511	Music Room, The	117, 245, 372, 499
Beffel, John Nicholas: Four Radicals	441	Nickerson, Hoffman: Democracy and Mass Massacre	391
Bennett, Milly: American Immigrants in Russia	463	Pearlman, Vee Terrys: The Real Narcotic Addict	100
Blanco, Jorge J.: Life in a Yankee Utopia	400	Robinson, Edward: Jean Sibelius	245
Bodenheim, Maxwell: Plain Chant	190	Robinson, J. J.: Men on the Bargain Counter	136
Bradley, Hugh: Umpire	486	Rorty, James: End of Farce	74
Carpenter, Charles: The Sign Language of Railroad Men	211	Sayre, Joel: Rackety Rax	7
Check List of New Books	No. 97, iv; No. 98, iv; No. 99, iv; No. 100, iv	Seidenberg, Roderick: I Refuse to Serve	91
Conroy, Jack: Rubber Heels	431	Schuyler, George S.: Black America Begins to Doubt	423
Conway, Arlington B.: Death from the Sky	167	Spencer, Hazelton: The Life and Death of a Bard	455
Cross, Frank Clay: The Boy Who Couldn't Be President	409	Spengler, Oswald: Our Backs Are to the Wall!	48
Dana, H. W. L.: Shaw in Moscow	343	Spero, Sterling D.: War in the Kentucky Mountains	226
Davidson, Ronald A.: The Case Against Large-Scale Farming	213	Stevens, James: The Rock-Candy Mountains	301
Dawson, Mitchell: The Blue Sky Blues	353	Thompson, Warren S.: The Case for the Machine	256
DeCasseres, Benjamin: Mouquin's	363	Tobey, James A.: Cancer Quacks	75
Dreher, Carl: Music and Engineering	117	Tompkins, Raymond S.: Notes on Hanging	280
Editorial Notes	No. 97, xviii; No. 98, xviii; No. 99, xxvi; No. 100, xviii	Watts, Marion Brown: The Service Wife	160
Epstein, Abraham: The Stabilization Nonsense	67	Wells, H. B.: The Russian Language in the United States	448
Employés' Welfare: An Autopsy	335	West, Harold E.: The Power Trust Bugaboo	234
Faulkner, William: Centaur in Brass	200	What is Going On in the World	1, 129, 257, 385
Fishman, Joseph Fulling: The Real Narcotic Addict	100	White, Owen P.: Member of Both Clubs	182
Frankenstein, Alfred V.: "Chopsticks": A Musicological Mystery	372	Willner, William E.: Is the Architect an Outsider?	310
Bach at Bethlehem	499	Winkler, Max: The Foreign Bond Bubble	480
Halper, Albert: My Brothers Who Are Honest Men	491	Zugsmith, Leane: The Picture	318
Hergesheimer, Joseph: The Lamentable Trade of Letters	262		
Hibschman, Harry: God in American Law	108		
Hubbell, Lindley Williams: Two Poems	362		
Hungerford, Edward: Exit the 5.15	191		
Johnson, Wingate M.: The Effects of Tobacco Smoking	451		



THE MOST NEARLY LIMITLESS SERVICE THE WORLD AFFORDS

COUNT, if you can, the value of a given telephone call. It may cost you five cents or less. It may have profited you five dollars or five hundred dollars. It may have brought you five friends or five hours of leisure, or five years more of life.

There is no way to measure the full value of the telephone, for it is the most nearly limitless service the world affords.

It is yours to use as you will, when you will, wherever you will. It knows no time or distance, class or creed. Over its wires come messages of hope and cheer, of friendship and love and business, of births and marriages, of every active

moving step in life and living. Its many millions of calls each day are the vocal history of the nation—the spoken diary of the American people.

Hundreds of thousands of employees, eighty-five million miles of wire, and a plant investment of more than four thousand million dollars are at your service whenever you pick up the telephone.

Yet the charge for local residential use is only a few cents a day. Infinite in value . . . low in cost . . . your telephone.

In the next moment it may ring with a message that will change your destiny.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

xvii

EDITORIAL NOTES

"THEY ALL COME TO MOSCOW", by Ruth Kennell and Milly Bennett in the issue for last December, made an amusing uproar in Moscow. The brunt of it had to be borne by Miss Bennett, who is on the staff of the *Moscow News*, an English newspaper published by the Bolsheviki. Miss Kennell, now Moscow correspondent for the NEA Service, had also been on the staff, but was then preparing to return to America. She says:

We thought the article harmless enough, but before the first copies of THE AMERICAN MERCURY reached Moscow the Friends of



Ruth Kennell

the Soviet Union in San Francisco, not sparing expense with a heretic scented, had cabled to the editor of the *Moscow News* demanding our discharge for writing what they denounced as "an anti-Soviet article." Although he did not know what it was all about, the editor of the *News*, eager to appease the Pacific Coast subscribers, staged a heresy trial. Since I was no longer with the paper, Miss Bennett was the only victim he could tie to the editorial stake.

The inquisition went on for days while the editors sat in judgment. To the surprise of the Bolshevik Torquemadas, Anna Louise Strong, the associate editor of the paper, defended the culprit. Then the mail arrived with THE AMERICAN MERCURY and the editor and his dictionary worked through the night deciphering its English. Every phrase which referred to Miss Strong, who appeared as the Oldest American
xviii

Resident in the article, was painstakingly underscored in red.

The inquisition was then resumed, and in thundering tones the editor read the extracts. The Oldest American Resident listened unmoved. Her only comment was, "Well, if you call that an attack on *me*, does that make it anti-Soviet? Besides, I don't consider it an attack and am not offended."

The nonplussed editor searched diligently again. "Here's a passage saying that Soviet mothers stay in a hospital only three days, when I know they are supposed to stay six."

"How can they when there isn't enough room?" Miss Bennett meekly inquired.

The trial ended with the chief inquisitor demanding that the defendant recant and put all responsibility for objectionable passages on me. She refused. However, she agreed to purify herself by writing a letter to the editor affirming that we cherished no anti-Soviet motives. It appeared in the *Moscow News* of December 18, with "we" changed everywhere to "I" and in general edited by the chief inquisitor to suit his taste. A two-column *feuilleton* by the staff humorist, Comrade Charles Ashleigh, late of London and now known as Moscow Mike, informed befuddled readers that something objectionable had appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, but just what it did not say.

Miss Bennett remained in her precarious job, but the California heresy hunters can be content with having done their duty. Later, there came an echo showing that Moscow is not really as bigoted as our own Golden Gate. One day our work took us to the Foreign Office, to the chief censor of what is proper to put into print. Trembling under our *shubas*—for were we not anti-Soviet suspects?—we slipped through his door.

Continued on page xx

Good-Bye to all that!



RACKETS and riveters
... cross-town traffic
and subways ... six
o'clock friends and par-
lor games ... aren't you
in your soul of souls fed
up with them?

Now is the time when smart people give themselves a taste of good salt air and a few weeks of rest and pleasure abroad. They just pack a few bags, hail a taxi, and say: "Pier 57, North River."

▲ And presto! the moment they set foot on deck, they're in France! So they speed eastward over the blue sealandes ... eating marvelous food ... basking ... dancing ... and in general doing whatever they darned well please, attended by English-speaking servants and bronzed Breton seamen. And they step ashore feeling a different person altogether!

▲ Try this prescription: Ask any travel agent about voyaging on France Afloat, or consult us direct. ... And as the skyline vanishes from view, wave your hand, sniff the salt breeze, and say: "Good-bye to all that!" ... The French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

French Line

Ile de France, April 8, April 30 • *Lafayette*,
April 16, May 21 • *De Grasse*, April 5, May 10 •
Rochambeau, April 30 • *Paris*, May 14 • *France*,
April 22, May 27 (West Indies Cruise, April 8)

CUNARD sends the LANCASTRIA on the first sailing of a great Cunard transatlantic liner to RUSSIA

From New York June 1st, from Boston
June 2nd ... to LENINGRAD.

To those who follow with keen interest the shaping of world events ... to all students of economics and world developments ... this announcement is supremely important. Now, on the *Lancastria*, you can reach Russia speedily, economically, conveniently. And you will begin your unique travel experience with an enjoyable ocean voyage in *true Cunard fashion*.

A visit to Russia at this time is a rich experience of infinite possibilities. You will observe at first hand conditions in modern Russia. You will see LENINGRAD, long famed for the harmonious beauty of its "prospects", its museums, its great palaces. And you will visit MOSCOW, the city unique, with its huge and splendid Kremlin. The Old Russia viewed through the New ... an intriguing study!

Your local agent or the Cunard Tour Department will arrange all details of your tour in Russia itself, which includes entrance and exit visas, capable guides, hotels, sight-seeing, auto and rail transportation. The ocean rate to Leningrad, Cabin Class, is \$186 up; Tourist Class, \$131.50.

Literature and full information from your local agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York.

SEE RUSSIA FOR YOURSELF!

EDITORIAL NOTES

Continued from page xviii

"I've just read your article in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*," was his greeting. "I found it very amusing and have passed it along," naming an official still higher, "and he'll enjoy it."

He was amazed when he heard of the trial and demanded gallantly, "Why didn't you come to me before?"

A few days later I left the Soviet Union of my own free will and with the good wishes of Foreign Office and other Soviet officials, who know how to take a joke—especially when it's on Americans. Any effort on the part of foreign correspondents to picture Soviet life honestly is viewed with sympathy by the sincere Soviet officials—something which is not realized by those lip-servers who sit comfortably at home to judge their fellow Americans who are sharing the realities and inconveniences of Moscow.

Miss Kennell is now in New York. She has published "Vanya of the Streets", a story for American children about Soviet Russia, and in the Autumn will follow it with another, "Comrade One-Crutch", dealing with the American colony in Siberia. She is also writing a series of articles for the NEA Service about Russia.

ALBERT HALPER, author of "My Brothers Who Are Honest Men" in this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in Chicago in 1904, and grew up on the great West Side. Right after I was graduated from high-school I got a job as order-picker in a big mail-order house for \$13 a week, and for the next seven years worked at one thing or another without a single interruption, not quitting a position until I had secured another one. I was a factory hand, salesman, jewelry clerk, office worker, and advance

xx

drummer for a big tobacco company. The last Chicago job I had (in 1927-1928) was on the night shift of the post-office, throwing mail and slinging heavy, dusty mail-sacks.

I worked there for fourteen months, seven nights a week. I slept during the days and began reading Dostoyevsky on the trolley going home from work at 3 A.M.

Just when I was about to become appointed a regular clerk I quit the job, even though there was a pay increase in sight, because I did not want to take any chances on feeling I had a snug berth.

The day after I quit the post-office I left Chicago, and have been on the hoof, more or less, ever since. I started writing as soon as I left home and did not experience difficulty in getting into print. I have just signed a contract with a New York publisher for two novels. The first, already written and approved, had been rejected by eighteen of the leading publishing houses, recalled two and three times by a half dozen of them, and in one instance was recalled four times, without me re-writing or changing a single line during its hectic career.

Right now I am still living in cold rooms down on the East Side, still eating twenty-five cent meals, but my agent and my publishers tell me it won't be long now. Even so, if things do improve a little, I will not be entirely satisfied, because, though I am only twenty-seven years of age, my hair is beginning to disappear rapidly, and my shaving-mirror tells me I am getting to look more and more like a Polish wrestler every day.



Albert Halper

TOURS TO
SOVIET RUSSIA
for
**STUDENTS ~ TOURISTS
SCIENTISTS**

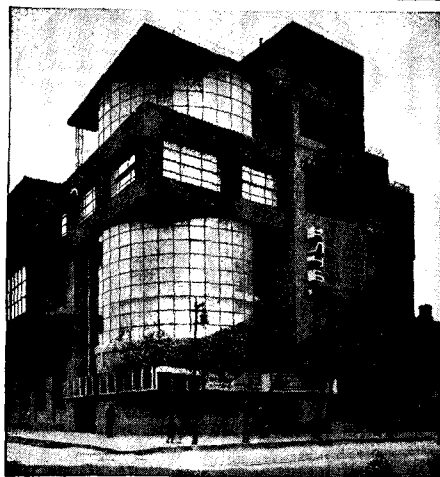
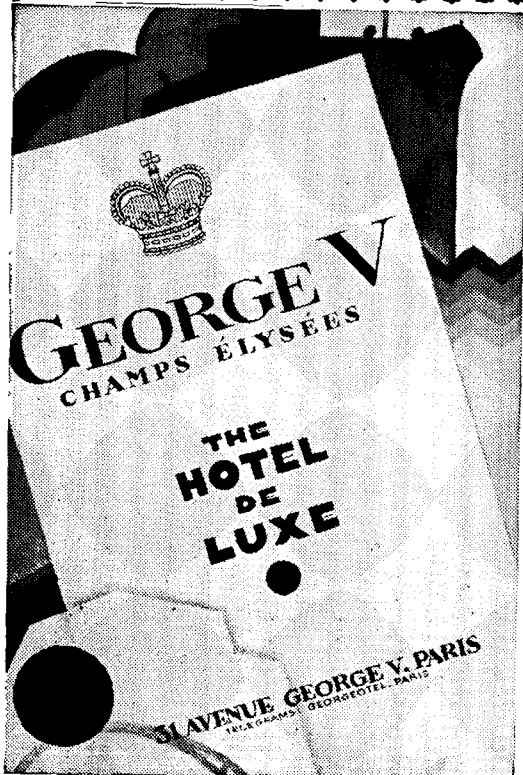
Weekly departures from New York
by Fast Steamers

Special Excursion for the
MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS

Sailing on the
S.S. NEW YORK... APRIL 14

Moderate Rates in all Classes
Visas and other details quickly arranged

Consult your Travel Agent or
HAMBURG-AMERICAN
39 Broadway **LINE** New York



Workers' Club, Moscow

**The Great Centers of Social
Planning in the SOVIET UNION**
23 Days • \$276*

Here is an inclusive trip that enables you to visit the new travel land with its challenging life and gigantic projects. *Leningrad* with its beautiful palaces . . . *Moscow* with its bustling activity, legislation, scientific institutes, workers' clubs . . . *Kharkov* with its huge industries . . . the great collective farms of *Rostov* . . . *Dnepropetrovsk* with its iron works . . . the *Dnieprostroy Dam*, mightiest hydro-electric station in the world . . . *Kiev* with its ancient art and modern planning.

** Second Class, two together; \$345 for one alone.
Greatly reduced rates for three or four together.*

INTOURIST provides everything — hotels, meals, all transportation, sightseeing, theatre tickets. Soviet visa, and services of English-speaking guides.

Other unusual tours: *Moscow and Leningrad*, 7 days, \$85; *Leningrad-Moscow-Rostov-Kiev*, 16 days, \$160 up; Industrial Tours; Three tours to *Turkestan*.

Write for General Booklet F-4.

INTOURIST, INC., 261 Fifth Ave., New York; 304 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago; 756 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

Or see your own travel agent.

**TRAVEL IN THE
SOVIET UNION**



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv*

it is "a most authoritative guide to the study of German romanticism." It is surely a comprehensive one, and full of shrewdnesses. Dr. Walzel treats at length the work of such individual writers as Herder, Schlegel, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Hardenberg, and also has much to say on romantic legend, satire, irony, nature philosophy, and the problem drama and novel. Near the end of his study he gives over a whole chapter to a discussion of the writings of Heinrich von Kleist. He is opposed to the practice of the older literary historians of setting up a sharp-lined distinction between classicism and romanticism. He goes so far as to say that "Goethe and even Schiller have much in common with German romanticism . . . Goethe . . . assuredly was the model of the German romanticists and became the guarantor of the organic method of fashioning a work of art." There is an index.

THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

Translated by Joseph Auslander.

Longmans Green & Company

\$2.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 336 pp. *New York*

The 317 sonnets of Petrarch celebrating his love for the married and almost incredibly obstinate Laura, who bore her petty lawyer of a husband ten children, have been partly translated into English many times before, notably by Swinburne and Rossetti, but Mr. Auslander is the first to tackle the whole job single-handed. His performance is highly creditable and at times achieves a considerable distinction. When he fails the fault is probably not his, but Petrarch's, for not all of the sonnets are the pure gold that fanatics like to think they are. There is an index of English first lines, followed by an index of Italian first lines. For a frontispiece there is a supposed portrait by Simone Memmi.

HISTORY

AMERICA'S SIBERIAN ADVENTURE.

By William S. Graves.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 363 pp. *New York*

In July, 1918, President Wilson ordered Major-General Graves to take 2,000 American soldiers with him to Siberia in order to help the escaped "Czecho-Slovaks consolidate their forces and get into successful coöperation with their Slavic kinsmen and to steady any efforts at self-government or self-defense in which the Russians themselves may be willing to

xxii

accept any assistance." General Graves and his men spent nearly two years in and about Vladivostock, and suffered not a few casualties. When they came there they found a small band of Czecho-Slovaks, whose main desire was to be let alone. General Graves spent the next two years trying to find out from Washington what he was to do, but never received any satisfactory answer. Once he was told to guard Russian war supplies, and another time he was told to keep an eye on German and Austrian prisoners, but there were no supplies or prisoners to speak of. Even now he is forced to say: "I must admit I do not know what the United States was trying to accomplish by military intervention." His book will make painful reading to patriots. There are many illustrations and an index. Former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker supplies a foreword, but he seems to be as much bewildered as the author.

UNITED ROUMANIA.

By Charles Upson Clark. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 418 pp. *New York*

Dr. Clark has made several long visits to Roumania, has lectured at its leading universities, is intimately acquainted with many of its eminent intellectuals and politicians, and is a member of the Roumanian Academy. His historical and cultural survey of the land is fairly comprehensive, but it has some of the marks of special pleading. He speaks of "the independent character and self-sufficiency of the Roumanian peasant," but says almost nothing about his misery and almost incredible poverty. He gets somewhat excited about "the intensity of the intellectual life" which has marked the land from the beginning, but he does not mention a single poet, novelist, dramatist, or musician who has achieved real distinction beyond its borders. He makes light of the persecutions of minorities, though the League of Nations has repeatedly protested against them. Finally, all he has to say about the preposterous Carol II is that he shows all the evidences of "thoughtfulness, culture, . . . boundless energy, and wide experience of life." There are many illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

THE SHADOW OF THE POPE.

By Michael Williams.

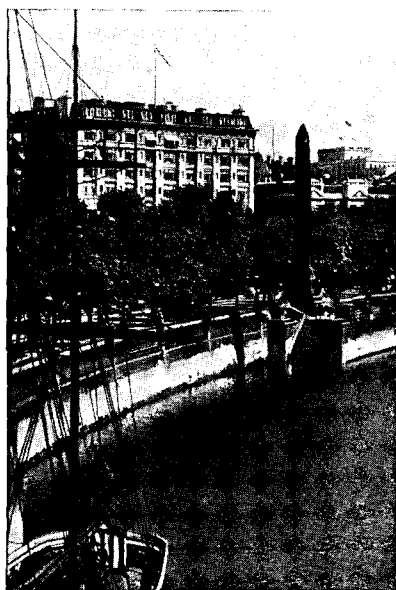
The McGraw-Hill Book Company

\$3 6 x 9; 329 pp. *New York*

Mr. Williams, who is the editor of the Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal*, here tells the long and melodramatic story of anti-Catholic agitation in the United States. Parts of it are familiar, but there are

Continued on page xxiv

THE RIVER ROOMS
OF THE
SAVOY
LONDON



PROVIDE THE MOST
LUXURIOUS ACCOM-
MODATION AND THE
MOST IMPRESSIVE
RIVER PANORAMA TO
BE FOUND IN EUROPE

TRAVEL
at your convenience
PAY
at your leisure

You don't have to wait until you have the money saved for that trip to Europe or that cruise of your choice . . . you can now buy your ticket in a Cunarder on the deferred payment plan, the same way you buy an automobile or an electric refrigerator, through Cunard's new and exclusive arrangement with certain Morris Plan Banks and Companies.

Visit any Cunard or local steamship office . . . decide on the accommodations you want . . . the day you wish to sail and the amount you are in a position to pay. An immediate payment of as little as 25% of the cost of the round-trip steamship passage to Europe is all that is necessary . . . and you may take a year, if you wish, to pay the balance. Actually, for desirable accommodations in a splendid Cunard transatlantic liner, this 25% payment may be as little as \$34.

Normally no endorsers
required; no surcharges.

Cunard transatlantic rates have been drastically reduced . . . they are far lower now than at any time since the war.

Full particulars from
Cunard and Anchor Lines, 25 Broadway, New York
or offices and agents

CUNARD

xxiii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

other parts that have been forgotten, and the whole is here put together in an admirably comprehensive and temperate manner. Despite the evidence of the Hoover campaign, Mr. Williams believes that the old frenzy against the Pope is diminishing in the United States, and in support of that position he cites the fact that the embattled Methodists and Baptists under Bishop Cannon at least refrained from burning Catholic churches and roughing priests and nuns. Both enterprises were carried out on a considerable scale in previous outbreaks. The book is well documented and well illustrated, and the author writes with great clarity and persuasiveness. Unfortunately, there is no index—a serious omission in a work embracing so many facts.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Francis R. Packard. Paul B. Hoeber
\$12 9 x 5 1/4; 2 vols.; 1323 pp. New York

Dr. Packard, who is editor of the *Annals of Medical History*, attempts in these volumes to cover a very wide field. In some of its areas the available material is too slight to make anything properly describable as connected history, but wherever diligence could unearth the story the author tells it. His first volume is chiefly devoted to the Colonial era. Here he has brought together a great deal of interesting and unfamiliar stuff. In his second volume he discusses the early American medical schools, describes the foreign influences that colored American medical progress, recounts some of the more notable events in American medicine and surgery, and traces the development of specialism. Chapters on the history of the medical departments of the Army and Navy are contributed by Col. P. M. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Lieut.-Com. R. P. Parsons, U. S. N. The work is well illustrated, and at the end are appendices, a bibliography and indices.

A HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1494 TO 1610.

By A. J. Grant. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$6.50 9 x 5 1/4; 572 pp. New York

This is Volume V in a projected eight-volume History of Medieval and Modern Europe by various hands. Dr. Grant, who was formerly professor of history in the University of Leeds, says: "I have tried . . . to extend my survey over the whole of Europe instead of confining it to the great powers of the West. . . . I have looked, too, beyond Europe, and have tried to bring the history of Islam and the conquests and discoveries of the European powers in the New World into relation with European

affairs." He has achieved his aim with a fair degree of success, and his book should be of use to college students, to whom it seems to be addressed. He is particularly good in his chapters on the political and economic aspects of the Reformation, on the origin and spread of Lutheranism, and on the French wars of religion. There is a brief bibliography, and also an index.

HUMOR

LIMBURGER LYRICS, oder, Odes in die schönste Lengevitch.

By K. M. S. Covici-Friede
\$1.75 7 3/4 x 4 7/8; 123 pp. New York

The anonymous author of these amusing buffooneries well maintains the standard he set in "Die schönste Lengevitch" (1925) and "Gemixte Pickles" (1927). He has a keen ear for the absurdities of the bastard German spoken by the more illiterate class of Germans in America, and he writes it with great skill and ingenuity. Moreover, he has plenty of humor of his own, and some of his pieces scarcely need the help of the grotesque jargon in which they are written, notably "Der Fussy Clarinetist" and "Märchen". But others depend heavily upon bilingual puns, wholly unintelligible to readers who do not know both English and German, for example, "Der Uncle Gus Exblaneschent". At the end the author adds some experiments in sound English, but they have the effect of anti-climax.

FREE WHEELING.

By Ogden Nash. Simon & Shuster
\$1.75 7 1/4 x 5; 100 pp. New York

In this, his second volume, Mr. Nash's flow of grotesque ideas shows no sign of abating. He is still full of harsh and astounding rhymes, words turned inside out, razor-edged cynicisms, and bludgeoning impudences. Not since the palmy days of Franklin P. Adams as a parodist has any comic poet in our midst shown a greater ingenuity. Some of the best pieces in the collection are only a few lines long. Most of them are reprinted from the *New Yorker* and *College Humor*, in the first of which Mr. Nash made his début. There are some capital drawings by O. Soglow.

TRAVEL

FAIR WINDS & FOUL.

By Heinrich Hauser. Liveright
\$2.50 8 x 5; 254 pp. New York

Herr Hauser made the trip from Hamburg to Talcahuano, Chile, in the square-rigger *Pamir*, one

Continued on page xxvi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Hotel Ambassador

ATLANTIC CITY
ANNOUNCES

An Innovation in Rates

Rooms with meals Daily	Rooms without meals Daily
\$8. for one person	\$5. for one person
\$14. for two persons	\$8. for two persons

All guests staying weekly will be charged at the rate of six days

WHITAKER & CO., Inc.

Sporting and General Tailors

666 Fifth Avenue
Between 52nd and 53rd Sts.
NEW YORK

43 Conduit Street
LONDON, W

PERMANENCY

A limited edition of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is printed each month on all-rag paper. Although this edition is intended primarily for libraries, a few subscriptions are available to private individuals at ten dollars (\$10.00) a year.

Both the text and advertising are printed on a 100% pure rag stock sponsored by the eminent craftsman, Bruce Rogers.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

TO LIBRARIANS: *There is a special price on this edition for the libraries. Write for a sample copy and further information.*

Foreign Tours

STUDENT AND TOURIST
GROUPS NOW BEING FORMED

WORLD'S LARGEST PLEASURE YACHT

STELLA POLARIS Midnight Sun Cruises to NORWAY

Visiting
NORTH CAPE and FJORDS
Fortnightly de-luxe cruises from England during
June, July and August. Fares from \$140.
See your local agent or write for Booklet "R"

B. & N. LINE

280 Broadway New York

Europe

ALL EXPENSES

\$200

Consult the originator of Student Tours and specialist in economical European Travel for the intellectual elite. Benefit from Dr. Keller's experience with 15,000 satisfied guests. "Your aspirations are ours".

SEA AND
LAND

KELLER TRAVEL CLUB
551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Write for Booklet K

**33 days
EUROPE
\$255**

**23,000 SATISFIED
CLIENTS**

Foremost Student Tours: 250 all expense tours, 26 to 93 Days, \$235 to \$600: Small parties. First class Hotels. More motor travel, New Tourist Cabin. Organized Entertainment. Send for booklet.
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

EUROPE \$308



5 COUNTRIES—ALL EXPENSES
See Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, France. Steamship fare, rail and motor travel in Europe, hotels, meals, sightseeing included. Ask for book of 200 tours. 70 days, 9 countries, 6,000 miles by motor, \$860.

THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
521 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK 180 N. Michigan, CHICAGO

You will find THE AMERICAN MERCURY abroad at

INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., LTD.

5 Breems Bldg., London, E. C. 4, England.

SHAKESPEARE & CO.

12, Rue de L'Odeon, Paris, VI, France.

GEORG STILKE

Georgsplatz 6, Hamburg, 1, Germany.

and in many of the important libraries throughout the world.

XXV

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

of the last of the old-time sailing ships. The start was made on New Year's Day and Talcahuano was reached on Easter Sunday—110 days. The voyage was an unlucky one, and the *Pamir* came near going to the bottom during the first week in the English Channel. It had to put into Rotterdam, in fact, for a complete refitting. There were more thrills rounding Cape Horn. Three sailors fell from the masts to the deck, and one was killed. Herr Hauser tells the story with great vividness, and it is competently translated by Bertha Szold Levin. The illustrations are less interesting than they might be. There is little hint in them of the melodramatic adventures encountered by ship and crew.

THE MACADAM TRAIL. *Ten Thousand Miles by Motor Coach.*

By Mary Day Winn. Alfred A. Knopf.
\$5 9 x 6½; 319 pp. New York

Miss Winn traversed the principal motor coach routes in the United States, and here she gives her impressions of the people and places she encountered, together with some very useful information about the facilities, stopping places, etc., of present-day motor bus transportation. She writes very pleasantly, and her book will be of interest to many people. The thirty-four full page illustrations by E. H. Suydam are excellent. There is a good index.

FICTION

THE CHINABERRY TREE.

By Jessie Fauset. The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 341 pp. New York

Laurentine Strange is the illegitimate daughter of Colonel Halloway, a Southern gentleman, and Sal Strange, a mulatto. She grows up in a charming house in Red Brook, N. J., with a chinaberry tree in the yard. The Colonel wills it to her mother. It is in the heart of a substantial snobbish Negro society that refuses to acknowledge her, although she is both beautiful and intelligent. She struggles on, establishing herself as a fashionable dressmaker; disciplining Melissa, the popular illegitimate daughter of her aunt, who comes to live in Red Brook and promptly becomes involved in scandal; and manœvering, at last, a few friendships in Red Brook's more liberal professional circle. In the end she marries Dr. Denleigh, a capable young physician, and Melissa, who has been carrying on a love affair with her half brother, returns to an older, surer love. Miss Fauset reveals her cultivated Negroes in complete independ-

xxvi

ence of white people, except for their parroting of the snobbery of white society. The book is pretty well written.

THEY NEVER COME BACK.

By William Plomer. Coward-McCann
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 268 pp. New York

Vincent Lucas, a young English painter, meets two Japanese officers on a cargo ship, and they inspire him to visit Japan. In Tokyo he discovers strange anomalies—billboards and wireless-masts, loud-speakers and Mary Pickford, cement and corrugated iron replacing everywhere the native wood and tiles; rarely does he catch a whiff of a "peculiar faint perfume, the exhalation of bodies whose essences had been evolved by a very complex civilization quite unlike ours, a pleasant faint smell like that of white geraniums after rain". He stays on as the guest of the Komatsus—Komatsu is an eminent Japanese engineer, whose Europeanization runs to spats, a wrist-watch and an English wife—in a charming unused cottage in their garden, with a young university student, Sado, whom he picks up on the streets of Tokyo. But though he gives himself wholly to probing and trying to understand this alien world, he turns his back upon it in the end, with the realization that he will never return. The book is very well written.

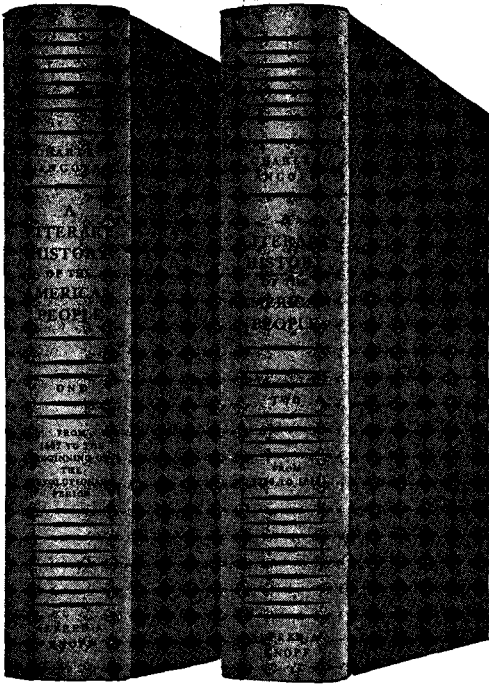
DOCTOR KERKHOVEN.

By Jacob Wassermann. Liveright
\$3 7½ x 5; 646 pp. New York

This novel, with its 600 odd pages, is made up of two stories. "The World That Was", the first, describes Doctor Kerkhoven as a promising young physician, married, but in love with Marie, wife of his friend, Ernst Bergmann. He informs Bergmann of the fact and a divorce is agreed upon. Meanwhile, Kerkhoven's own wife, for no apparent reason, goes insane. In the second story, "The World That Is", the war has gone past, Bergmann has been killed in action, and Kerkhoven's wife has died. Kerkhoven and Marie then marry. History thereupon repeats itself in Marie's love affair with Etzel von Andergast, a young man who first appears in Kerkhoven's clinic. In the end, however, Etzel goes, and Marie and Kerkhoven patch up their shattered lives. Throughout the book Wassermann is so strongly preoccupied with pathology, in his minor as well as his principal characters, that the dramatic effect is feeble. The novel, in general, is scarcely to be called distinguished. It is translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks.

Continued on page xxviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



A LITERARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

*Charles Angoff's
distinguished work, and
THE AMERICAN
MERCURY for one
year at an amazingly
low price.*



Don't miss this offer!

Two volumes selling regularly
for \$8.50
with THE AMERICAN
MERCURY (\$5.00)
for one year, only
\$11.00

CHARLES ANGOFF, Managing Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, with that same vitality which characterizes this magazine, tells the truth for the first time about Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine, Cotton Mather, and many others and evaluates those abortive attempts at literature made in Colonial times, in this comprehensive work. It was called by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "A necessity for cultured readers," and now it is offered to you with THE AMERICAN MERCURY for one year for only \$11.00. A remarkable combination, a history of literature and the best of contemporary writing. An almost complete survey of American thought. A coupon is attached for your convenience.

Two volumes, the first ending at the Revolutionary Period and the second ending at 1815. Each volume bound in cloth, 6¼ x 9½ inches, with over 400 pages, completely indexed. Regular price \$4.25 per volume.

Gentlemen:

AM 4-32

Please send me *A Literary History of the American People* by Charles Angoff and enter a subscription to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for one year. I enclose \$11.00 in full payment.

**[[Or—\$13.50 for the two books]]
with a two year subscription.]]**

Name _____

Street and Number _____ City and State _____

THE AMERICAN MERCURY 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Add 50c for Canada and \$1.00 for a foreign address.

xxvii

this book is the best
portrait we are ever likely
to get of D. H. Lawrence

LORENZO IN TAOS



by
**MABEL
DODGE
LUHAN**



This photograph shows
Mrs. Luhan at her ranch
at Taos, New Mexico.

With over 90 hitherto unpub-
lished Lawrence letters. Second
printing within a week of pub-
lication.

Read what the critics say:

Harry Hansen in *The New York World-Telegram*: "Something of the dark fascination, the moodiness, the inscrutability of D. H. Lawrence has transferred itself to the pages . . . a strange and alluring portrait study."

Laurence Stallings in the *N.Y. Sun*: "The striking feature of her book is its friendliness. . . . a fine book to read by one who had never read a line of Lawrence."

Lewis Gannett in *The New York Herald-Tribune*: "I know of no other book from which one can draw so alive, so diverse and so authentic a picture of D. H. Lawrence himself."

Illustrated. cloth, 5¾ x 8¾ inches,
352 pages. At all bookshops. \$3.50

ALFRED · A · KNOFF

730 FIFTH AVE · N · Y ·



xxviii



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

TWO STUDIES.

By Henry Handel Richardson. *The Ulysses Press*
\$5.50 9 x 5¾; 75 pp. London

"Mary Christina", the first story in this slight volume, describes the death of an old woman "who had suffered her full share of life's vicissitudes", at sixty years. One is admitted to her most intimate pangs and her last surprising recollections. The second story, "Life and Death of Peterle Luthy", sketches the brief career of a puny baby born in the ward of a Strasbourg hospital, his precarious life at home with his careless mother Henriette, and his pitiful illness and death. "Her [Henriette's] arms felt, and no doubt for a day or two would feel strangely empty. Still, it was better so." These are minor pieces, but they reveal all of Miss Richardson's distinguishing qualities.

RACKETY RAX.

By Joel Sayre. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$1.50 8 x 5¼; 147 pp. New York

This uproarious burlesque was first published in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for January, 1932. It attracted wide and immediate attention, and its appearance in book form is in response to what the old-time poets used to call a popular demand. The humor is laid on with laudable diligence, and there is not a page without its magnificent buffoonery. Not only the art of the professional racketeer but also the racket of college football is dragged out to the last ludicrous place of decimals. But Mr. Sayre is not only a humorist; he is also a satirist, and not a few of his shafts have sharp barbs. There are sixteen full-page illustrations by Alan Dunn.

WOMEN LIVE TOO LONG.

By Viña Delmar. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 309 pp. New York

Iris Morrissey's mother, Lou, died at thirty, after she had lost her husband, Chappy Morrissey, a comedian, to another woman. Iris herself marries Pat Arden, a song-and-dance man, and becomes a dramatic star. At thirty she discovers that Pat is unfaithful to her. He tries to reassure her, and actually breaks off with the girl, but Iris "has found that nobody can be trusted and nothing matters." Miss Delmar has a strong sense of character; her women, especially, are very much alive.

MARRIAGE IN BLUE.

By A. E. Fisher. *Farrar & Rinehart*
\$2 7½ x 5; 333 pp. New York

A strenuous, wholly inconsequential novel about American exiles in France. Mr. Fisher's people are little more than caricatures.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

**FRANCES
and MASON
MERRILL**

who went
**AMONG THE
NUDISTS**

and last year wrote
a book by that name

have now written

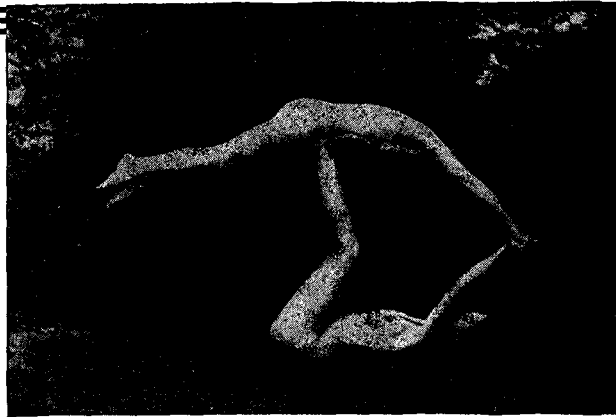
NUDISM COMES TO AMERICA

**AMONG THE
NUDISTS**

*by the same
authors*

With 21 illus.

\$3.00



*One of the 24 illustrations in halftone in
Nudism Comes to America*

BBLUE laws or not, nudism is spreading in America. An increasing number of men and women in Manhattan pent-houses, at a New England beach and country-club, in parks in New Jersey, California, the Pacific Northwest and Canada are enjoying the benefits of nudism.

Just as they tell about the movement in Europe in *Among the Nudists*, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill here describe its scope and character in this country. They portray the types of people who are now participating and explain the reactions to nudism, frequently humorous, of Americans who have, and who have not, tried it themselves. They also set forth impartially the views, pro and con, of well-known Americans on the physical, moral and aesthetic aspects of nudism and in one chapter (written in collaboration with lawyers) discuss its legal status in the various States.

*To be published April 8th. 5½ x 8½ inches,
296 pages. \$3.00 at all bookshops.*

ALFRED·A·KNOPF·730 FIFTH AVE·N·Y·

xxix

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

*But what strange art, what magic can
dispose*

*The troubled mind to change its native
woes?*

*This books can do,—nor this alone, they
give*

*New views to life, and teach us how
to live.* —GEORGE CRABBE

THE LATEST

TWENTY YEARS OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

TWO DECADES OF PROGRESS

by **HAROLD ARCHER VAN DORN, Ph. D.**

Associate Professor of Political Science, Rutgers University

TO understand fully the Sino-Japanese situation, it is necessary to understand China herself. This timely, up-to-date and comprehensive survey of the developments in every phase of China's life during the past twenty years is unrivalled. Under the general headings of political, educational, religious, social and economic progress, the author deals with every topic pertinent to an appreciation of the many conflicting forces and tendencies within the country. Among the many subjects considered are communist propaganda, the influence of missionaries and the Y. M. C. A., and changes in public manners and morals. *With 16 illustrations. cloth, 5¼ x 8¾ inches, 352 pages.* \$3.50

HOLLAND

by **KARL SCHEFFLER**

An excellent introduction to the land, its people and its art. After a brief geological and topographical survey of the country and a consideration of the distinctive characteristics of the Dutch people, the author devotes his attention to the most interesting Dutch cities. Especially luminous are his discussions of modern architectural developments and Dutch art, which are amply illustrated in picture and text. *With 64 illustrations. cloth, 5¼ x 8¾ inches, 344 pages.* \$4.00

GOD'S GENTLEMAN

by **GARRY AUGUST**

What happens when a young American rabbi tries to carry his ideals to a typical well-to-do Jewish congregation? The author, himself a rabbi, has written an intensely dramatic novel which throws brilliant light on millions of Jews scattered through the towns and cities of modern America. *To be published April 8th. cloth, 5½ x 7½ inches, 320 pages.* \$2.50

A Swell Mystery— DAMNING TRIFLES

by **MAURICE C. JOHNSON**

By the adroit use of telephone, telegraph, district messengers and public records a shrewd young detective pieces together a hundred damning trifles and turns what seems to be an obvious case of suicide into a murder conceived and executed with the utmost care. *To be published April 8. cloth, 5½ x 7¾ inches, 352 pages.* \$2.00

EVERYBODY'S GARDEN

TALKS ON NATURAL DESIGN AND THE USE OF SIMPLE MATERIAL

by **WALTER PRICHARD EATON**

An amateur gardener of long experience tells simply and concretely how to realize to the best advantage the natural opportunities of your land. With numerous descriptions of gardens he has known, as well as excellent photographs, Mr. Eaton discusses the relation of the garden to the house and the arrangement of flowers, shrubbery, pools and garden furniture. *To be published April 8th. With 21 illustrations. cloth, 5½ x 7½ inches, 208 pages.* \$2.50



AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

XXX

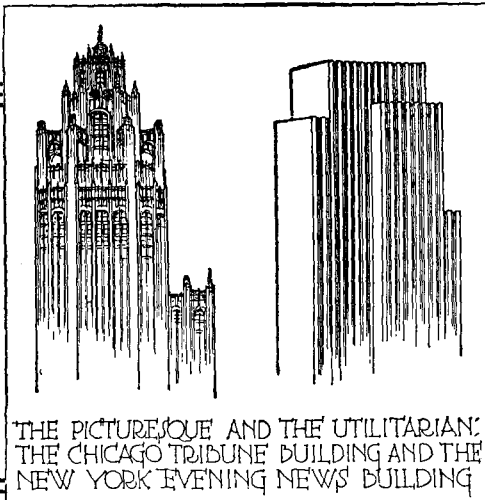
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BORZOI BOOKS

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY

A new and less expensive one-volume edition of Katherine Mansfield's intimate and revealing letters. Together with her *Journal*, they form a complete autobiography of the last ten years of her life. Said *The New York Times*: "Very seldom do letters . . . prove so varied, so stimulating, so genuine, so moving." cloth, 5¾ x 8½ inches, 528 pages. \$3.50



One of the illustrations by Mr. Bragdon from *The Frozen Fountain*.

MONEY AND POLITICS ABROAD

by JAMES KERR POLLOCK, Ph.D.

Department of Political Science, University
of Michigan

Especially timely in this presidential year in the United States is this authoritative and interesting account of the financing of politics in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, Germany and France. Says *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*: "Dr. Pollock's thorough analysis of European political devices is particularly welcome in view of the customary tributes paid to foreign efficiency as compared to American machine rule." cloth, 5½ x 8½ inches, 308 pages. \$3.50

THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN ESSAYS ON ARCHITECTURE AND THE ART OF DESIGN IN SPACE

by CLAUDE BRAGDON

Though addressed more particularly to artists and designers, who will find it indispensable, this book, in which Mr. Bragdon has focused all his powers both as a writer and as an illustrator, will delight anyone interested in the fine arts and especially in architecture. Mr. Bragdon has long been a pioneer in modern architecture and the present work, highly individual and original, is the ripe fruit of years of thought and experimentation along unusual lines. There are nearly one hundred illustrations and decorations by the author who also designed the end-papers and title-page. cloth, 7½ x 10¼ inches, 125 pages. \$3.75

THE TWELFTH HOUR OF CAPITALISM

by KUNO RENATUS

In this book, as striking as its title would lead one to expect, and written with a lucidity and humor that are rare in works of the kind, the author, a well-known German authority on economics, analyzes the present world situation and points the way out. Renatus finds the solution in the conversion of our Liberty and Victory Bonds. If the American government would do this, and at the same time reduce the interest on bonds to correspond with present world rates, "it would be able permanently to dispense with all revenues from reparation payments without the American tax-payer having to pay a single cent more." To be published April 8th. cloth, 5½ x 7½ inches, 256 pages. \$2.50

730 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



xxxi



JAMES HANLEY

was born in Dublin in 1901. He went to sea at thirteen, but after two years joined the Canadian Army for the duration of the war. After another period at sea, he returned to Ireland for the rebellion. He now lives in Wales.

||||

**A BOY IN A
WORLD OF MEN**

||||

BOY

a novel by James Hanley
author of MEN IN DARKNESS

THIS novel definitely establishes James Hanley as one of the most powerful and significant writers of our time. His short stories, *Men in Darkness*, have already had signal success in both England and America, but *Boy* has started a controversy such as is seldom found in the literary world of today. The strongly differing opinions given below eloquently testify that *Boy* is a novel of really unusual power. *To be published April 8th.*



Some differing opinions from the English critics:

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE — "Boy is very remarkable . . . parts of Boy are very painful: yet I think that your sanity and general wholesomeness stick up out of your books a mile high."

HUGH WALPOLE — "If a book like *Boy* is publicly permitted here we shall soon be at the mercy of every neurotic who wishes to startle his fellows by a public

exhibition of his neuroticism."

RICHARD ALDINGTON — "Mr. Hanley's work has always interested me, but *Boy* did far more than that; it compelled me to read the whole book through at a sitting and held me with the terrible and in some ways revolting power of its sordid tragedy . . . He has written a deeply moving book."

5½ x 7½ inches, 280 pages. At all bookshops \$2.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · N · Y ·



xxxii

COMMON SENSE ABOUT POETRY

by **L. A. G. STRONG**

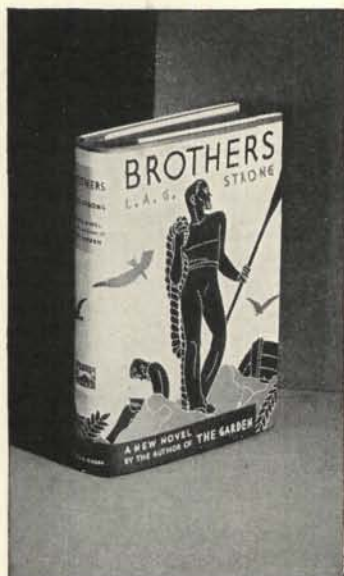
distinguished poet and novelist



L. A. G. STRONG

"A wholly unusual piece of work... he has combined a poet's consideration of poetry with a teacher's analysis of it..."—Louis Untermeyer

is a young Englishman whose poems selected from Dublin Days, The Lowery Road and other books of poetry will soon be published in this country. He is also the author of the novels—The Jealous Ghost, The Garden and Brothers; and a book of stories, The English Captain. Mr. Strong taught English for ten years, but now lives in London where he devotes all his time to writing.



MR. STRONG explains what poetry is and

what it is not. He also discusses the values of poetry, what pleasures it holds for all of us and how we must approach it in order to appreciate it. His clear exposition of the devices used in poetic composition and his explanations of the differences between prose and poetry, the nature of rhythm, and the conventions of rhymed and blank verse really justify the title of his book.

\$1.50

BROTHERS

*the new novel
by*

L. A. G. Strong

THE scene of this, the most mature novel that Mr. Strong has written, is the Western Highlands. It tells the story of Peter and Fergus Macrae, whose family of fishermen and fighters had lived at Tougal for over one hundred years.

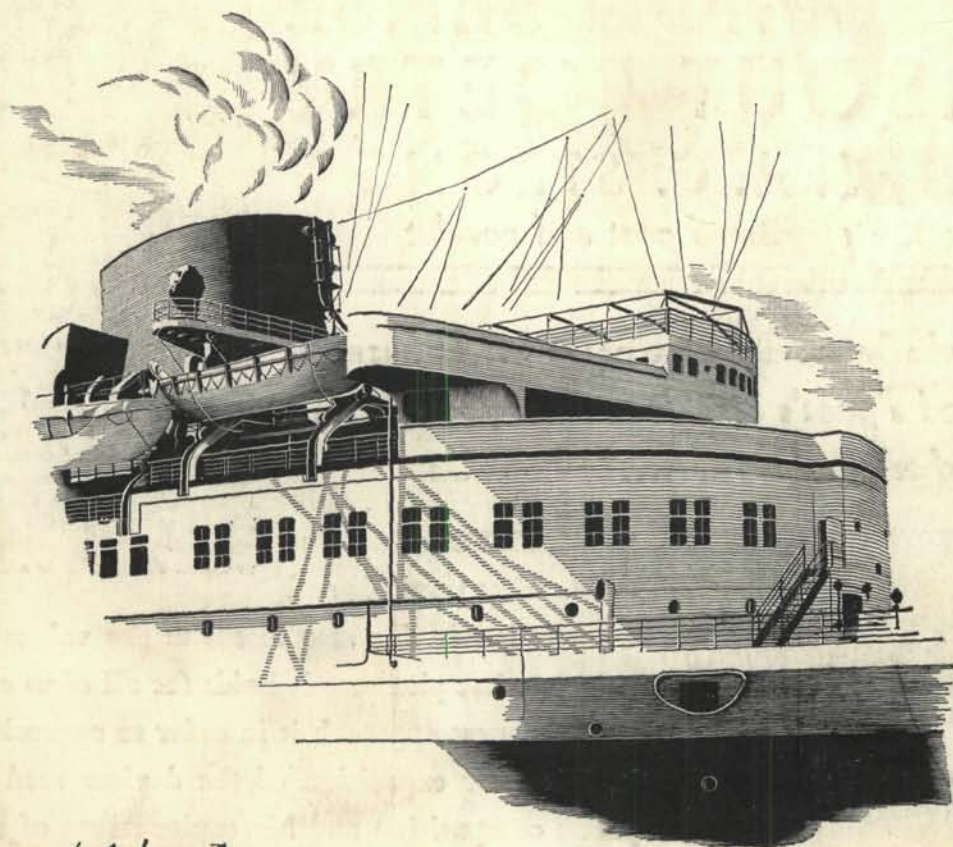
\$2.50



AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVE · N · Y ·

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.



4½ days...

The fastest passage...only possible on the BREMEN, EUROPA...leading the fleet of the year to Europe... sailing in rapid succession with the swift de luxe COLUMBUS to England, France and Germany. Go one way Lloyd Express...Prolong the pleasure of the other passage in Lloyd Cabin Liners...BERLIN, STUTTGART, STEUBEN, DRESDEN...to and from England, Ireland, France and Germany...weekly.



NORTH GERMAN LLOYD OFFICES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE